

The Second Part

2

O F T H E

W O R K S

O F

Mr. ABRAHAM COWLEY.

*Being what was Written and Published by himself  
in his Younger Years.*

And now Reprinted together,

*The Fourth Edition.*



L O N D O N,

Printed by Mary Clark, for Charles Harper, at the Flower-de-luce  
in Fleet Street, and Jacob Tonson, at the Judges Head in  
Chancery-lane, near Fleet-Street, 1682.



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## *The Book-fellers to the Reader.*

**T**HE following Poems of Mr. Cowley being much enquired after, and very scarce, (the Town hardly affording one Book, though it had been thrice Printed) we thought this Fourth Edition could not fail of being well received by the World. We presume one great reason why they were omitted in the last Collection, was because the propriety of this Copy belonged not to the same person that Published those: but the reception they had found appears by the several Impressions through which they had pass'd. We dare not say they are equally perfect with those written by the Author in his *Riper Years*, yet certainly they are such as deserve not to be buried in obscurity. We presume the *Authors Judgment* of them is most reasonable to appeal to; and you will find him (allowing grains of modesty) give them no small Character. His words are in the 6th. Page of his Preface before his former Published Poems.

You find our excellent Author likewise mentioning and reciting part of these Poems, *in his several Discourses by way of Essays in Verse and Prose, in the 11th. Discourse treating of himself*, page 143. These we suppose a sufficient Authority for our reviving them; and sure there is no ingenuous Reader to whom the smallest Remains of Mr. Cowley will be unwelcome. His Poems are every where the Copy of his mind, so that by this Supplement to his other Volume you have the Picture of that so deservedly Eminent Man from almost his *Childhood* to his *Latest Years*, The bud and bloom of his *Spring*, The warmth of his *Summer*, The richness and perfection of his *Autumn*. But for the Readers further curiosity, we refer him to the Authors following Preface to them, Published by himself: And to contribute all we can to our Readers satisfaction, we have endeavoured to make these Poems something more acceptable, by prefixing the Sculpture of the Authors Monument.

Your humble Servants,

T O T H E

Right Honorable and Right Reverend Father  
in God,

J O H N

Lord Bishop of *Lincoln*, and Dean of  
*Westminster*.

MY LORD,

**I** Might well fear, lest these my rude and  
unpolish'd Lines should offend your Ho-  
nourable Survey; but that I hope your Noble-  
ness will rather smile at the Faults committed  
by a Child, than censure them. Howsoever  
I desire your Lordships Pardon, for pre-  
senting things so unworthy to your View, and  
to accept the good will of him, who in all Duty  
is bound to be

Your Lordships

most humble Servant,

*Abraham Cowley.*

T O

## To the Reader.

**R**Eader (I know not yet whether Gentle or no) Some, I know have been angry) I dare not assume the honour of their envy) at my Poetical Boldness, and blamed in mine, what commends other fruits, earliness: others, who are either of a weak faith, or strong malice, have thought me like a Pipe, which never sounds but when 'tis blowed in, and read me, not as *Abraham Cowley*, but *Authorem anonymum*: to the first I answer, that it is an envious Frost which nips the Blossoms, because they appear quickly: to the latter, that he is the worst Homicide who strives to murder anothers Fame: to both, that it is a ridiculous folly to condemn or laugh at the Stars, because the Moon and Sun shine brighter. The small fire I have is rather blown than extinguished by this Wind. For the itch of Poesie by being angered increaseth, by rubbing, spreads farther; which appears in that I have ventured upon this Third Edition. What though it be neglected? It is not, I am sure, the first Book which hath lighted Tobacco, or been employed by Cooks and Grocers. If in all mens judgments it suffer Shipwrack, it shall something content me, that it hath pleased my self and the Book-seller. In it you shall find one argument (and I hope I shall need no more) to confute unbelievers: which is, that as mine age, and consequently experience (which is yet but little) hath increased, so they have not left my Poesie flagging behind them. I should not be angry to see any one burn my *Piramus* and *Thisbe*, nay, I would do it my self, but that I hope a pardon may easily be gotten for the errors of ten years age. My *Constantia* and *Philetus* confesseth me two years older when I writ it. The rest were made since upon several occasions, and perhaps do not bely the time of their birth. Such as they are, they were created by me, but their fate lies in your hands; it is only you, can effect, that neither the Book-seller repent himself of his Charge in Printing them, nor I of my labour in composing them, Farewel.

*A. Cowley.*

## To the Reader.

### I.

**I** Call'd the Buskin'd Muse MELPOMENE,  
And told her what sad Story I would Write:  
She wept at hearing such a Tragedy,  
Though wont in mournful Ditties to delight.  
If thou dislike these sorrowful lines, then know  
My Muse with tears, not with Conceits did flow.

### II.

And as she my unabler quill did guide,  
Her briny tears did on the Paper fall,  
If then unequal numbers be espied,  
Oh Reader! do not that my error call,  
But think her Tears defac'd it, and blame then  
My Muses grief, and not my missing Pen.

Abraham Cowley.



# CONSTANTIA

AND

## PHILETUS.

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1.

**I** Sing two constant Lovers various fate,  
The hopes and fears that equally attend  
their Loves : their Rivals envy , Parents hate ;  
Sing their woful life , and tragick end.  
Aid me , ye Gods , this story to rehearse  
This mournful tale , and favour every Verse.

2.

In *Florence* , for her stately Buildings fam'd ,  
And lofty Roofs that emulate the Skie ;  
There dwelt a lovely Maid , *Constantia* nam'd ,  
Fam'd for the beauty of all *Italy* .

Her , lavish nature did at first adorn ,  
With *Pallas* Soul in *Cytherea*'s form.

3.

And framing her attractive eyes so bright ,  
Spent all her Wit in study , that they might ;  
Keep earth from *Chaos* and eternal night'  
But envious death destroy'd their glorious light.  
Expect not beauty then , since she did part ;  
For in her Nature wasted all her Art

4.

Her Hair was brighter than the beams which are  
A Crown to *Phœbus* , and her breath so sweet ,  
It did transcend *Arabian* odours far ,  
Or smelling Flowers , wherewith the Spring doth greet  
Approaching Summer , teeth like falling Snow  
For white , were placed in a double row



5.

Her wit excelling praise, even all admire,  
 Her speech was so attractive it might be  
 A cause to raise the mighty *Pallas* ire  
 And stir up envy from that Deity.

The maiden Lillies at her lovely sight  
 Waxt pale with envy, and from thence grew white.

6.

She was in Birth and Parentage as high  
 As in her Fortune great, or Beauty rare,  
 And to her vertuous minds nobility  
 The gifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;  
 That in her spotles Soul, and lovely Face  
 You might have seen each Deity and grace.

7.

The scornful Boy *Adonis* viewing her  
 Would *Venus* still despise, yet her desire;  
 Each who but saw, was a Competitor  
 And rival, scorch'd alike with *Cupid's* fire.  
 The glorious beams of her fair Eyes did move,  
 And light beholders on their way to love.

8.

Among her many Sutors a young Knight  
 'Bove others wounded with the Majesty  
 Of her fair presence, presseth most in sight;  
 Yet seldom his desire can satisfie  
 With that blest objects or her rareness see;  
 For *Beauties* guard is watchful jealousy.

9.

Oft times that he might see his *Dearest* fair,  
 Upon his stately Jennet he in th' way  
 Rides by her house, who neighs, as if he were  
 Proud to be view'd by bright *Constantia*.

But his poor Master though to see her move  
 His joy, dares shew no look betraying love,

10.

Soon as the morning left her rosie bed,  
 And all Heavens smaller lights were driv'n away;  
 She by her friends and near acquaintance led  
 Like other Maids would walk at break of day:

*Aurora* blusht to see a sight unknown,  
To behold cheeks more beauteous than her own.

11.

Th'obsequious Lover follows still her train  
And where they go, that way his journey feigns,  
Should they turn back, he would turn back again;  
For with his Love, his business does remain.  
Nor is it strange he should be loth to part  
From her, whose eyes had stole away his heart.

12.

*Philetus* he was call'd, sprung from a race  
Of noble Ancestors; but greedy *Time*  
And envious *Fate* had labour'd to deface  
The glory which in his great Stock did shine;  
Small his estate, unfitting her degree,  
But blinded love could no such difference see.

13.

Yet he by chance had hit his heart aright,  
And dipt his Arrow in *Constantia's* eyes,  
Blowing a fire, that would destroy him quite;  
Unless such flames within her heart shou'd rise.  
But yet he fears, because he blinded is,  
Though he have shot him right, her heart he'l miss.

14.

Unto *Love's* Altar therefore he repairs,  
And offers up a pleasing Sacrifice;  
Intreating *Cupid* with inducing Prayers,  
To look upon, and ease his Miseries:  
Where having wept, recovering breath again,  
Thus to immortal *Love* he did complain:

15.

Oh mighty *Cupid*! whose unbounded sway,  
Hath o'ten rul'd th' Olympian Thunderer,  
Whom all Cælestial Deities obey,  
Whom Men and Gods both reverence and fear!  
Oh force *Constantia's* heart to yield to Love,  
Of all thy Works the Master-piece 'rwill prove.

16.

And let me not Affection vainly spend,  
But kindle flames in her like those in me;

Yet if that gift my Fortune doth transcend,  
 Grant that her charming Beauty I may see.  
 For ever view those Eyes, whose charming light,  
 More than the world besides does please my sight.

17.

Those who condemn thy sacred Deity,  
 Laugh at thy power, make them thine anger know;  
 If faultless am, what honour can it be  
 Only to wound your Slave, and spare your Foe.  
 Here tears and sighs speak his imperfect mone,  
 In language far more moving than his own.

18.

Home he retir'd, his Soul he brought not home,  
 Just like a Ship while every mounting wave  
 Toss'd by enraged Boreas up and down,  
 Threatens the Mariner with a gaping grave;  
 Such did his case, such did his state appear,  
 Alike distracted between hope and fear.

19.

Thinking her love he never shall obtain,  
 One morn he haunts the Woods, and doth complain  
 Of his unhappy Fate, but all in vain,  
 And thus fond Eccho answers him again.  
 It mov'd Aurora, and she wept to hear,  
 Dewing the verdant Grass with many a tear.

## The E c c h o.

I.

OH! what hath caus'd my killing miseries?  
 ERES, Eccho said. What hath detain'd my ease?  
 EASE, straight the reasonable Nymph replies;  
 That nothing can my troubled mind appease:  
 PEACE, Eccho answers. What, is any nigh?  
 Philetus said; She quickly utters, I.

II.

Is't Eccho answers? tell me then thy will:  
 I WILL, she said. What shall I get (says he)  
 By loving still? To which she answers, ILL,

*Ill? shall I void of wish'd for pleasure die?  
I; Shall not I who toil in ceaseless pain,  
Some pleasure know? No, she replies again.*

## III.

*False and inconstant Nymph, thou lyest (said he)  
THOU LREST, she said; and I deserv'd her hate;  
If I should thee believe; BELIEVE, (saith he)  
For why thy idle words are of no weight.  
WEIGH IT (she answers) therefore I'll depart.  
To which, resounding Eccho answers; PART.*

## 20.

*Then from the Woods with wounded heart he goes,  
Filling with legions of fresh thoughts his mind  
He quarrels with himself because his woes  
Springs from himself, yet can no medicine find;  
He weeps to quench the fires that burn in him,  
But tears do fall to th' earth, flames are within.*

## 21.

*No morning banish'd darkness, nor black night  
By her alternate course expell'd the day,  
In which *Philetus* by a constant rite  
At *Cupid's* Altars did not weep and pray;  
And yet he nothing reap'd for all his pain  
But Care and Sorrow was his only gain.*

## 22.

*But now at las the pitying God, o'ecome  
By constant votes and tears, fixt in her heart  
A golden shaft, and she is now become  
A suppliant to Love, that with like Dart  
He'd wound *Philetus*, does with tears implore  
Aid from that power she so much scorn'd before.*

## 23.

*Little she thinks she kept *Philetus* heart  
In her scorch'd breast, because her own she gave  
To him. Since either suffers equal smart;  
And alike measure in their torments have:  
His Soul, his griefs, his fires, now hers are grown:  
Her heart, her mind, her love is his alone.*



24.

While thoughts 'gainst thoughts rise up in mutiny,  
 She took a Lute (being far from any ears)  
 And tun'd this Song, posing that harmony  
 Which Poets attribute to heavenly spheres.  
 Thus had she sung when her dear Love was slain,  
 She'd surely call'd him back from *Styx* again.

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## The S O N G.

I.

**T**O whom shall I my Sorrows show?  
 Not to Love, for he is blind:  
 And my Philetus doth not know  
 The inward torment of my mind.  
 And all the senseless walls which are  
 Now round about me cannot hear.

II.

For if they could, they sure would weep,  
 And with my griefs relent:  
 Unless their willing tears they keep,  
 Till I from Earth am sent.  
 Then I believe they'll all deplore  
 My fate, since I taught them before.

III.

I willingly would weep my store,  
 If th' flood would land thy Love,  
 My dear Philetus on the shore  
 Of my heart; but should'st thou prove  
 Afraid of flames, know the fires are  
 But Bonfires for thy coming there.

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25.

Then tears in envy of her speech did flow  
 From her fair eyes, as if it seem'd that there  
 Her burning flame had melted Hills of Snow,  
 And so dissolv'd them into many a tear;  
 Which, *Nilus*-like, did quickly overflow,  
 And quickly caus'd new serpent griefs to grow.

26. Here



26.

Here stay, my *Muse*, for if I should recite,  
Her mournful Language, I should make you weep  
Like her, a flood, and so not see to write,  
Such lines as I, and th'age requires to keep  
Me from stern death, or with victorious rime,  
Revenge their Masters death, and conquer time.

27.

By this time, chance and his own industry  
Had helpt *Philetus* forward, that he grew  
Acquainted with her Brother, so that he  
Might, by this means, his bright *Constantia* view;  
And as time serv'd, shew her his misery:  
This was the first Act in his Tragedy.

28.

Thus to himself sooth'd by his flattering state,  
He said; *How shall I thank thee for this gain,*  
*O Cupid, or reward my helping Fate,*  
*Which sweetens all my sorrows; all my pain?*  
*What Husband-man would any pains refuse*  
*To reap at last such fruit, his Labours use?*

29.

But when he wisely weigh'd his doubtful state,  
Seeing his griefs link'd like an endless chain,  
To following woes, he wou'd when 'twastoo late  
Quench his hot flames, and idle love disdain.  
But *Cupid*, when his heart was set on fire,  
Had burnt his wings, who could not then retire.

30.

The wounded youth, and kind *Philocrates*  
(So was her Brother call'd) grew soon so dear,  
So true, and constant, in their Amities,  
And in that League, so strictly joyned were;  
That Death it self could not their friendship sever.  
But as they liv'd in love, they dy'd together.

31.

If one be melancholy, th'other's sad;  
If one be sick, the other's surely ill;  
And if *Philetus* any sorrow had,  
*Philocrates* was partner in it still:

27

*Philetus*

*Pylades* foul and mad *Orestes* was  
In these, if we believe *Pythagoras*.

32.

Oft in the Woods *Philetus* walks, and there  
Exclaims against his Fate, Fate too unkind.  
With speaking tears his griefs he doth declare;  
And with sad sighs instructs the angry Wind,  
To sigh; and did even upon that prevail,  
It groan'd to hear *Philetus* mournful tale.

33.

The Crystal Brooks which gently run between  
The shadowing Trees, and as they through them pass  
Water the Earth, and keep the Meadows green,  
Giving a colour to the verdant grass:  
Hearing *Philetus* tell his woful state,  
In shew of grief run murmuring at his Fate,

34.

*Philomel* answers him again and shews  
In her best language, her sad History,  
And in a mournful sweetness tells her woes,  
Denying to be pos'd in misery:  
*Constantia* he, she *Tereus*, *Tereus* cries,  
With him both grief, and griefs expression vies.

35.

*Philocrates* must needs his sadness know,  
Willing in ills, as well as joys to share,  
Nor will on them the name of friends bestow,  
Who in light sport, not sorrow partners are.  
Who leaves to guide the Ship when storms arise,  
Is guilty both of sin, and cowardise.

36.

But when his noble Friend perceiv'd that he  
Yielded to tyrant Passion more and more,  
Desirous to partake his malady,  
He watches him in hope to cure his sore  
By counsel, and recall the poisonous Dart,  
When it, alas was fixed in his heart.

37.

When in the Woods, places best fit for care,  
He to himself did his past griefs recite,

Th' obsequious friend straight follows him, and there  
Doth hide himself from sad *Philetus* sight.

VVho thus exclaims ; for a swoln heart would break,  
If it for vent of sorrow might not speak.

38.

*Oh ! I am lost , not in this Desert Wood ,  
But in loves pathless Labyrinth , there I  
My health , each joy and pleasure counted good  
Have lost , and which is more , liberty ,  
And now am forc'd to let him sacrifice  
My heart , for rash believing of my eyes .*

39.

*Long have I stay'd , but yet have no relief ,  
Long have I lov'd , yet have no favour shown ,  
Because she knows not of my killing grief ,  
And I have fear'd , to make my sorrows known .  
For why alas , if she should once but dart  
Disdainful looks , 'twould break my captiv'd heart .*

40.

*But how should she , e're I impart my Love ,  
Reward my ardent flame with like desire ?  
But when I speak , if she should angry prove ,  
Laugh at my flowing tears , and scorn my fire ?  
Why , he who hath all sorrows born before ,  
Needeth not fear to be oppress'd with more .*

41.

*Philocrates no longer can forbear ,  
Runs to his friend and sighing , Oh ! (said he)  
My dear Philetus be thy self , and swear  
To rule that Passion which now masters thee ,  
And all thy reason ; but if it can't be ,  
Give to thy Love but eyes that it may see .*

42.

*Amazement strikes him dumb , what shall he do ?  
Should he reveal his Love , he fears 'twould prove ,  
A hind'rance ; and should he deny to show ,  
It might perhaps his dear friends anger move :  
These doubts like *Scylla* and *Charibdis* stand ,  
Whilst *Cupid* a blind Pilot doth command .*

43.

At last resolv'd ; how shall I seek , said he ,  
 To excuse my self , dearest *Philocrates* ;  
 That I from thee have hid this secrecie ?  
 Yet censure not , give me first leave to ease  
 My case with words , my grief you should have known  
 E're this , if that my heart had been my own .

44.

*I am all Love , my heart was burnt With fire  
 From two bright Suns which do all light disclose ;  
 First kindling in My breast the flame desire ,  
 But like the rare Arabian Bird . there rose  
 From my hearts ashes never quenched Love ,  
 Which now this torment in my soul doth move .*

45.

Oh ! let not then my Passion cause your hate ,  
 Nor let my choice offend you , or detain  
 Your antient Friendship ; 'tis alas too late  
 To call my firm affection back again :  
 No Physick can recure my weak'ned state ,  
 The wound is grown too great , too desperate .

46.

But *Counsel* . said his Friend , a remedy  
 Which never fails the Patient , may at least  
 If not quite heal your minds infirmity ,  
 Assuage your torment , and procure some rest .  
*But there is no Physician can apply  
 A Med'cine e're he know the Malady .*

47.

Then hear me , said *Philetus* ; but why ? Stay .  
 I will not toil thee with my history ,  
 For to remember Sorrows past away ,  
 Is to renew an old Calamity .

*He who acquaints others with his mone ,  
 Adds to his friends grief , but not cures his own .*

48.

But said *Philocrates* , 'tis best in woe ,  
 To have a faithful partner of their care ;  
 That burthen may be under gone by two ,

Which



Which is perhaps too great for one to bear.  
I should Mistrust your love, to hide from me  
Your thoughts, and tax you of *Inconstancy*.

49.

What shall he do? or with wat language frame  
Excuse? He must resolve not to deny,  
But open his close thoughts, and inward flame,  
With that, as prologue to his Tragedy.  
He sigh'd, as if they'd cool his torments ire,  
When they alas, did blow the raging fire.

50.

When years first styl'd me twenty, I began  
To sport with catching snare that Ioue had set,  
Like Birds that flutter round the gin, till ta'ne,  
Or the poor Fly caught in *Arachnes* net:  
Even so I sported with her Beauties light,  
Till I at last grew blind with too much sight.

51.

First it came stealing on me, whilst I thought,  
'Twas easie to repel it; but as fire,  
Though but a spark, soon into flames is brought,  
So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher;  
Which so have scorch'd my love-struck Soul, that I  
Still live in torment, yet each minute die.

52

Who is it, said *Philocrates*, can move  
With charming eyes such deep affection?  
I may perhaps assist you in your love;  
Two can effect more than your self alone.  
My counsel this thy error may reclaim,  
Or my salt tears quench thy destructive flame.

53.

Nay, said *Philetus*, oft my eyes do flow  
Like *Nilus*, when it scorns th'opposed shore:  
Yet all the watry plenty I bestow,  
Is to my flame an oyl that feeds it more.  
So fame reports of the *Dodonean* Spring,  
That lightens all those which are put therein.

But



54.

But being you desire to know her, she  
Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a shower  
As if they fain would drown the memory  
Of his life keepers name) *Constantia*; more  
Grief would not let him utter; *Tears the best*.  
*Expressers of true Sorrow, spoke the rest.*

55.

To which his noble friend did thus reply:  
And was this all; What e're your, grief would ease  
Though a far greater task, believ't for thee  
It should be soon done by *Philocrates*;  
Think all you wish perform'd, but see, the day  
Tyr'd with its heat is hast'ning now away.

56.

Home from the silent Woods, night bids them go:  
But sad *Philetus* can no comfort find,  
What in the day he fears of future woe,  
At night in dreams, like truth, affrights his mind.  
Why do'st thou vex him, Love? cou'dst thou but see  
Thou would'st thy self *Philetus* Rival be.

57.

*Philocrates* pitying his doleful mone,  
And wounded with the Sorrows of his friend;  
Brings him to fair *Constantia*; where alone  
He might impart his love, and either end  
His fruitless hopes, nipt by her coy disdain,  
Or by her liking, his wish't Joys attain.

58.

*Fairest* (said he) *whom the bright Heavens do cover*  
*Do not these tears, these speaking tears, despise,*  
*These heaving sighs of a submissive Lover,*  
*Thus struck to th' earth by your all-dazzling Eyes.*  
*And do not you condemn that ardent flame,*  
*Which from your self; Your own fair Beauty came*

59.

*Trust me, I long have hid my Love, but now*  
*Am forc'd to show't, such is my inward smart,*  
*And you alone (fair Saint) the means do know*

To heal the wound of my consuming heart.  
Then since it only in your power doth lie  
To kill, o, save, Oh help! or else I die.

60.

His gently cruel Love did thus reply;  
I for your pain am griev'd, and would do  
Without impeachment to Chastity  
And honour, any thing might pleasure you.  
But if beyond those limits you demand,  
I must not answer, (Sir) nor understand.

61.

Believe me vertuous Maiden, my desire  
Is chaste and pious, as thy Virgin thought;  
No flash of Lust, 'tis no dishonest fire  
Which goes as soon as it was quickly brought:  
But as thy beauty pure, which let not be  
Eclipsed by disdain, and cruelty.

62.

Oh! How shall I reply (she cry'd) thou'st won  
My soul, and therefore take thy victory:  
Thy eyes and speeches have my heart o'recome,  
And If I should deny thee love, then I  
Should be a Tyrant to my self; that fire  
Which is kept close, burns with the greatest ire.

63.

Yet do not count my yielding, lightness now,  
Impute it rather to my ardent love,  
Thy pleasing carriage won me long ago,  
And pleading beauty did my liking move.  
Thy eyes which draw like loadstones with their might  
The hardest hearts, won mine to leave me quite.

64.

Oh! I am rapt above the reach, said he,  
Of thought my soul already feels the bliss  
Of Heaven, when (sweet) my thoughts once tax but thee  
With any crime, may I lose all happiness  
Is wish'd for: both your favour here, and dead,  
May the just Gods pour Vengeance on my head.

Whilst

65.

Whilst he was speaking this (behold their fate)  
*Constantia's* Father entred in the room,  
 When glad *Philetus* ignorant of his state,  
 Kisses her cheeks more red than setting Sun:  
 Or else the morn, blushing through clouds of water  
 To see ascending *Sol* congratulate her.

66.

Just as the guilty prisoner fearful stands  
 Reading his fatal *Theta* in the brows  
 Of him, who both his life and death commands,  
 E're from his mouth he the sad sentence knows,  
 Such was his state to see her Father come.  
 Nor with'd for, nor expected in the room.

67.

Th' inrag'd old man bids him no more to dare  
 Such bold intrusion in that house, nor be  
 At any time with his lov'd daughter there,  
 Till he had given him such authority,  
 But to depart, since she her love did shew him  
 Was living death, with ling'ring torments to him.

68.

This being known to kind *Philocrates*,  
 He cheers his friend, bidding him banish fear,  
 And by some letter his griev'd mind appease,  
 And shew her that which to her friendly ear,  
 Time gave no leave to tell, and thus his quill  
 Declares to her the absent Lovers will.

## The LETTER.

### PHILETUS to CONSTANTIA.

**I** Trust (dear Soul) my absence cannot move  
 You to forget, or doubt my ardent love;  
 For were there any means to see you, I  
 Would run through Death and all the misery  
 Fate could inflict, that so the world might say,

In

*In Life and Death I lov'd Constantia.  
 Then let not (dearest sweet) our absence part  
 Our loves, but each breast keep the others heart;  
 Give warmth to one another, till there rise  
 From all our labours, and our industries  
 The long expected fruits; have patience (Sweet)  
 There's no man whom the Summer pleasures greet  
 Before he taste the Winter, none can say,  
 Ere Night was gone, he saw the rising Day.  
 So when we once have wasted Sorrows night,  
 The Sun of Comfort then shall give us light.*

Philetus.

69.

*This when Constantia read, she thought her state  
 Most happy by Philetus Constancy,  
 And perfect Love: she thanks her flattering Fate,  
 Kisses the Paper, till with kissing she  
 The welcome Characters doth dull and stain,  
 Then thus with Ink and Tears writes back again.*

CONSTANTIA to PHILETUS.

**Y**our absence (Sir) though it be long, yet I  
 Neither forget, nor doubt your Constancy.  
 Nor need you fear, that I should yield unto  
 Another, what to your true Love is due.  
 My Heart is yours, it is not in my claim,  
 Nor have I power to take it back again.  
 There's naught but death can part our Souls, no time  
 Or angry Friends, shall make my Love decline:  
 But for the harvest of our hopes I, le stay,  
 Unless Death cut it, ere it's ripe, away.

Constantia.

70.

*Oh! how this Letter seem'd to raise his pride!  
 Prouder was he of this than Phaeton  
 When he did Phabus flaming Chariot guide,*

UA



Unknowing of the danger was to come.

Prouder then *Jason*, when from *Colchos* he  
Returned with the *Fleeces* victory.

71.

But 're the *Autumn*, which fair *Ceres* crown'd,  
Had paid the sweating Plowman's greediest prayer;  
And by the Fall disrob'd the gaudy ground  
Of all those Ornaments it us'd to wear.

Them kind *Philocrates* to each other brought,  
Where they this means t' enjoy their freedom wrought.

72.

Sweet fair one, said *Philetus*, since the time  
Favours our wish, and does afford us leave  
T' enjoy our Loves, Oh let us not resign  
This long'd for favour, nor our selves bereave  
Of what we wish'd for, opportunity,  
That may too soon the wings of Love out fly.

73.

For when your Father, as his custom is,  
For pleasure doth pursue the tim'rous Hare,  
If you'll resort but thither, I'll not miss  
To be in those Woods ready for you, where  
We may depart in safety, and no more  
With dreams of pleasure only, heal our sore.

74.

To this the happy Lovers soon agree;  
But e're thy part, *Philetus* begs to hear  
From her enchanting voices melody,  
One Song to satisfy his longing ear:  
She yields; and singing, added to desire;  
The list'ning Youth increas'd his amorous fire

---

### The S O N G.

I.

**T**ime flie with greater speed away,  
Add feathers to thy wings,  
Till thy haste in flying brings  
That wish for, and expected Day.

Comforts



and PHILETUS.

II.

*Comforts Sun, we then shall see  
Though at first it darkned be,  
With dangers, yet those Clouds but gone  
Our Day will put his lustre on.*

III.

*Then though Deaths sad night appear;  
And we in lonely silence rest;  
Our ravish'd Souls no more shall fear,  
But with lasting day be blest.*

IV.

*And then no friends can part us more;  
Nor no new death extend its power;  
Thus there's nothing can dis sever,  
Hearts which Love hath joyn'd together*

---

75.

*Fear of being seen, Philetus homeward drove,  
But e're they part she willingly doth give  
(As faithful pledges of her constant love)  
Many a soft kiss then they each other leave,  
Rapt up with secret joy that they have found,  
A way to heal the torment of their wound.*

76.

*But e're the Sunn through many days had run,  
Constantia's charming beauty had o'come  
Gusardo's heart, and's scorn'd affection won,  
Her eyes soon conquered all they shone upon,  
Shot through his wounded heart such hot desire,  
As nothing but her love could quench the fire.*

77.

*In Roofs, which Gold and Parian stone adorn  
(Proud as the owners mind) he did abound.  
In fields so fertile for their yearly corn,  
As might contend with scorch'd Calabria's ground;  
But in his soul that should contain the store,  
Of surest riches, he was base and poor.*

78.

Him was *Constantia* urg'd continually  
 By her friends to love, sometimes they did intreat  
 With gentle speeches, and mild courtesie,  
 Which when thy see despis'd by her, they threat.  
 But Love too deep was seated in her heart,  
 To be worn out with thought of any smart.

79.

Soon did her Father to the Woods repair,  
 To seek for sport, and hunt the started game;  
*Guisardo* and *Philocrates* were there,  
 With many friends too tedious here to name  
 With them *Constantia* went; but not to find  
 The Bear or Wolf, but Love all mild and kind.

80.

Being entred in the pathless Woods, while they  
 Pursue their game, *Philetus* who was late  
 Hid in a thicket, carries straight away  
 His Love, and hastens his own hasty fate.  
 That came too soon upon him, and his Sun  
 Was quite eclips'd before it fully shone.

81.

*Constantia* miss'd, the Hunters in a maze,  
 Take each a severall course, and by curst fate  
*Guisardo* runs, with a love-carried pace  
 Towards them, who little knew their woful state:  
*Philetus* like bold *Icornus* soaring high  
 To Honours, found the depth of misery.

82.

For when *Guisardo* sees his Rival there,  
 Swelling with envious rage, he comes behind  
*Philetus*, who such fortune did not fear,  
 And with his Sword a way to's heart does find.  
 But e're his spirits were possest of death,  
 In these few words he spent his latest breath.

83.

O see *Constantia*, my short race is run,  
 See how my blood the thirsty ground doth die,  
 But live thou happier than thy Love hath done,  
 And when I'm dead, think sometime upon me.

More

More my short time permits me not to tell,  
For now death seizeth me, *My dear farewell.*

84.

As soon as he had spoke these words, life fled  
From his pierc'd body, whilst *Constantia*, she  
Kisses his cheeks that lose their lively red,  
And become pale, and wan, and now each eye  
Which was so bright, is like, when life was done  
A Star that's faln, or an eclipsed Sun.

85.

Thither *Philocrates* was driven by fate,  
And saw his friend lie bleeding on the earth;  
Near his pale Corps his weeping Sister fate,  
Her eyes shed tears, her heart to sighs gave birth.  
*Philocrates* when he saw this did cry,  
*Friend I'll revenge or bear thee company.*

86.

Iust *Jove* hath sent to revenge this fate,  
Nay, stay *Guisardo*, think not Heaven in jest,  
'Tis vain to hope flight can secure thy state.  
Then thrust his Sword into the Villains breast.  
Here, said *Philocrates*, thy life I send  
A Sacrifice, t' appease my slaughter'd friend.

87.

But as he fell, take this reward, said he,  
For thy new victory: with that he flung  
His darted Rapier at his enemy,  
Which hit his head, and in his brain-pan hung.  
With that he falls, but lifting up his eyes,  
Farewel *Constantia*. that word said, he dies.

88.

What shall she do? she to her Brother runs,  
His cold, and liveless body does embrace;  
She calls to him that cannot hear her moans,  
And with her kisses warms his clammy face.  
*My dear Philocrates. she weeping, cries,*  
*Speak to thy Sister: but no voice replies.*

89.

Then running to her Love, with many a tear,  
Thus her minds fervent passion she exprest,

b

O stay

O stay (blest'd Soul) stay but a little here,  
And take me with you to a lasting rest.

Then to *Elisiums* Mansions both shall flie,  
Be married there, and never more to die.

90.

But seeing 'em both dead; she cry'd Ah me, quoth she,  
Ah my *Philetus*, for thy sake will I

Make up a full and perfect Tragedy,  
Since 't was for me (dear Love) that thou didst dye;

I'll follow thee, and not thy loss deplore,  
These eyes that saw thee kill'd, shall see no more.

91.

It shall not sure be said that thou didst die,  
And thy *Constantia* live when thou wast slain:  
No, no, dear Soul, I will not stay from thee,  
That will reflect upon my valued fame.

Then piercing her sad breast, *I come*, she cries,  
*And death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.*

92.

Her Soul being fled to its eternal rest,  
Her Father comes, and seeing this, he falls  
To th' earth, with grief too great to be express'd:  
Whose doleful words my tyred *Muse* me calls

T' o'repass, which I most gladly do, for fear  
That I should toil too much, the *Readers* ear.

F I N I S.





THE  
Tragical History  
OF  
PIRAMUS  
AND  
THISBE.

---

The Fifth Edition.

---

Enlarged by the Author.

---

— *Fit surculus Arbor.*



L O N D O N :

Printed by M. C. for C. Harper , and R. Tonson ,  
MDCLXXXII.



To the Right Worshipful, my very loving Master,

Mr. LAMBERT OSBOLSTON,

Chief School Master of *Westminster-School*.

S I R,

**M***Y* childish Muse is in her Spring, and yet  
Can only shew some budding of her Wit.  
One frown upon her Work (learn'd Sir) from you,  
Like some unkind storm shot from your brow,  
Would turn her Spring to withering Autumn's time,  
And make her Blossoms perish, ere their Prime,  
But if you smile, if in your gracious Eye  
She an auspicious Alpha can descry:  
How soon will they grow Fruit? How fresh appear,  
That had such beams their infancy to cheer:  
Which being sprung to ripeness, expect then  
The earliest offering of her grateful Pen.

Your most dutiful Scholar,

ABR. COWLEY,





The Tragical History  
O F  
PIRAMUS  
A N D  
THISBE.

---

1.

**W** Here *Babylons* high Walls erected were  
By mighty *Ninus* Wife ; two houses joyn'd.  
One *Thisbe* liv'd in , *Pyramus* the fair  
In th' other : Earth ne're boasted such a pair.  
The very senseless Walls themselves combin'd ,  
And grew in one just like their Masters mind.

2.

*Thisbe* all other women did excell ,  
The Queen of *Love* , less lovely was than she :  
And *Pyramus* more sweet than tongue can tell ,  
Nature grew proud in framing them so well.  
But *Venus* envying they so fair should be ,  
Bids her Son *Cupid* shew his cruelty.

3.

The all-subduing God his Bow doth bend ,  
Whets and prepares his most remorseless Dart ,  
Which he unseen unto their hearts did send ,  
And so was Love the cause of Beauties end.  
But could he see , he had not wrought their smart ;  
For pity sure would have o'recome his heart.

4.

Like as a Bird which in a Net ista'ne ,  
By struggling more entangles in the ginn So ;

So they who in Loves Labyrinth remain,  
With striving never can a freedom gain.

The way to enter's broad ; but being in,  
No art , no labour can an *exit* win.

5.

These Lovers , though their Parents did reprove  
Their fires , and watch'd their deeds with jealousy,  
Though in these storms no comfort could remove  
The various doubts , and fears that cool hot love :  
Though he nor hers , nor she his face could see ,  
Yet this did not abolish Loves Decree.

6.

For age had crack'd the Wall which did them part ,  
This the unanimate couple soon did spy ,  
And here their inward sorrows did impart ,  
Unlading the sad burthen of their heart.

Though Love be blind , this shews he can descry  
A way to lessen his own misery.

7.

Off to the friendly Cranny they resort.  
And feed themselves with the Cœlestial Air  
Of odoriferous breath ; no other sport  
They could enjoy , yet think the time but short :  
And with that it again renewed were ,  
To suck each others breath for ever there.

8.

Sometimes they did exclaim against their fate ,  
And sometimes they accus'd imperial *Jove* ;  
Sometimes repent their flames : but all too late ;  
The Arrow could not be recall'd : their state  
Was first ordained by *Jupiter* above ,  
And *Cupid* had appointed they should love.

9.

They curst the wall that did their kisses part ,  
And to the stones their mournful words they sent ,  
As if they saw the sorrow of their heart ,  
And by their tears could understand their smart :  
But it was hard , and knew not what they meant,  
Nor with their sighs (alas) would it relent.

This.

10.

This in effect they said ; *Curs'd wall* , O why  
 Wilt thou our bodies sever , whose true love  
 Breaks through all thy flinty cruelty :  
 For both our souls so closely joyned lie :  
 That nought but angry Death can them remove ,  
 And though he part them , yet they'l meet above .

11.

Abortive tears from their fair eyes out-flow'd ,  
 And damm'd the lovely splendor of their sight ,  
 Which seem'd like *Titan* , whilst some watry Cloud  
 O're-spreads his face , and his bright beams doth shrowd ,  
 Till *Vesper* chas'd away the conquered light ,  
 And forceth them ( though loth ) to bid *Good night* .

12.

But e're *Aurora* Usher to the Day ,  
 Began with welcome lustre to appear ,  
 The Lovers rise , and at that cranny they  
 Thus to each other , their thoughts open lay ,  
 With many a sigh and many a speaking tear ,  
 Whose grief the pitying Morning blusht to hear .

13.

Dear Love ( said *Piramus* ) how long shall we  
 Like fairest Flowers , not gathered in their prime ,  
 Waste precious youth , and let advantage flee ,  
 Till we bewail ( at last ) our cruelty  
 Upon our selves , for beauty though it shine  
 Like day , will quickly find an evening time .

14.

Therefore ( sweet *Thisbe* ) let us meet this night  
 At *Ninus Tomb* , without the City wall ,  
 Under the *Mulberry-Tree* , with Berries white  
 Abounding , theret' enjoy our wisht delight .  
 For mounting Love stopt in his course , doth fall ,  
 And long'd for yet untasted joy , kills all .

15.

What though our cruel Parents angry be ?  
 What though our friends ( alas ) are too unkind ?  
 Time that now offers quickly may deny ,  
 And soon hold back fit opportunity .

b s

whe

*Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find.  
Occasion once pass'd by, is bald behind.*

16.

She soon agreed to that which he requir'd,  
For little wooing needs, where both consent?  
What he so long had pleaded, she desir'd:  
Which *Venus* seeing, with blind *Chance* conspir'd  
And many a charming accent to her sent,  
That she (at last) would frustrate their intent.

17.

Thus *Beauty* is by Beauties means undone,  
Striving to close these eyes that make her bright;  
Just like the Moon, which seeks t'eclipse the Sun,  
Whence all her splendor, all her beams do come:  
So she, who fetcheth lustre from their sight,  
Doth purpose to destroy their glorious light.

18.

Unto the *Mulberry-tree* fair *Thisbe* came;  
Where having rested long, at last she 'gan  
Against her *Piramus* for to exclaim,  
Whilst various thoughts turmoil her troubled brain  
And imitating thus the Silver Swan,  
A little while before death she sang.

## The S O N G s

I.

Come Love. why stayest thou? The night  
Will vanish ere we taste delight:  
The Moon obscures her self from sight,  
Thou absent, whose eyes give her light.

II.

Come quickly, Dear, be brief as Time;  
Or we by Morn shall be o'ertake,  
Loves Joy's thine own as well as mine,  
Spend not therefore the time in vain.

19.

Here doubtful thoughts broke off her pleasant Song,  
And for her Lovers itay sent many a sigh,

Her



Her *Piramus* she thought did tarry long,  
 And that his absence did her too much wrong;  
 Then betwixt longing hope, and jealousie,  
 She fears, yet's loth, to tax his loyalty,

20.

Sometimes she thinks, that he hath her forsaken;  
 Sometimes, that danger hath befallen to him;  
 She fears that he another love hath taken;  
 Which being but imagin'd soon doth waken  
 Numberless thoughts, which on her heart do fling  
 Fears, that her future fate too truly sing.

21.

While she thus musing fate, ran from the Wood  
 An angry Lion to the crystal Springs  
 Near to that place; who coming from his food,  
 His chaps were all besmear'd with crimson blood:  
 Swifter than thought, sweet *Thisbe* straight begins  
 To fly from him, fear gave her Swallows wings.

22.

As she avoids the Lion, her desire  
 Bids her to stay, lest *Piramus* should come,  
 And be devour'd by the stern Lionsire,  
 So she for ever burn in unquencht fire:  
 But fear expells all reasons, she doth run  
 Into a darksome Cave, ne're seen by Sun.

23.

With haste she let her looser Mantle fall:  
 Which when th' enraged Lion did espy,  
 With bloody teeth he tore in pieces small,  
 Whilst *Thisbe* ran and lookt not back at all.  
 For could the senseless Beast her face descry;  
 It had not done her such an injury.

24.

The night half wasted, *Piramus* did come;  
 VVho seeing printed in the yielding sand  
 The Lions paw, and by the fountain some  
 Of *Thisbes* garment, sorrow struck him dumb:  
 Just like a Marble Statue did he stand,  
 Cut by some skilful Gravers artful hand.

25.

Recovering breath, at Fate he did exclaim,  
 Washing with tears the torn and bloody weed:  
 I may, said he, my self for her death blame;  
 Therefore my blood shall wash away that shame:  
*Since she is dead, whose Beauty doth exceed  
 All that frail man can either hear or read.*

26.

This spoke, he drew his fatal Sword, and said;  
*Receive my Crimson Blood, as a due debt  
 Unto thy constant Love, to which 'tis paid:  
 I straight will meet thee in the pleasant shade  
 Of cool Elysium; where we being met,  
 Shall taste those Joys, that here we could not get.*

27.

Then through his breast thrusting his Sword, Life hies  
 From him, and he makes haste to seek his fair,  
 And as upon the colour'd ground he lies,  
 His Blood had dropt upon the Mulberries:  
 With which th' unspotted Berries stained were,  
*And ever since with red they colour'd are.*

28.

At last fair *Thisbe* left the Den, for fear  
 Of disappointing *Piramus*, since she  
 Was bound by promise, for to meet him there:  
 But when she saw the Berries changed were  
 From white to black, she knew not certainly  
 It was the place where they agreed to be.

29.

With what delight from the dark Cave she came,  
 Thinking to tell how she escap'd the Beast;  
 But when she saw her *Piramus* lie slain,  
 Ah! how perplex'd did her sad Soul remain:  
 She tears her Golden Hair, and beats her breast,  
 And every sign of raging grief express.

30.

She blames all-powerful *Jove*, and strives to take  
 His bleeding body from the moistned ground.  
 She kisses his pale face, till she doth make  
 It red with kissing, and then seeks to wake

His

His parting Soul with mournful words, his wound  
 VVashes with tears, that her sweet speech confound

31.

But afterwards recovering breath, said she,

*(Alas what chance hath parted thee and I?*

*O tell what evil hath befall'n to thee,*

*That of thy Death I may a partner be :*

Tell *Thisbe*, what hath caus'd this Tragedy.

He hearing *Thisbe's* name, lifts up his eye.

32.

And on his love he rais'd his dying head :

VVhere striving long for breath, at last, said he ;

*O Thisbe, I am hast'ning to the dead,*

*And cannot heal that wound my fear hath bred :*

*Farewel, sweet Thisbe, we must parted be ;*

*For angry Death will force me soon from Thee.*

33.

Life did from him, he from his Mistress part,

Leaving his *Love* to languish here in woe.

VVhat shall she do ? How shall she cease her heart ?

Or with what language speak her inward smart ?

Usurping passion reason doth o'reflow,

She vows that with her *Piramus* she'l go,

34.

Then takes the Sword wherewith her *Love* was slain,

VVith *Piramus* his crimson Blood warm still ;

And said, *Oh stay (blest Soul) a while refrain*

*That we may go together, and remain*

*In endless Joys. and never fear the ill*

*Of grudging Friends.---* Then she her self did kil.

35.

To tell what grief their Parents did sustain,

VVere more than my rude Quill can overcome,

Much did they weep and grieve, but all in vain,

*For weeping calls not back the Dead again.*

Both in one Grave were laid, when Life was done,

And these few words were writ upon the Tomb.

## E P I T A P H:

## I.

**U**nderneath this Marble Stone,  
Lie two Beauties joyn'd in one.

## II.

Two whose Loves Death could not sever,  
For both liv'd both di'd together.

## III.

Two whose Souls, being too divine  
For Earth, in their own Sphere now shine,

## IX.

Who have left their Loves to Fame,  
And their Earth to Earth again.

F I N I S.



S Y L V A

O R,

D I V E R S C O P I E S

O F

V E R S E S.

Made upon fundry Occasions

By A. COWLEY.



L O N D O N:

Printed by M. C. for C. Harper, and R. Tonson.]

MDCLXXXII.

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43

# A N E L E G Y O N

The D E A T H of the Right Honorable *Dudley*  
Lord *Carleton*, Viscount *Dorchester*, late  
Principal Secretary of State.

**T**H E *Infernal Sisters* did a Council call  
Of all the Fiends, to the black Stygian Hall;  
The dire Tartarean Monsters, hating light;  
Begot by dismal Erebus, and Night;  
Where e're dispers'd abroad, hearing the Fame  
Of their accursed meeting, thither came.  
Revenge, whose greedy mind no Blood can fill,  
And Envy, never satisfied with ill.  
Thither blind Boldness, and impatient Rage,  
Resorted, with Death's neighbour, envious Age:  
These to oppress the Earth, the Furies sent  
To spare the Guilty, vex the Innocent.  
The Council thus dissolv'd, an angry Fever,  
Whose quenchless thirst, by Blood was sated never:  
Envying the Riches, Honor, Greatness, Love,  
And Vertue (Load stone, that all these did move)  
Of Noble CARLETON; him she took away,  
And like a greedy Vulture seiz'd her Prey:  
Weep with me each who either reads or hears,  
And know his loss deserves his Countries Tears:  
The Muses lost a Patron by his Fate,  
Vertue a Husband, and a Prop the State;  
Sol's Chorus weeps, and to adorn his Herse  
Calliope would sing a Tragick Verse.  
And had there been before no Spring of theirs,  
They would have made a Helicon with tears.

A B R. C O W L E Y.

A n

# AN ELEGY

On the DEATH of my loving Friend and Cousin,  
Mr. Richard Clarke, late of Lincolns-Inn, Gent.

**I**T was decreed by stedfast Destiny,  
(The world from Chaos turn'd) that all should die.  
He who darst fearless pass black Acheron  
And dangers of the infernal Region,  
Leading Hell's triple Porter captive,  
Was overcome himself, by conquering Fate.  
The Roman Tullie's pleasing Eloquence.  
Which in the Ears did lock up every Sence  
Of the rapt hearer; his mellifluous breath  
Could not at all charm unremorseless Death,  
Nor Solon, so by Greece admir'd, could save  
Himself with all his Wisdom, from the Graue.  
Stern Fate brought Maro to his Funeral Flame,  
And would have ended in that fire his Fame;  
Burning those lofty Lines, which now shall be  
Times conquerers, and out-last Eternity.  
Even so lov'd Clark from death no scape could find  
Though arm'd with great Alcides valiant mind.  
He was adorn'd in years though far more young,  
With learned Cicero's, or a sweeter Tongue,  
And could dead Virgil hear his lofty strain,  
He would condemn his own to fireo gain.  
His youth a Solon's Wisdom did presage,  
Had envious Time but given him Solon's age.  
Who would not therefore now if Learnings friend,  
Bewail his fatel and untimely end:  
Who hath such hard, such unrelenting Eyes,  
As not to weep when so much Vertue dies?  
The God of Poets doth in darknes shrowd  
His glorious face, and weeps behind a Cloud.  
The doleful Muses thinking now to write  
Sad Elegies ' their tears confound their sight:  
But him to Elisiums lasting Joys they bring,  
Where winged Angels his sad Requiems sing.

A.C.

SYL



# S Y L V A :

O R,

## DIVERS COPIES

O F

## V E R S E S.

---

### *A Dream of Elysium.*

**P** *Hæbus* expell'd by the approaching Night  
 Blush'd, and for shame clos'd in his bashful light,  
 While I with leaden *Morpheus* overcome,  
 The *Muse*, whom I adore, enter'd the room.  
 Her Hair with looser curiosity,  
 Did on her comely back dishevel'd lye.  
 Her Eyes with such attractive beauty shone,  
 As might have wak'd sleeping *Endymion*.  
 She bid me rise, and promis'd I should see  
 Those Fields, those Mansions of Felicity,  
 We mortals so admire at : Speaking thus,  
 She lifts me up upon wing'd *Pegasus*,  
 On whom I rid ; knowing where ever she  
 Did go, that place must needs a *Tempe* be.

No sooner was my flying Courser come  
 To the blest dwellings of *Elysium* :  
 When straight a thousand unknown joys resort,  
 And hemm'd me round : Chast loves innocuous sport,  
 A thousand Sweets, bought with no following Gall,  
 Joys, not like ours, short, but perpetual.  
 How many objects charm my wand'ring eye.

And

And bid my soul graze there eternally ?  
 Here in full streams , *Bacchus* thy Liquor flows ,  
 Nor knows to ebb : here *Joves* broad Tree bestows  
 Distilling Hony , here doth *Nectar* pals  
 Wit copious current through the verdant Grass.  
 Here *Hyacint* his fate writ in his looks ,  
 And thou *Narcissus* loving still the Brooks ,  
 Once lovely boys ; and *Acis* now a Flower ,  
 Are nourisht , with that rarer herb , whose power  
 Created the , wars potent God , here grows  
 The spotless Lilly , and the Blushing Rose.  
 And all those divers ornaments abound ,  
 That variously may paint the gawdy ground.  
 No Willow , sorrows Garland , there hath room ,  
 Nor Cyprels , sad attendant of a Tomb.  
 None but *Appollo's* Tree , and th' Ivy Twine  
 Imbracing the stout Oak , the fruitful Vine ,  
 And Trees with golden Apples loaded down ,  
 On whose fair tops sweet *Philomel* alone ,  
 Unmindful of her former misery ,  
 Tunes with her voice a ravishing Harmony.  
 Whilst all the murmuring Brooks that glide along ,  
 Make up a burthen to her pleasing Song.  
 No *Scritch-owl* , sad companion of the Night ,  
 Or hideous Raven with prodigious flight  
 Presaging future ill. Nor , *Progne* , thee  
 Yet spotted with young *Itis* Tragedy ,  
 Those Sacred Bowers receive. There's nothing there,  
 That is not pure , all innocent , and rare.  
 Turning my greedy sight another way ,  
 Under a row of storm-contemning Bay ,  
 I saw the *Thracian* Singer with his lyre  
 Teach the deaf stones to hear him , and admire.  
 Him the whole Poets *Chorus* compass'd round ,  
 All whom the Oak , all whom the Lawrel crown'd  
 There Banish'd *Ovid* had a lasting home ,  
 Better than thou could'st give ingrateful *Rome* ;  
 And *Lucan* (spight of *Nero*) in each vein  
 Had every drop of his spilt blood again :  
*Homer* , *Sol's* first born , was not poor or blind ,

But ſaw as well in body as in mind.

*Tully*, grave *Cato*, *Solon*, and the reſt  
Of *Greece's* admir'd Wiſe-men, here poſſeſt  
A large reward for their paſt deeds, and gain  
A life, as everlaſting as their Fame.

By theſe the valiant *Heroes* take their place,  
All who ſtern Death and perils did embrace  
For *Vertues* cauſe. Great *Alexander* there  
Laughs at the Earths ſmall Empire, and did wear  
A nobler Crown, than the whole world could give.  
There did *Horatius Cocles*, *Sceva* live,  
And valiant *Decius*, who now freely ceaſe  
From War, and purchaſe an eternal peace.

Next them, beneath at Mirtle Bowre, where Doves,  
And gall-leſs Pigeons build their neſts, all Loves  
True faithful ſervants with an amorous kiſs,  
And ſoft embrace, enjoy their greedieſt wiſh.

*Leander* with his beauteous *Hero* plays,  
Nor are they parted with dividing Seas.  
*Porcia* enjoys her *Brutus*, Death no more  
Can now divorcetheir VWedding, as before.  
*Thisbe* her *Piramus* kiſs'd, his *Thisbe* he  
Embrac'd, each bleſt with t'others company.

And every couple always dancing, ſing  
Eternal pleaſures to *Elyſiums* King.  
But ſee how ſoon theſe pleaſures fade away,  
How near to Evening is delights ſhort Day?  
The watching Bird, true *Nuncius* of the Light,  
Straight crowd: and all theſe vaniſh'd from my ſight  
My very *Muſe* her ſelf forſook me too.

My grief and wonder wak'd: VWhat ſhould I do?  
Oh! let me follow thee (ſaid I) and go  
From life, that I may Dream for ever ſo.  
VWith that my flying *Muſe* I thought to claſp  
VWithin my arms, but did a ſhadow graſp.

*Thus chiefeſt joys glide with the ſwiſteſt ſtream,*  
*And all our greateſt pleaſure's but a Dream.*

A. C.

*On His Majesties Return out of Scotland.*

**G**reat *Charles* : there stop you Trumpeters of Fame,  
 (For he who speaks his Titles, his great Name  
 Must have a breathing time) *Our King* : stay there,  
 Speak by degrees, let the inquisitive ear  
 Be held in doubt, and e're you say, *Is come*,  
 Let every heart prepare a spacious room  
 For ample joys : then *to* sing as loud  
 As thunder shot from the divided cloud.

Let *Cygnus* pluck from the *Arabian* waves  
 The ruby of the Rock, the Pearl that paves  
 Great *Neptunes* Court, let every Sparrow bear  
 From the three Sisters weeping bark a tear  
 Let spotted Lynces their sharp tallons fill  
 With Crystal fetch'd from the *Promethean* hill.  
 Let *Cytherea's* Birds fresh wreaths compose,  
 Knitting the pale fac'd Lilly with the Rose.  
 Let the self-gotten Phoenix rob his nest,  
 Spoil his own funeral pile, and all his best  
 Of Myrrhe, of Frankincense, of *Cassia* bring,  
 To strew the way for our returned King.

Let every post a *Panegyrick* wear,  
 Each wall, each pillar gratulations bear :  
 And yet let no man invoke a Muse;  
 The very matter will it self infuse  
 A sacred fury. Let the merry Bells  
 (For unknown joys work unknown miracles)  
 Ring without help of *Sexton*, and presage  
 A new-made holy-day for future age.

And if the Ancients us'd to dedicate  
 A golden Temple to propitious fate,  
 At the return of any Noble-men,  
 Of Heroes, or of Emperors, we must then  
 Raise up a double *Trophee*, for their fame  
 Was but the shadow of our *CHARLES* his name.  
 Who is there where all Vertues mingled flow ?  
 Where no defects or imperfection grow ?  
 Whose head is always crown'd with Victory,

Snatch'd



Snatch'd from *Bellona's* hand; him luxury  
 In peace debilitates, whose tongue can win,  
*Tullies* own Garland, to him pride creeps in.  
 On whom (like *Atlas* shoulders) the propt state  
 (As he were *Primum Mobile* of fate)  
 Solely relies; him blind ambition moves,  
 His tyranny the bridled subject proves.  
 But all those vertues which they all possess  
 Divided, are collected in thy brest,  
 Great *Charles*! Let *Cæsar* boast *Parthalia's* fight,  
*Honorius* praise the *Parthians* unfeign'd flight.  
 Let *Alexander* call himself *Joves* Peer,  
 And place his Image next the Thunderer;  
 Yet while our *Charles* with equal balance reigns  
 'Twixt Mercy and *Astrea*; and maintains  
 A noble peace, 'tis he, 'tis only he  
 VVho is most near, most like the Deity.

### A S O N G on the same.

Hence clouded looks, hence briny tears,  
 Hence eye, that sorrows livery wears.  
 What though a while *Apollo* please  
 To visit the *Antipodes*?  
 Yet he returns, and with his light  
 Expels what he hath caus'd, the night.  
 What though the Spring vanish away,  
 And with in the Earths form decay?  
 Yet his new birth will soon restore  
 What its departure took before.  
 What though we miss'd our absent King  
 A while? Great *Charles* is come agen,  
 And, with his presence make us know  
 The gratitude to heaven we owe.  
 So doth a cruel storm impart  
 And teach us *Palinurus* art.  
 So from salt floods, wept by our eyes,  
 A joyful *Venus* doth arise.

## A VOTE.

1.

**L**est the mis-judging world should chance to say,  
 I durst not but in secret murmurs Pray,  
     To whisper in *Joves* ear,  
 How much I wish that Funeral,  
 Or gape at such a great ones fall,  
     This let all ages hear,  
 And future times in my soul picture see  
 What I abhor, what I desire to be.

2.

I would not be a Puritan, though he  
 Can Preach two hours, and yet his Sermon be  
     But half a quarter long,  
 Though from his old mechanick trade  
 By vision he's a Pastor made,  
     His faith was grown so strong.  
 Nay though he think to gain salvation,  
 By calling th' Pope the Whore of Babylon.

3.

I would not be a School-master, though he  
 His Rods no less than *Fasces* deems to be,  
     Though he in many a place,  
 Turns *Lilly* oftner than his gowns,  
 Till at the last he make the Nowns,  
     Fight with the Verbs apace.  
 Nay though he can in a Poetick heat,  
 Figures, born since. out of poor *Virgil* beat.

4.

I would not be Justice of Peace, though he  
 Can with equality divide the Fee,  
     And stakes with his Clerk draw:  
 Nay though he sit upon the place  
 Of Judgment with a learned face  
     Intricate as the Law.  
 And whilst he n u'ts enormities demurely,  
 Breaks *Priscians* head with sentences securely.

I would

5.

I would not be a Courtier, though he  
 Makes his whole life the trust Comedy :  
     Although he be a man  
 In whom the Taylors forming Art,  
 And nimble Barber claim more part  
     Than Nature her self can,  
 Though, as he uses men, 'tis his intent  
 To put off death too, with a Complement.

6.

From Lawyers tongues, though they can spin with ease  
 The shortest cause into a Paraphrase,  
     From Usurers conscience  
 (For swallowing up young Heirs so fast  
 Without all doubt they'l choakt at last)  
     Make me all innocence.  
 Good Heaven, and from thy eyes, O Justice keep,  
 For though they be not blind, they're oft asleep.

7.

From Singing-mens Relion, who are  
 Always at Church just like the Crows, 'cause there  
     They build themselves a nest.  
 From too much Poetry, which shines  
 With gold in nothing but its lines,  
     Free, O you powers, my brest.  
 And from Astronomy within the Skies  
 Finds Fish, and Bulls, yet doth but Tantalize,

8.

From your Court-Madams beauty, which doth carry  
 At morning *May*, at night a *January*.  
     From the grave City brow  
 (For though it want an R, it has  
 The letter of *Pythagoras*)  
     Keep me O Fortune now,  
 And Chines of Beef innumerable send me,  
 Or from the stomach of the Guard defend me.

9.

This only grant me : that my means may lie  
 Too low for envy, for contempt too high.  
     Some honour I would have,

c

Not

Not from great deeds, but good alone,  
Th' unknowers are better than ill known

Rumor can ope the grave.

Acquaintance I would have, but when't depends  
Not from the number, but the choice of friends.

10.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,  
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.

My house a cottage more  
Than palace, and should fitting be,  
For all my use, no luxury,

My garden painted o're  
With natures hand, not arts, that pleasures yield,  
*Horace* might envy in his *Sabine* field.

11.

Thus would I double my lifes fading space,  
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.

And in this true delight,  
These unbought sports, and happy state,  
I would nor fear, nor wish my fate,  
But boldly say each night,  
To morrow let my Sun his beams display,  
Or in Clouds hide them; *I have liv'd to day.*

### *A. Poetical Revenge.*

**W** *Esminster-Hall* a friend and I agreed  
To meet in; he (some business 'twas did breed  
His absence) came not there; I up did go  
To the next Court, for though I could not know  
Much what they meant, yet I might see and hear  
(As most Spectators do at Theater)  
Things very strange; Fortune did seem to grace  
My coming there, and helpt me to a place.  
But being newly settled at the sport,  
A semi-gentleman of th' Inns of Court,  
In a Satin-suit, redeem'd but yesterday;  
One who is ravish'd with a Cock-pit Play,  
Who prays God to deliver him from no evil  
Besides a Taylors Bill; and fears no Devil

Besides



Besides a Serjant, thrust me from my seat :  
 At which I'gan to quarrel, till a neat  
 Man in a Ruff (whom therefore I did take  
 For Barrester) open'd his mouth and spake ;  
 Boy, get you gone, this is no School : Oh no ;  
 For if it were, all you gown'd-men would go  
 Up for false Latin : they grew straight to be  
 Incens'd, I fear'd they would have brought on me  
 An Action of Trespass, till th'young man  
 Aforesaid, in the Sattin Suit, began  
 To strike me : doubtless there had been a fray,  
 Had not I providently skipp'd away,  
 Without replying ; for to scold is ill,  
 Where every tongu's the Clapper of a Mill,  
 And can out-sound *Homers Gradivus* ; so  
 Away got I ; but e're I far did go,  
 I flung (the Darts of wounding *Poetry*)  
 These two or three sharp curses back : May he  
 Be by his Father in his Study took  
 At *Shakespeares* Plays, instead of my Lord *Coke*.  
 May he (though all his writtings grow as soon  
 As *Butter* out of estimation)  
 Get him a Poets name, and so ne're come  
 Into a Serjeants, or dead Judges room.  
 May he become some poor Physicans prey,  
 Who keeps men with that conscience in delay  
 As he his Client doth, till his health be  
 As far fetcht as a Greck Nouns pedigree.  
 Nay, for all that, may the disease be gone  
 Never but in the long Vacation.  
 May Neighbours use all Quarrels to decide ;  
 But if for Law any to *London* ride,  
 Of all those Clients may no one be his,  
 Unless he come in *Forma Pauperis*.

Grant this you Gods that favour *Poetry*,  
 That all these never ceasing tongues may be  
 Brought into reformation, and not dare  
 To quarrel with a thred-bare Black ; but spare  
 Them who bear Scholars names, lest some one take  
 Spleen, and another *Ignoramus* make.

*To the Dutcheſs of Buckingham.*

**I** F I ſhould ſay, that in your face were ſeen  
 Natures beſt Picture of the *Cyprian Queen* ;  
 If I ſhould ſwear under *Minerva's* Name,  
*Poets* (who Prophets are) fore-told your fame,  
 The future age would think it flattery,  
 But to the preſent which can witneſs be,  
 'Twould ſeem beneath your high deſerts as far,  
 As you above the reſt of women are.

When *Manners* name with *Villiers* joyn'd I ſee,  
 How do I reverence your Nobility!  
 But when the virtues of your Stock I view,  
 (Envi'd in your dead Lord, admir'd in you)  
 I half adore them: for what woman can  
 Beſides your ſelf (nay I might ſay what man)  
 Both Sex, and Birth, and Fate, and years excel  
 In Mind, in Fame, in Worth, in living well?

Oh, how had this begot Idolatry,  
 If you had liv'd in the Worlds Infancy,  
 When mans too much Religion, made the beſt  
 Or Deities, or Semi-gods at leaſt?  
 But we, forbidden this by piety,  
 Or, if we were not by your modeſty,  
 Will make our hearts an Altar, and there pray  
 Not to, but for you, nor that *England* may  
 Enjoy your equal, when you once are gone,  
 But what's more poſſible, t'enjoy you long.

*To his very much honored Godfather, Mr. A. B:*

**I** Love (for that upon the wings of Fame  
 Shall perhaps mock Death or times Darts) my Name.  
 I love it more, becauſe 'twas given by you;  
 I love it moſt, becauſe 'twas your name too.  
 For if I chance to ſlip, a conſcious ſhame  
 Plucks me, and bids me not defile your name

I'm glad that City t'whom I ow'd before,  
 (But ah me! Fate hath crost that willing Score)  
 A Father . gave me a Godfather too,  
 And I'm more glad, because it gave me you;  
 VVhom I may rightly think, and term to be  
 Of the whole City an Epitome.

I thank my careful Fate, which found out one  
 (VVhen Nature had not licenced my tongue  
 Farther than cries) who should my office do;  
 I thank her more, because she found out you:  
 In whose each look, I may a sentence see;  
 In whose each deed, a teaching Homily.

How shall I pay this Debt to you? My Fate  
 Denies me *Indian Pearl* or *Persian Plate*.  
 Which though it did not, to requite you thus,  
 Were to send Apples to *Alcinous*,  
 And sell the cunning'st way: No, when I can  
 In every Leaf, in every Verse write Man,

VVhen my Quill reliseth a School no more.  
 When my pen-feather'd Muse hath learnt to soar;  
 And gotten wings as well as feet; look then  
 For equal thanks from my unwearied Pen:  
 Till future ages say: 'twas you did give  
 A name to me, and I made yours to live.

AN ELEGY on the Death of *John Littleton*,  
 Esquire, Son and Heir to Sir *Thomas Little-*  
*ton*, who was drowned leaping into the Wa-  
 ter to save his younger Brother.

AND must these Waters smile again? and play  
 About the shore, as they did yesterday?  
 Will the Sun court them still? and shall they show  
 No conscious wrinkle furrowed on their brow,  
 That to the thirsty Traveller may say,

I am accus'd, go turn some other way?

It is unjust; black floud, thy guilt is more,  
Sprung from his loss, than all they watry store  
Can give thee tears to mourn for: Birds shall be  
And Beasts henceforth afraid to drink of thee.

What have I said? my pious rage hath been  
Too hot, and acts whilst it accuseth sin.  
Thou'rt innocent I know, still clear, and bright,  
Fit whence so pure a Soul should take its flight.  
How is angry Zeal confin'd? for he  
Must quarrel with his love and piety,  
That would revenge his death. Oh I shall sin,  
And wish anon he had less vertuous been.  
For when his Brother (tears for him I'd bestill,  
But they're all challeng'd by the greater ill)  
Strugled for life with the rude waves, he too  
Leapt in, and when hope no saint beam could show;  
His charity shone most; thou shalt, said he,  
Live with me, Brother, or I'll die with thee;  
And so he did: Had he been thine, O Rome,  
Thou would'st have call'd this Death a Martyrdom,  
And Sainted him; my conscience give me leave,  
I'll do so too: if fate will us bereave  
Of him we honor'd living, there must be  
A kind of reverence to his memory,  
After his death: and where more just than here,  
Where life and end were both so singular?  
He that had only talkt with him, might find  
A little Academy in his mind;  
Where Wisdom, Master was, and Fellows all  
Which we can good, which we can vertuous call.  
Reason, and Holy Fear the Proctors were.  
To apprehend those words, those thoughts that err.  
His learning had out-run the rest of Heirs,  
Stoln Beard from time, and leapt to twenty years.  
And as the Sun, though in full glory bright,  
Shines upon all men with impartial light,  
And a good morrow to the mightiest Kings:  
So he, although his worth just state might claim,  
And give to pride an honorable name,



With courtesie to all, cloath'd vertue so,  
 That 't was not higher than his thoughts were low.  
 In's body too, no Critique eye could find  
 The smallest blemish, to bely his mind;  
 He was all pureness, and his outward part  
 But represents the picture of his heart,  
 When Waters swallow'd mankind, and did cheat  
 The hungry Worm of its expected meat;  
 When gemms, pluckt from the shore by ruder hands,  
 Return'd again unto their native sands,  
 'Mongst all those spoils, there was not any prey,  
 Could equal what this Brook hath stoln away.  
 Weep then sad Flood; and though thou'rt innocent,  
 Weep because Fate made thee her instrument:  
 And when long grief hath drunk up all thy store.  
 Come to our eyes, and we will lend thee more.

*A Translation of Verses upon the Blessed Virgin,  
 Written in Latin by the Right Worshipful Dr. A.*

*Ave Maria.*

O Nce thou rejoycedst, and rejoyce for ever,  
 Whose time of joy shall be expired never,  
 Who in her Womb the *Hive of Comfort* bears,  
 Let her drinck *Comforts Honey* with her ears.  
 You brought the Word of Joy in, which was born  
*An Hail* to all, let us *An Hail* return.  
 From you *God save* into the world there came;  
 Our *Eccho Hail* is but an empty name.

*Gratia plena.*

How loaded Hives are with their Honey fill'd,  
 From divers Flowers by *Chimick Bees* distill'd:  
 How full the *Collet* with his Jewel is,  
 Which, that it cannot take, by love doth kiss:  
 How full the *Moon* is with her Brothers Ray,  
 When she drinks up with thirsty orb the day.  
 How full of *Grace* *Graces* dances are,

So full doth *Mary* of *Gods* light appear.  
It is no wonder if with *Graces* she  
Be full, who was full with the *Deity*.

*Dominus tecum.*

The fall of mankind under deaths extent  
The quire of Blessed *Angels* did lament,  
And wisht a reparation to see  
By him, who manhood joyn'd with *Deity*.  
How grateful should mans safety then appear  
T' himself, whose safety can the *Angels* chear?

*Benedicta tu in mulieribus.*

*Death* came, and troops of sad *Diseases* led  
To th' earth, by womans hand solicited:  
*Life* came so too, and troops of *Graces* led  
To th' earth, by womans *Faith* solicited.  
As our lives spring came from thy Blessed Womb,  
So from our Mouths springs of thy praise shall come  
Who did lifes blessing give, 'tis fit that she  
Above al Women should thrice blessed be.

*Et benedictus fructus ventris tui.*

With Mouth Divine the Father doth protest,  
He a good word sent from his stored breast;  
'Twas *Christ*: which *Mary* without carnal thought,  
From the unfathm'd depth of goodness brought,  
The word of blessing a just cause affords,  
To be oft blessed with redoubled words.

*Spiritus Sanctus Superveniet in te.*

As when soft West winds strook the Garden Rose,  
A showre of sweeter air salutes the Nose.  
The breath gives sparing kisses, nor with power  
Unlocks the Virgin bosom of the Flower.  
So th' *Holy Sirit* upon *Mary* Blow'd,  
And from her Sacred Box whole Livers flow'd.  
Yet loos'd not thine Eternal Chastity,  
Thy Roses folds do still entangled lie,  
Believe *Christ* born from an unbruised Womb,  
So from unbruised Bark the Odors come.

*Et virtus altissimi abumbrabit tibi.*

God his great Son begot e're time begun,  
 Mary in time brought forth her little Son.  
 Of double Substance, One, Life he began,  
 God without *Mother*, without *Father Man*.  
 Great is this Birth, and 'tis a strange deed,  
 That *She* no *Man*, than *God* no *Wife* should need.  
 A Shade delighted the Child-bearing Maid,  
 And *God* himself became to her a Shade  
 O strange descent! who is lights Author, he  
 Will to his creature thus a shadow be.  
 As unseen Light did from the Father flow,  
 So did seen Light from *Virgin Mary* grow?  
 When *Moses* sought *God* in a shade to see,  
 The Fathers shade, was *Christ* the *Deity*.  
 Let's seek for day, we darkness, whilst our sight,  
 In light finds darkness, and in darkness light.

## O D E I.

### *On the Praise of Poetry.*

'T Is not a *Pyramide* of Marble stone,  
 Though high as our ambition;  
 'Tis not a Tomb cut out in Brass, which can  
 Give life to th' ashes of a man,  
 But Verses only; they shall fresh appear,  
 Whilst there are men to read, or hear,  
 When Time shall make the lasting Brass decay,  
 And eat the *Pyramide* away,  
 Turning that Monument wherein men trust  
 Their names, to what it keeps, poor dust:  
 Then shall the *Epitaph* remain, and be  
 New graven in Eternity,  
 Poets by Death are conquered, but the wit  
 Of Poets triumph over it.  
 What cannot Verse? When *Thracian Orpheus* took  
 His Lyre, and gently on it strook,

The learned stones came dancing all along ,  
 And kept time to the charming Song.  
 With artificial pace the Warlike Pine ,  
 Th' *Elm* , and his Wife the *Ivy* twine ,  
 With all the better trees , which erst had stood  
 Unmov'd , forsook their native Wood.  
 The *Lawrel* to the *Poets* hand did bow ,  
 Craving the honour of his Brow :  
 And every loving arm embrac'd ; and made  
 With their officious leaves a shade.  
 The Beasts too strove his auditors to be ,  
 Forgetting their old tyranny.  
 The fearful *Hart* next to the *Lion* came ,  
 And *Wolf* was *Shepherd* to the *Lamb*.  
*Nightingales* , harmless *Syrens* of the air ,  
 And *Muses* of the place , were there.  
 Who when their little windpipes they had found  
 Unequal to so strange a sound ,  
 O'recome by art and grief they did expire ,  
 And fell upon the conquering *Lyre*.  
 Happy , O happy they , whose Tomb might be ,  
*Mausolus* , envied by thee !

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## O D E II.

*That a pleasant Poverty is to be preferred before  
discontented Riches.*

I.

**W**HY O doth gaudy *Tagus* ravish thee ,  
 Though *Neptunes* Treasure-house it be ;  
 Why doth *Pactolus* thee bewitch ,  
 Infectd yet with *Midas* glorious Itch ?

2.

Their dull and sleepy streams are not at all  
 Like other Floods *Poetical* ,  
 They haue no dance , no wanton sport ,  
 No gentle murmur , the lov'd shore to court.



3.

No Fish inhabit the adulterate Flood,  
 Nor can it feed the neighbouring Wood,  
 No Flower or Herb is near it found,  
 But a perpetual Winter starves the ground.

4.

Give me a River which doth scorn to shew  
 An added beauty, whose clear brow  
 May be my looking-glass, to see  
 What my face is, and what my mind should be.

5.

Here waves call waves, and glide along in rank,  
 And prattle to the smiling bank,  
 Here sad *King-fishers* tell their tales,  
 And Fish enrich the Brook with silver scales.

6.

*Daisies* the first-born of the teeming Spring,  
 On each side their embroidery bring,  
 Here *Lillies* wash, and grow more white,  
 And *Daffadills* to see themselves delight.

7.

Here a fresh Arbor gives her amorous shade,  
 Which *Nature*, the best *Gard'ner* made.  
 Here I would sit, and sing rude lays,  
 Such as the *Nymphs* and *me my self* should please.

8.

Thus I would waste, thus end my careless days,  
 And *Robin-red-breasts* whom men praise  
 For pious Birds, should when I die,  
 Make both my *Monument* and *Elegy*.

## O D E III.

To his Mistress.

I.

**T** *Tryan* dye why do you wear  
 You whose cheeks best *Scarlet* are?

V Why do you fondly pin  
 Pure Linnen o're your Skin,  
 (Your Skin that's whiter far)  
 Casting a dusky Cloud before a Star?

2.

Why bears your neck a golden Chain?  
 Did nature make your hair in vain,  
 Of Gold most pure and fine?  
 V With gemms why do you shine?  
 They, neighbours to your eyes,  
 Shew but like *Phospor*, when the *Sun* doth rise.

3.

I would have all my *Misfris* parts,  
 Owe more to *Nature* than to *Arts*,  
 I would not woe the dress,  
 Or one whose nights give less  
 Contentment, than the day.  
 She's fair, whose beauty only makes her gay.

4

For 'tis not buildings make a Court,  
 Or pomp, but 'tis the Kings resort:  
 If *Jupiter* down pour  
 Himself, and in a shewre  
 Hide such bright *Majesty*  
 Less than a *golden one* it cannot be.

## O D E IV.

*On the uncertainty of Fortune. A Translation.*

I.

L Eave off unfit complaints, and clear (brow,  
 From sighs your breast, and from black clouds your  
 When the Sun shines not with his wonted chear,  
 And Fortune throws an adverse cast for you.  
 That Sea which vex with *Notus* is,  
 The merry *East-winds* will to morrow kiss.

The

2.

The Sun to day rides droufsly,  
 To morrow 'twill put on a look more fair,  
 Laughter and groaning do alternately  
 Return, and tears sports nearest neighbours are.  
 'Tis by the Gods appointed so  
 That good fare should with mingled dangers flow.

3.

Who drave his Oxen yesterday,  
 Doth now over the Noblest *Romans* reign.  
 And on the *Gabii*, and the *Cures* lay  
 The yoke which from his *Oxen* he had ta' ne.  
 VVhom *Hesperus* saw poor and low,  
 The mornings eye beholds him greatest now.

4.

If fortune knit amongst her play  
 But seriousness; he shall again go home  
 To his old Country Farm of yesterday,  
 To scoffing people no mean jest become.  
 And with the crowned *Axe*, which he  
 Had rul'd the World, go back and prune some Tree.  
 Nay if he want the fuel cold requires,  
 VVith his own *Fasces* he shall make him fires.

## O D E V.

*In Commendation of the time we live under the  
 Reign of our Gracious King Charles.*

CURst be that wreth (Deaths Factor sure) who brought  
 Dire Swords into the peaceful world, and taught  
 Smiths, who before could only make  
 The Spade, the Plowshare, and the Rake;  
 Arts, in must cruel wise  
 Mans life r' epitomize.

2.

Then men (fond men alas) rid post to th' grave,  
 And cut those threads, which yet the *Fates* would save.  
 Then *Charion* sweated at his trade,

And

And had a larger *Ferry* made,  
Then, then the silver hair,  
Frequent before, grew rare.

3.

Then *Renenge* married to *Ambition*,  
Begot black *War*, then *Avarice* crept on.  
Then limits to each field were strain'd,  
And *Terminus* a *Godhead* gain'd.  
To men before was found,  
Besides the Sea, no bound.

4.

In what Plain or what River hath not been  
Wars story, writ in blood (sad story) seen?  
This truth too well our *England* knows,  
'Twas civil slaughter dy'd her *Rose*:  
Nay then her *Lilly* too,  
With bloods loss paler grew.

5.

Such griefs, nay worse than these, we now should feel,  
Did not just *Charles* silence the rage of steel;  
He to our Land blest peace doth bring,  
All neighbour Countries envying.  
Happy who did remain  
Unborn till *Charles* his Reign!

6.

Where dreaming *Chymicks* is your pain and cost?  
How is your oyl, how is your labour lost?  
Our *Charles*, blest *Alchymist* (though strange,  
Believe it future times) did change  
The *Iron* age of old,  
Into an age of *Gold*.

## ODE VI.

*Upon the shortness of Mans Life.*

**M**ark that swift Arrow how it cuts the air,  
How it out-runs thy following eye,  
Use all persuasions now, and try

If



If thou canst call it back, or stay it there.  
 That way it went, but thou shalt find  
 No tract is left behind.  
 Fool, 'tis thy life, and the fond *Archer* thou,  
 Of all the time thou'st shot away  
 I'll bid thee seth but yesterday,  
 And it shall be too hard a task to do.  
 Besides repentance, what canst find  
 That it hath left behind?  
 Our life is carried with too strong a tide,  
 A doubtful *Cloud* our substance bears.  
 And is the *Horse* of all our years.  
 Each day doth on a winged *whirl-wind* ride.  
 We and our *Glass* run out, and must  
 Both render up our dust.  
 But his past life who without grief can see,  
 Who never thinks his end too near,  
 But says to *Fame*, thou art mine *Heir*.  
 That man extends life's natural brevity;  
 This is, this is the only way  
 T'out-live *Nestor* in a day.

*An Answer to an Invitation to Cambridge.*

I.

**N**ichols, my better self, forbear,  
 For if thou tell'st what *Cambridge* pleasures are,  
 The *School-boys* sin will light on me,  
 I shall in mind at least a *Truant* be.  
 Tell me not how you feed your mind  
 With dainties of *Philosophy*,  
 In *Ovid's Nut* I shall not find,  
 The taste once pleased me.  
 O tell me not of *Logicks* diverse chear,  
 I shall begin to loath our *Crambe* here.

2.

Tell me not how the waves appear  
 Of *Cam* or how it cuts the *Learned Shire*,

I shall

I shal contemn the troubled *Thames*.  
 On her chief *Holiday*, even when her streams  
 Are with rich folly gilded, when  
 The *Quondam Dung-Boat* is made gay,  
 Just like the bravery of the men,  
 And graces with fresh paint that day.  
 When th' *City* shines with *Flags* and *Pageants* there.  
 And Sattin Doublets, seen not twice a year.

3.

Why do I stay then? I would meet  
 Thee there, but *Plummets* hang upon my feet:  
 'Tis my chief wish to live with thee,  
 But not till I deserve thy company:  
 Till then we'll scorn to let that toy,  
 Some forty miles, divide our hearts:  
 Write to me, and I shall enjoy,  
*Friendship* and *Wit*, thy better parts.  
 Though envious *Fortune* larger hindrance brings,  
 We'll easily see each other, *Love* hath wings,

LOVE'S

# LOVES RIDDLE.

A

Pastoral Comedy:

WRITTEN

At the time of his being Kings Scholar  
in WESTMINSTER-School,

By *A. Cowley.*



L O N D O N :

Printed by *M. C.* for *C. Harper*, and *J. Tonson*.

MDCLXXXII.





To the truly Worthy and Noble,

Sir KENELM DIGBY, Knight.

**T**His latter Age, the Lees of Time, hath known,  
 Few that have made both Pallas art, their own,  
 But you, Great Sir, two Laurels wear, and are  
 Victorious in Peace, as well as War.  
 Learning by right of Conquest is your own,  
 And every liberal Art your Captive grown.  
 As if neglected Science (for it now  
 Wants some defenders) fled for help to you  
 Whom I must follow, and let this for me  
 An earnest of my future service be.  
 Which I should fear to send you, did I know  
 Your Judgment only, not your Candor too.  
 For 'twas a Work, stoln (though you'll justly call  
 This Play, as fond as those) from Cat, or Ball.  
 Had it been written since. I should, I fear,  
 Scarce have abstain'd from a Philosopher:  
 Which by Tradition here is thought to be  
 A necessary part in Comedy.  
 Nor need I tell you this; each line of it  
 Betrays the Time and Place wherein 'twas writ,  
 And I could wish, that I might safely say  
 Reader, this Play was made but th' other day.  
 Yet t'is not stuff'd with names of Gods, hard words,  
 Such as the Metamorphosis afford.  
 Nor has't a part for Robinton, whom they  
 At School, account essential to a Play.  
 The stile is low, such as you'll easily take  
 For what a Swain might say, and a Boy make.  
 Take it, as early fruits, which rare appear,  
 Though not halfripe, but worst of all the year.  
 And if it please your taste, my Muse will say,  
 The Birch which crown'd her then, is grown a Bay.

Yours in all observance,

A. COWLEY:

The

## *The Scene Sicily.*

### *The Actors Names.*

*Demophil*, } two old folks of a Noble Family.  
*Spodaia*, }  
*Florellus*, } their Children.  
*Callidora*, }  
*Philistus*, } two Gentlemen, both in love with  
*Aphron*, } *Callidora*.  
*Clariana*, Sister to *Philistus*.  
*Melarnus*, } a crabbed old Shepherd.  
*Truga*, } his Wife.  
*Hylace*, } their Daughter.  
*Ægon*, an ancient Country-man.  
*Bellula*, his supposed Daughter.  
*Palemon*, a young Swain in love with *Hylace*.  
*Alupis*, a merry Shepherd.  
*Clariana's* Maid.

# Loves Riddle.

## A C T I. S C E N E I.

*Enter Callidora disguised in mans apparel.*

**M**AD feet, ye have been traytors to your Master:  
Where have you led me? sure my truant mind  
Hath taught my body thus to wander too;  
Faintness and fear surprize me: Ye just gods,  
If ye have brought me to this place to scourge  
The folly of my love, (I might say madness)  
Dispatch me quickly: send some pitying men  
Or cruel beast to find me; let me be  
Fed by the one, or let me feed the other.  
Why are these trees so brave? why do they wear  
Such green and fresh apparel? how they smile!  
How their proud tops play with the courting wind?  
Can they behold me pine and languish here,  
And yet not sympathize at all in mourning?  
Do they upbraid my sorrows? can it be  
That these thick branches never seen before  
But by the Sun, should learn so much of man?  
The Trees in Courtiers Gardens, which are conscious  
Of their guilt, masters statelins and pride,  
Themselves would pity me; yet these---VVho's there?

*Enter Alupis singing.*

I.

*Rise up thou mournful Swan,  
For 'tis but a folly  
To be melancholly  
And get thee thy pipe again.*

2.

*Come sing away the day,  
For 'tis but a folly  
To be melancholly,  
Let's live here whilst we may.*

*Cal.*

*Cal.* I marry Sir, this fellow hath some fire in him,  
 Methinks a sad and drowfie Shepherd is  
 A prodigy in nature, for the V Woods  
 Should be as far from sorrow, as they are  
 From sorrows causes, riches and the like.  
 Hail to you Swain, I am a Gentleman  
 Driven here by ignorance of the way: and would  
 Confess my self bound to you for a courtesie,  
 If you would please to help me to some lodging  
 V Where I may rest my self.

*Alu.* *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Cal.* V Well; if the rest be like this fellow here,  
 Then I haue travell'd fairly now; for certainly  
 This is a land of Fools; some Colony  
 Of elder Brothers have been planted here,  
 And begot this fair generation.  
 Prithee, good Shepherd, tell me where thou dwell'st?

*Alu.* *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Call.* Why art thou mad?

*Alu.* V What if I be?

I hope 'tis no discredit for me Sir?  
 For in this age who is not? I'll prove it to you,  
 Your Citizen he's mad to trust the Gentleman  
 Both with his V Vares and V Vife. Your Courtier  
 He's mad to spend his time in studying postures,  
 Cenges, and fashions, and new complements;  
 Your Lawyer he's mad to sell away  
 His tongue for money, and his Clients madder  
 To buy it of him, since 'tis of no use  
 But to undo men, and the Latin tongue:  
 Your Scholars they are mad to break their brains,  
 Out-watch the Moon, and look more pale than she,  
 That so when all the Arts call him their Master,  
 He may perhaps get some small Vicaridge,  
 Or be the Usher of a School; but there's  
 A thing in black called Poet, who is ten  
 Degrees in madness above these; his means  
 Is what the gentle Fates please to allow him  
 By the Death or Maarriage of some mighty Lord,  
 V Which he must solemnize with a new Song.

*Cal.*



*Cal.* This fellows wit amazeth me ; but friend,  
What do you think of Lovers ?

*Alu.* Worst of all ;  
Is't not a pretty folly to stand thus ,  
And sigh , and fold the arms , and cry my *Cælia* ,  
My soul , my life , my *Cælia* , then to wring  
Ones state for presents , and ones brain for Sonnets ?  
O ! 'tis beyond the name of phrenzy.

*Cal.* What so Satyrick Shepherd ? I believe  
You did not learn these flashes in the Woods ;  
How is it possible that you should get  
Such near acquaintance with the City manners ,  
And yet live here in such a silent place ,  
Where one would think the very name of City  
Could hardly enter.

*Alu.* Why I'll tell you Sir ;  
My father died , (you force me to remember  
A grief that deserves tears) and left me young ,  
And (if a Shepherd may be said so) rich ;  
In an itching wantonness to see  
What other Swains so wond' red at , the City ,  
Straight sold my Rural Portion (for the wealth  
Of Shepherds is their flocks) and thither went ,  
Where whilst my money lasted I was welcome ,  
And liv'd in credit , but when that was gone ,  
And the last piece sigh'd in my empty pocket ,  
I was content'd , then I began to see  
How dearly I had bought experience ;  
And without any thing besides repentance  
To load me , return'd back , and here I live  
To laugh at all those follies which I saw.

SONG.

*The merry waves dance up and down , and play ,  
Sport is granted to the Sea.  
Birds are the Quersters o' th' empty air ,  
Sport is never wanting there.  
The ground doth smile at the Springs flowry birth ,  
Sport is granted to the earth.  
The fire its cheer ing flame on high doth rear ,  
Sport is never wanting there.*

If

*If all the elements, the Earth, the Sea,  
Air, and fire, so merry be;  
Why is mans mirth so seldom, and small,  
Who is compounded of them all?*

*Cal.* You may rejoyce; but sighs besit me better.

*Alu.* Now on my conscience thou hast lost a Mistress;  
If it be so, thank God, and love no more; ,  
Or else perhaps she has burnt your winning letter,  
Or kifs'd another Gentleman in your sight,  
Or else denied you her glove, or laught at you,  
Causes indeed which deserve special mourning,  
And now you come to talk with your God *Cupid*  
In private here, and call the VVoods to witness,  
And all the streams which murmur when they hear  
The injuries they suffer; I am sorry  
I have been a hind'rance to your meditations,  
Farewel Sir,

*Cal.* Nay, good Shepherd, you mistake me.

*Alu.* Faith, I am very chary of my health,  
I would be loth to be infected Sir.

*Cal.* Thou needest not fear; I have no disease at all  
Besides a troubled mind.

*Alu.* VVhy that's the worst, the worst of all.

*Cal.* And therefore it doth challenge  
Your pity the more, you should the rather  
Strive to be my Physician.

*Alu.* The good Gods forbid it; I turn Physician?  
My Parents brought me up more piously,  
Than that I should play booty with a sickness,  
Turn a Consumption to mens purses, and  
Purge them worse than their bodies, and set up  
An Apothecaries shop in private chambers,  
Live by revenue of Close-stools and Urinals,  
Deferr off sick mens health from day to day  
As if thy went to law with their disease,  
No, I was born for better ends, than to send away.  
His Majesties Subjects to Hell so fast,  
As if I were to share the stakes with *Charon*.

*Cal.* Your wit errs much:

*Loves Riddle.*

For as the soul is nobler than the body,  
So its corruption asks a better medicine  
Than is applied to Gouts, Catarrs, or Agues,  
And that is Counsel.

*Alu.* So then: I should be  
Your souls Physician; why, I could talk out  
An hour or so, but then I want a cushion  
To thump my precept into; but tell me' pray,  
What name bears your disease?

*Cal.* A Fever. Shepherd, but so far above  
An outward one, that the vicissitudes  
Of that may seem but warmth, and coolness only;  
This, flame, and frost.

*Alu.* So; I understand you,  
You are a Lover, which is by translation  
A fool, or a beast, for I'll define you; you're  
Partly *Chameleon*, partly *Salamander*,  
You're fed by th' air, and live i'th' fire.

*Cal.* Why did you neuer loue? have you no softness,  
Nought of your Mother in you? if that Sun  
Which scorched me, should cast one beam upon you,  
'Twould quickly melt the ice about your heart,  
And lend your eyes fresh streams.

*Alu.* 'Faith, I think not;  
I have seen all your beauties of the Court,  
And yet was never raviht, never made  
A doleful Sonnet unto angry *Cupid*,  
Either to warm her heart, or else cool mine,  
And no face yet could ever wound me so,  
But that I quickly found a remedy.

*Cal.* That were an art worth learning, and you need not  
Be niggard of your knowledge; See the Sun  
Though it have given this many thousand years  
Light to the world, yet is as big and bright  
As e're it was, and hath not lost one beam  
Of his first glory; then let charity  
Persuade you to instruct me, I shall be  
A very thankful Scholar.

*Alu.* I shall: for 'tis both easily taught and learn'd,  
Come sing away the day, &c.

Mirth is the only physick.

*Cal.* It is a way which I have much desired  
To cheat my sorrow with ; and for that purpose  
Would fain turn Shepherd , and in rural sports  
Wear my lifes remnant out ; I would forget  
All things , my very name if it were possible.

*Alu.* Pray let me learn it first.

*Cal.* 'Tis *Calidorus*.

*Alu.* Thank you ; if you your self chance to forget it  
Come but to me I'll do you the same courtesie ,  
In the mean while make me your servant Sir ,  
I will instruct you in things necessary  
For the creation of a Shepherd , and  
We two will laugh at all the world securely ,  
And fling jests 'gainst the business of state  
Without endangering our ears.

*Come , come away ,*

*For 'tis but a jolly*

*To live melancholy ,*

*Let's live here whilst we may.*

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter* Palæmon , Melarnus , Truga , Ægon , Bellula ,  
Hylace.

*Pal.* I see I am undone.

*Mel.* Come no matter for that , you love my Daughter?  
By *Pan* ; but come , no matter for that ; you my *Hylace*?

*Tru.* Nay good Duck , do not vex your self ; what  
though he loves her ? you know she will not have him.

*Mel.* Come , no matter for that ; I will vex my self ,  
and vex him too , shall such an idle fellow as he strive to  
entice away honest mens Children ? let him go feed his  
flocks ; but alas ! he has none to trouble him ; ha , ha , ha ,  
yet he would marry my daughter.

*Pal.* Thou art a malicious doting man ,  
And one who cannot boast of any thing  
But that she calls thee Father , though I cannot  
Number so large a flock of sheep as thou ,  
Nor send so many cheefes to the City ,  
Yet in my mind I am an Emperor  
If but compar'd with thee'



*Tru.* Of what place I pray ?

'Tis of some new discovered Country, is't not ?

*Pal.* Prithee good *Winter* if thou wilt be talking,  
Keep thy breath in a little, for it smells  
Worse than a Goat; yet thou must talk,  
For thou hast nothing left thee of a woman  
But lust, and tongue.

*Hyl.* Shepherd, here's none so taken with your wit  
But you might spare it; if you be so lavish,  
You'll have none left another time to make  
The Song of the forsaken Lover with,

*Pal.* I'm dumb, my lips are seal'd, seal'd up for ever  
May my rash tongue forget to be interpreter,  
And organ of my senses, if you say  
It hath offended you.

*Hyl.* Troth if you make  
But that condition, I shall agree to't quickly.

*Mel.* by *Pan* well said girl; what a fool was I  
To suspect thee of loving him? but come  
'Tis no matter for that; when e're thou art married  
I'll add ten sheep more to thy portion,  
For putting this one jest upon him.

*Ag.* Nay now I must needs tell you that your anger  
Is grounded with no reason to maintain it,  
If you intend your Daughter shall not marry him,  
Say so, but play not with his passion,  
For 'tis inhumane wit which jeers the wretched.

*Mel.* Come, 'tis no matter for that; what I do, I do;  
I shall not need your counsel.

*Tru.* I hope my Husband and I have enough wisdom  
To govern our own Child; if we want any  
It will be to little purpose, I dare say,  
To come to borrow some of you.

*Æg.* 'Tis verry likely pretty Mistress *Maukin*;  
You with a face looks like a *Winter Apple*  
When 'tis shrunk up together and half rotten;  
I see you hang'd up for a thing to skare  
The Crows away before I'll spend my breath  
To teach you any.

*Hyl.* Alas good Shepherd!

What do you imagine that I should love you for?

*Pal.* For all my services, the vertuous zeal  
And constancy with which I ever wooed you,  
Though I were blacker than a starless night,  
Or consciences where guilt and horror dwell,  
Although splay-leg'd, crooked, deform'd in all parts,  
And but the Chaos only of a man,  
Yet if I love and honour you, humanity  
Would teach you not to hate, or laugh at me,

*Hyl.* Pray spare your fine perswasions, and set speeches  
And rather tell them to those stones and trees,  
'Twill be to as good purpose quite, as when  
You spend them upon me.

*Pal.* Give me my final answer, that I may  
Be either blest for ever, or die quickly;  
Delay's a cruel rack, and kills by piece-meals.

*Hyl.* Then here 't is, you're an ass,  
(Take that for your incivility to my Mother)  
And I will never love you.

*Pal.* You're a woman;  
A cruel and fond woman, and my passion  
Shall trouble you no more; but when I'm dead  
My angry ghost shall vex you worse than now  
Your pride doth me, farewell.

*Enter Aphron mad, meeting Palæmon going out.*

*Aphr.* Nay stay Sir, have you found her?

*Pal.* How now? what's the matter?

*Aphr.* For I will have her out of you, or else  
I'll cut thee into Atoms, till the wind  
Play with the shreds of thy torn body. Look her  
Or I will do't.

*Pal.* Whom; or where?

*Aphr.* I'll tell thee honest fellow; thou shalt go  
From me as an Ambassador to the Sun,  
For men call him the eye of Heaven, (from which  
Nothing lies hid) and tell him--do you mark me--tell him  
From me--that if he send not word where she is gone,  
— I will — nay by the Gods I will.

*Eg.* Alas poor Gentleman!  
Surche hath lost some Mistress; beauteous women

Are the chief plaguesto men.

*Triu.* Nay, not so Shepherd, when did I plague any?

*Ag.* How far is he beyond the name of slave,

That makes his love his Mistris?

*Aphr.* Mistris? who's that? her ghost? 'tis she?

It was her voice; were all the Floods, the Rivers,

And Seas that with their crooked arms embrace

The earth, betwixt us, I'de wade through and meet her,

Were all the *Alps* heap'd on each others head,

Were *Pelion* joyn'd to *Ossa*, and they both

Thrown on *Olympus* top, they should not make

So high a wall, but I would scal't and find her.

*Bell.* Unhappy man.

*Aph.* 'Tis empty air: I was too faucy.

And she hath left me: if she be alive

What darkness shall be thick enough to hide her?

If dead; I'll seek the place which Poets call *Elysium*

Where all the souls of good and vertuous mortals

Enjoy deserved pleasures after death.

What should I fear; if there be an *Eriannys*

'Tis in this brest, if a *Tisiphone*

'Tis here, here in this brain are all her serpents;

My grief and fury arms me

*Pal.* By your leave Sir.

*Aph.* Now by the Gods, that man that stops my journey

Had better have provok'd a hungry Lioness

Robb'd of her Whelps, or set his naked breast

Against the Thunder.

[Exit Aphron.

*True* 'Tis wel he's gone,

I never could endure to see these mad men.

*Mel.* Come. no matter for that [Enter Alupis and

For now he's gone, here comes another. [Callidorus

But it's no matter for that neither.

How now? who has he brought with him?

*Al.* Hail to ye Shepherds and ye Beautious Nymphs,

I must present this stranger to your knowledge,

When you're acquainted well, you'll thank me for't.

*Cal.* Blest Masters of these Woods, hail to you all,

'Tis my desire to be your neighbour here,

And feed my flocks (such as they are) near yours.

d ;

This

This Shepherd tells me, that your gentle nature  
 VWill be most willing to accept my friendship;  
 VWhich if ye do, may all the Sylvian Deities  
 Be still propitious to you, may your flocks  
 Yearly increase above your hopes or wishes;  
 May none of your young Lambs become a prey  
 To the rude VWolf, but play about securely;  
 May dearths be ever exil'd from these Woods,  
 May your fruits prosper, and your Mountain Strawberries  
 Grow in abundance; may no Lovers be  
 Despis'd, and pine away their years of spring:  
 But the young men and maids be stricken both  
 With equal sympathy.

*Pal.* That were a golden time; the Gods forbid  
 Mortals to be so happy.

*Agon.* I thank you; and we wish no less to you:  
 You are most welcome hither.

*Tru.* 'Tis a handsome man,  
 I'll be acquainted with him; we most heartily  
 Accept your company.

*Mel.* Come no matter for that; we have enough  
 Already who can bear us company;  
 But no matter for that neither; we shall have  
 Shortly no room left us to feed our flocks  
 By one another.

*Alup.* What always grumbling?  
 Your Father and your Mother scolded sure  
 Whilst you were getting; well, if I begin  
 I'll so abuse thee, and that publicly.

*Mel.* A rot upon you; you must still be humered,  
 But come, no matter for that; you're welcome then

*Al.* What, beauties, are you silent?  
 Take notice of him, (pray) your speaking is  
 Worth more than all the rest.

*Bell.* You're very welcome.

[Salutes her]

*Cal.* Thank you fair Nymph, this is indeed a welcome

*Bell.* I never saw beauty and affability  
 So well conjoyn'd before; if I stay long  
 I shall be quite undone.

*Alu.* Nay come, put on too.



*Hyl.* You are most kindly welcome.

*Gal.* You bless me too much;

The honour of your lip is entertainment  
Princes might wish for.

*Hyl.* Bless me, how he looks!

And how he talks; his kifs was honey too,  
His lips as red and sweet as early cherries,  
Softer than Beversskins.

*Bel.* Bless me, how I enuy her!

Would I had that kifs too!

*Hyl.* How his eye shines! what a bright flame it shoots

*Bel.* How red his cheeks are! so our garden apples  
Look on that side where the hot Sun salutes them.

*Hyl.* How well his hairs become him!

Just like that Star which ushers on the day.

*Bell.* How fair he is! fairer than whitest blossoms?

*Trug.* They two have got a kifs;

Why should I lose it for want of speaking?

You're welcome Shepherd.

*Alu.* Come on: *For 'tis but a folly*, &c.

*Tru.* Do you hear? you are welcome.

*Alu.* Here's another must have a kifs.

*Tru.* Go you're a paltry knave, I, that you are,  
To wrong an honest woman thus.

*Alu.* Why he shall kifs thee, never fear it, alas!  
I did but jest, he'll do't for all this,  
Nay, because I will be a Patron to thee  
I'll speak to him

*Trug.* You're a flandering knave,  
And you shall know't. that you shall.

*Alu.* Nay, if you scold so loud  
Others shall know 't too; he must stop your mouth,  
Or you'll talk on this three hours; *Callidorus*  
If you can patiently endure a stink,  
Or have frequented e're the City Bear-garden,  
Prithee salute this fourscore years, and free me,  
She says you're welcome too.

*Cal.* I cry you mercy, Shepherdess,  
By *Pan* I did not see you.

*Tru.* If my husband and *Alupis* were not here

I'de rather pay him back his kifs again  
Than be beholden to him,

*Alu.* VVhat, thou hast don't?  
Well if thou do'st not die upon't, hereafter  
Thy body will agree even with the worst  
And stinking'st air in *Europa*.

*Cal.* Nay, be not angry Shepherdefs, you know  
He doth but jest as 'tis his custom.

*Tru.* I know it is his custom; he was always  
Wont to abuse me, like a knave as he is,  
But I'll endure't no more.

*Alu.* Pristhee, good *Callidorus*, if her breath  
Be not too bad, go stop her mouth again.  
She'll scold till night else.

*Tru.* Yes marry will I, that I will, you rascal you,  
I'll teach you to lay your frumps upon me;  
You delight in it, do you?

*Sia.* Pristhee be quiet, leave but talking to me  
And I will never jeer thee any more,  
We two will be so peaceable hereafter.

*Tru.* Well upon that condition

*Alu.* So, I'me deliver'd. Why how now Lads  
What have you lost your tongues? I'll have them cry'd,  
*Palamon*, *Agon*. *Callidorus*, what?  
Are you all dumb? I pray continue so,  
And I'll be merry with my self.

### S O N G.

'Tis better to dance than sing,  
The cause is if you will know it,  
That I to my self shall bring  
A Poverty  
Voluntary -  
If once I grew but a Poet.

*Agon.* And yet me thinks you sing.

*Alu.* O yes, because here's none do dance,  
And both are better, far than to be sad.

*Agon.* Come then let's have a round.

*Alu.* A match; *Palamon* whither go you?

*Pal.*

*Pal.* The Gods forbid that I should mock my self,  
Cheat my own mind, dance and weep at once?  
You may? Farewel. [Exit.  
*Alu.* 'Tis such a whining fool; come, come *Melarnus*.  
*Mel.* I have no mind to dance; but come, no matter for  
that, rather than break the squares.----  
*Cal.* By your leave, fair one.  
*Hyl.* Would I were in her place.  
*Alu.* Come *Hylace*, thee and I wench, I warrant thee,  
You and your Wife together. God blefs you; so —  
*For 'tis but a folly, &c.* [Dance.  
*Tru.* So there's enough, I'm half a weary.  
*Mel.* Come not matter for that.  
I have not danc'd so much this year  
*Alu.* So farewel, you'll come along with me?  
*Cal.* Yes, farewel gentle Swains.  
*Tru.* Farewel good Shepherd.  
*Ed.* Your best wishes follow you.  
*Hyl.* *Pan* always guide you.  
*Mel.* It's no matter for that, come away.

*The end of the first Act.*

## A C T II. S C E N E I.

*Enter Demophil, Spodaria, Philistus, Clariana.*

*Dem.* **N**AY, she is lost for ever, and her name  
Which us'd to be so comfortable, now  
Is poyson to our thoughts, and to augment  
Our misery paints forth our former happiness,  
*O Callidora O my Callidora!*  
I shall ne're see thee more.

*Spo.* If cursed *Aphron*  
Hath carried her away, and triumphs now  
In the destruction of our hoary age  
'Twere better she were dead;

*Dem.* 'Twere better we were all dead; the enjoying  
Of tedious life is a worse punishment  
Than losing of my Daughter; Oh! my friends,

Why have I lived so long ?

*Cla.* Goods Sir be comforted : Brother speak to them.

*Spe.* VVould I had died, when first I brought thee forth  
My girl, then I should have slept  
In quiet, and not wept now.

*Phi.* I am half a statue,  
Freeze me up quite, ye Gods, and let me be  
My own sad monument.

*Cla.* Alas! you do but hurt your selves with weeping?  
Consider pray, it may be she'l come back.

*Dem.* Oh! never, never, 'tis impossible  
As to call back sixteen, and with vain Rhetorick  
Persuade my lifes fresh April to return,  
She's dead, or else far worse, kept up by *Aphron*,  
VVhom if I could but see, methinks new blood  
VVould creep into my veins, and my faint sinews  
Renew themselves, I doubt not but to find  
Strength enough yet to be reveng'd of *Aphron*.

*Spe.* Would I were with thee, girl, where e're thou art.

*Cla.* For shame good Brother, see if you can comfort  
them

Methinks you should say something.

*Phi.* Do you think  
My griefs so light? or was the interest  
So small which I had in her? I a comforter?  
Alas? she was my Wife, for we were married  
In our affection, in our vows; and nothing  
Stopt the enjoying of each other, but  
The thin partition of some Ceremonies.  
I lost my hopes, my expectations,  
My joys, nay more, I lost my self with her;  
You have a Son, yet left behind, whose memory  
May sweeten all this gall.

*Spe.* I, we had one,  
But fate's so cruel to us, and such dangers  
Attend a travelling man, that 't were presumption  
To say we have him; we have sent for him  
To blot out the remembrance of his Sister:  
But whether we shall ever see him here,  
The Gods can only tell, we barely hope.

*Dem.*



*Dem.* This news, alas!

Will be but a sad welcome to him.

*Phi.* Why do I play thus with my misery?  
'Tis vain to think I can live here without her,  
I'll seek her where e're she is; patience in this  
Would be a vice, and men might justly say  
My love was but a flash of winged lightning,  
And not a Vestal flame, which always shines;  
His woing is a complement, not passion,  
Who can if fortune snatch away his Mistress,  
Spend some few tears, then take another choice,  
Mine is not so; Oh *Callidora*!

*Cla.* Fie Brother, you're a man,  
And should not be shaken with every wind  
If it were possible to call her back  
With mourning, mourning were a piety,  
But since it cannot, you must give me leave  
To call it folly:

*Phi.* So it is;  
And I will therefore shape some other course,  
This doleful place shall never see me more,  
Unless it see her too in my embraces,  
You Sister may retire unto my Farm,  
Adjoyning to the Woods;  
And my estate I leave for you to manage,  
If I find her; expect me there, if not  
Do you live happier then your Brother hath.

*Cla.* Alas! how can I if you leave me? but  
I hope your resolutions may be altered.

*Phil.* Never, farewell: good *Demophil*,  
Farewel *Spodais*, temper your laments;  
If I return we shall again be happy.

*Spo.* You shall not want my prayers.

*Dem.* The Gods that pity Lovers (if there be  
any) attend upon you.

*Cla.* Will you needs go?

*Phil.* I knit delays; 'twere time I were now ready,  
And I shall sin if I seem dull or slow  
In any thing which touches *Callidora*.

*Dem.* Oh! that name wounds me; we'll bear you company

A little way, and *Clariana* look  
To see us often at your Country Farm,  
We'll sigh, and grieve together.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter Alupis and Palamon.*

*Alu.* Come, come away, &c.

Now where are all your Sonnets? your rare fancies?  
Could the fine morning Musick which you wak'd  
Your Mistress with, prevail no more than this?  
Why in the City now your very Fiddlers  
Good morrow to your Worship, will get something,  
Hath she denied thee quite?

*Pal.* She hath undone me; I have plow'd the Sea,  
And begot storming billows,

*Alu.* Can no persuasions move her?

*Pal.* No more than thy least breath can stir an Oak,  
Which hath this many years scorn'd the fierce wars  
Of all the winds.

*Alu.* 'Tis a good hearing; then  
She'll cost you no more pairs of Turtle Doves,  
Nor garlands knit with amorous conceits,  
I do perceive some rags of the Court fashions  
Visibly creeping now into the Woods,  
The more he shews his love, the more she flights him,  
Yet will take any gift of him, as willingly  
As Countrey Justices the Hens and Geese  
Of their offending neighbours; this is right:  
Now if I lov'd this wench, I would so handle her,  
I'd teach her what the difference were betwixt  
One who had seen the Court and City tricks,  
And a meer Shepherd.

*Pal.* Lions are tam'd, and become slaves to men,  
And Tygres oft forget the cruelty  
They suckt from their fierce Mothers; but, a woman!  
Ahine! a woman!-----

*Alu.* Yet if I saw such wonder in her face  
As you do, I should never doubt to win her.

*Pal.* How pray? if gifts would do it, she hath had  
The daintiest Lambs, the hope of all my flock,  
I let my Apples hang for her to gather,  
The painful Bee did never load my hives,

With

With honey which she tasted not.

*Alu.* You mistake me friend ; I mean not so.

*Pal.* How then ? if Poetry would do't, what shade  
Hath not been auditor of my amorous pipe ?  
What banks are not acquainted with her praises ?  
Which I have sung in verses, and the Shepherds  
Say they are good ones, nay they call me Poet,  
Although I am not easie to believe them.

*Alu.* No, no, no ; that's not the way.

*Pal.* Why how ?

If shew of grief had Rhetorick enough  
To move her, I dare swear she had been mine  
Long before this ; what day did e're peep forth  
In which I wept not dulier than the morning ?  
Which of the Winds hath not my sighs increas'd  
At sundry times ! how often have I cried  
*Hylace, Hylace*, till the docile Woods  
Have answered *Hylace* ; and every valley  
As if it were my Rival, sounded *Hylace*.

*Alu.* I, and you were a most rare fool for doing so.  
Why 'twas that poison'd all ; Had I a Mistress  
I'd almost beat her, by this light, I would,  
For they are much about your Spaniels nature,  
But whilst you cry dear *Hylace*, O *Hylace* !  
Piety the tortures of my burning heart,  
She'll always mince it, like a Citizens Wife,  
At the first asking ; though her tickled blood  
Leaps at the very mention ; therefore now  
Leave off your whining tricks, and take my counsel.  
First then be merry ; *For 'tis but a folly*. &c.

*Pal.* 'Tis a hard lesson for my mind to learn,  
But I would force my self, if that would help me.

*Alu.* Why thou shalt see it will ; next I would have thee  
To laugh at her, and mock her pitifully ;  
Study for jeers against next time you see her,  
I'll go along with you, and help to abuse her,  
Till we have made her cry ' worse than e're you did ;  
When we have us'd her thus a little while while,  
She'll be as tame and gentle. —

*Pal.* But alas !

This will provoke her more.

*Alu.* I'll warrant thee: besides, what if it should?  
She hath refus'd you utterly already.  
And cannot hurt you worse; come, come, be rul'd;  
And follow me, we'll put it straight in practice.  
*For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Pal.* A match; I'll try all ways; she can but scorn me  
There is this good in depth of misery  
That men may attempt any thing, they know  
The worst before-hand.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter Callidorus.*

How happy is that man, who in these Woods  
With secure silence wears away his time!  
Who is acquainted better with himself  
Than others; who so great a stranger is  
To City follies, that he knows them not.  
He sits all day upon some mossie hill  
His rural throne, arm'd with his crook, his scepter,  
A flowry garland is his Country crown;  
The gentle lambs and sheep his loyal subjects  
Which every year pay him their fleecy tribute;  
Thus in an humble stateliness and majesty  
He tunes his pipe, the Woods best melody,  
And is at once, what many Monarchs are not,  
Both King and Poet. I could gladly wish  
To spend the rest of my unprofitable,  
And needless days in their innocuous sports,  
But then my Father, Mother, and my Brother  
Recurse unto my thoughts, and strait pluck down  
The resolution I had built before;  
Love names *Philistus* to me, and o'th' sudden  
The Woods seem base, and all their harmless pleasures  
The daughters of necessity, not vertue.  
Thus with my self I wage a war, and am  
To my own rest a traitor; I would fain  
Go home, but still the thought of *Aphron* frights me.  
How now? who's here? O 'tis fair *Hylace*  
The grumbling Shepherds Daughter.

*Enter Hylace.*

Brightest of all those Stars that paint the Woods,

And



And grace these shady habitations,  
You're welcome, how shall I requite the benefit  
Which you bestow upon so poor a stranger  
With your fair presence?

*Hyl.* If it be any courtesie, 'tis one  
Which I would gladly do you, I have brought  
A rural present, some of our own Apples,  
My Father and my Mother are so hard,  
They watch'd the Tree, or else they had been more;  
Such as they can please your taste;  
My wish is crown'd.

*Cal.* O you're too kind,  
And teach that duty to me which I ought  
To have perform'd; I would I could return  
The half of your deserts! but I am poor  
In every thing but thanks.

*Hyl.* Your acceptance only is reward  
To great for me.

*Cal.* How they blush?  
A man may well imagine they were yours,  
They bear so great a shew of modesty.

*Hyl.* O you mock my boldness  
To thrust into your company; but truly  
I meant no hurt in't; my intents were vertuous.

*Cal.* The Gods forbid that I should nurse a thought  
So wicked, thou art innocent I knew,  
And pure as *Venus* Doves. or Mountain Snow  
Which no foot hath defil'd, thy soul is whiter  
(If there be any possibility of't)  
Than that clear skin which cloaths thy dainty body.

*Hyl.* Nay my good will deserves not to be jeer'd,  
You know I am a rude and Country wench,

*Cal.* Far be it from my thoughts, I swear I honor  
And love those maiden vertues which adorn you.

*Hyl.* I would you did, as well as I do you.  
But the just Gods intend not me so happy,  
And I must be contented---I'm undone. (*Enter Bellula*)  
Here's *Bellula*; what is she grown my rival?

*Bel.* Bless me! whom see I? *Hylace*? some cloud  
Or friendly mist involve me.

*Hyl.*

*Hyl.* Nay *Bellula*, I see you well enough.

*Cal.* Why doth the day start, back? are you so cruel  
To shew us first the light, and having struck  
Wonder into us, snath it from our sight?  
If Spring crown'd with the glories of the earth  
Appear upon the heavenly Ram, and streight  
Creep back again into a gray-hair'd frost,  
Men will accuse its forwardness.

*Hyl.* Pray Heaven

He be not taken with her; she's somewhat fair;  
He did not speak so long a speech to me  
I'me sure of't, though I brought him Apples.

*Bel.* I did mistake my way; Pray pardon me.

*Hyl.* I would you had else.

*Cal.* I must thank fortune then which led you hither,  
But you can stay a little while and bless us?

*Bel.* Yes (and Love knows how willingly) alas!  
I shall quite spoil my garland e're I give it him,  
With hiding it from *Hylace*, Pray *Pam*  
She hath not stoln his heart already from him,  
And cheated my intentions.

*Hyl.* I would fain be going; but if I should leave her  
It may be I shall give her opportunity  
To win him from me, for I know she loveth him,  
And hath perhaps a better tongue than I,  
Although I should be loth to yield to her  
In beauty or complexion.

*Bell.* Let me speak  
In private with you; I am bold to bring  
A garland to you, 'tis of the best flowers  
Which I could gather, I was picking them  
All yesterday.

*Cal.* How you oblige me to you!  
I thank you sweetest, how they flourish still!  
Sure they grow better, since your hand hath nipt them.

*Bell.* They will do, when your brow hath honor'd them;  
Then they may well grow proud, and shine more freshly.

*Call.* What perfumes dwell in them?  
They owe these odours to your breath.

*Hyl.* Defend me ye good Gods, I think he kisses her,  
How

How long they have been talking? now perhaps  
She's wooing him; perhaps he forgets me  
And will consent, I'll put him in remembrance,  
You have not tasted of the Apples yet,  
And they were good ones truly.

*Cal.* I will do presently, best *Hylace*. (ways)

*Hyl.* That's something yet, would he would speak so al-

*Call.* I would not change them for those glorious apples  
Which give such fame to the *Hesperian* gardens.

*Bell.* She hath out-gone me in her present now,  
But I have got a Beechen cup at home  
Curiously graven with the spreading leaves,  
And glad some burthen of a fruitful vine,  
Which *Darvon*, the best Artist of these Woods  
Made and bestow'd upon me, I'll bring that to morrow  
And give it him, and then I'll warrant her  
She will not go beyond me.

*Hyl.* What have you got a chaplet? Oh!  
This is I see of *Bellula*'s composing.

*Bell.* Why *Hylace*? you cannot make a better,  
What flowers 'pray doth it want?

*Cal.* Poor souls I pity them, and the more,  
Because I have not been my self a stranger  
To these love passions, but I wonder  
What they can find in me worth their affection  
Truly I would fain satisfy them both,  
But can do neither; 'tis fate's crime, not mine,

*Bell.* Whither go you, Shepherd?

*Hyl.* You will not leave us will you?

*Cal.* Indeed I ought not,  
You have both me bought with your courtesies  
And should divide me.

*Hyl.* She came last to you.

*Bell.* She hath another love,

And kills *Palamon* with her cruelty,  
How can she expect mercy from another;  
In what a labyrinth doth love draw mortals,  
And then blind-folds them! what a mist it throws  
Upon their senses! if he be a God,  
As sure he is (power could not be so great else)

He knows the impossibility which nature  
Hath set betwixt us, yet entangles us,  
And laughs to see us struggle. D' ye both love me?

*Bell.* I do I'm sure.

*Hyl.* And I as much as she.

*Cal.* I piety both of you, for you have sow'd  
Upon unthankful sand, whose dry'd up womb  
Nature denies to bless with fruitfulness,  
You are both fair, and more than common graces  
Inhabit in you both, *Bellula's* eyes  
Shine like the lamp of Heaven, and so doth *Hylaces*.  
*Hylaces* cheeks are deeper dy'd in Scarlet  
Than the chaste mornings blushes, so are *Bellula's*,  
And I protest I love you both. Yet cannot,  
Yet must not enjoy either.

*Bell.* You speak riddles.

*Cal.* Which times commentary  
Must only explain to you; and till then  
Farewel good *Bellula*, farewel good *Hylace*;  
I thank you both.

*Hyl.* Alas! my hopes are strangled.

*Bell.* I will not yet despair: He may grow milder,  
He bade me farewel first; and lookt upon me  
With a more stedfast eye, than upon her,  
When he departed hence: 'twas a good sign;  
At least I will imagine it to be so,  
Hope is the truest friend, and seldom leaves one. [Exit

*Enter Truga.*

I doubt not but this will move him,  
For they're good Apples, but my teeth are gone,  
I cannot bite them; but for all that though  
I'll warrant you I can love a young fellow  
As well as any of them all: I that I can,  
And kiss him too as sweetly. Oh! here's the mad-man.

*Enter Aphron.*

*Hercules, Hercules, ho Hercules.* where are you;  
Lend me thy Club and Skin, and when I ha'done,  
I'll fling them to thee again, why *Hercules*?  
Pox on you, are you drunk? can you not answer?  
I'll travel then without them, and do wonders.



*Tru.* I quake all over, worse than any fit  
Of the Palsie which I have had this forty years  
Could make me do.

*Aph.* So, I ha' found the plot out,  
First I'll climb up on Porter *Atlas* shoulders,  
And then crawl into Heaven, and I'm sure  
I cannot chuse but find her there.

*Tru.* What would become of me if he should see me?  
Truly he's a good proper Gentleman,  
If he were not mad, I would not be so 'fraid of him.

*Aph.* What have I caught thee, fairest of all women?  
Where hast thou hid thy self so long from *Aphron*?  
*Aphron* who hath been dead till this blest minute?

*Tru.* Ha, ha, ha, whom doth he take me for?

*Aph.* Thy skin is whither than the snowy feathers  
Of *Leda's* Swans.

*Tru.* Law you there now, —  
I thought I was not so unhandsome, as they'd make me.

*Apu.* Thy hairs are brighter than the Moons,  
Than when she spreads her beams and fills her orb.

*Trug.* Bespew their heart that call this Gentleman mad,  
He hath his senses I'll warrant him, about him,  
As well as any fellow of them all.

*Apu.* Thy teeth are like two Arches made of Ivory,  
Of purest Ivory.

*Tru.* I for those few I have,  
I think they're white enough.

*Apu.* Thou art as fresh as *May* is, and thy look  
Is picture of the Spring.

*Tru.* Nay, I am but some fourscore years and ten,  
And bear my age well; yet *Alupus* says  
I look like *January*, but I'll teach the knave  
Another tune I'll warrant him.

*Apu.* Thy lips are Cherries, let me taste them sweet?

*Tru.* You have beg'd so handsomely.

*Apu.* Ha! ye good Gods defend me! 'tis a Witch, a Hah!

*Tru.* What am I?

*Apu.* A Witch, one that did take the shape  
Of my best mistress, but thou could'st not long  
Bely her pureness,

*Tru.* Now he's stark mad again upon the sudden ;  
He had some sense even now.

*Apu.* Thou look'st as if thou wert some wicked woman  
Frighted out of the Grave ; defend me , how  
Her eyes do sink into their ugly holes ,  
As if they were afraid to see the light.

*Tru.* I will not be abus'd thus , that I will not ,  
My hair was bright even now , and my looks fresh.  
Am I so quickly changed ?

*Tru.* Her breath infects the air , and sows a pestilence  
Where e're it comes ; what hath she there ,  
1 ! these are apples made up with the stings  
Of Scorpions , and the blood of Basilisks ;  
Which being swallowed up , a thousand pains  
Eat on the heart , and gnaw the entrails out.

*Tru.* Thou lye'st ; 1 , that thou do'st ,  
For these are honest apples , that they are ;  
I'm sure I gathered them my self. (will---

*Apu.* From the Stygian Tree ; give them me quickly , or I

*Tru.* VVhat will you do ? pray take them.

*Apu.* Get thee gone quickly from me , for I know thee ;  
Thou art *Tisiphone*.

*Tru.* 'Tis false ; for I know no such woman ,  
I'm glad I am got from him , would I had  
My Apple too , but 'tis no matter though ,  
I'll have a better gift for *Callidorus*  
To morrow.

*Apu.* The fiend is vanisht from me ,  
And hath left these behind for me to taste of ,  
But I will be too cunning : Thus I'll scatter them ,  
No I have spoil'd her plot ; unhappy he  
Who finds them.

[Exit.

*The end of the second Act.*

ACT

A C T III. S C E N E I.

*Enter Florellus.*

**T**He Sun five times hath gone his yearly progress,  
 Since last I saw my Sister, and returning  
 Big with desire to view my native *Sicily*  
 I found my aged Parents sadly mourning  
 The Funeral (for to them it seems no less)  
 Of their departed Daughter; what a welcome  
 This was to me, all in whose hearts a vein  
 Of Marble grows not, easily may conceive  
 Without the dumb persuasions of my tears.  
 Yet as if that were nothing, and it were  
 A kind of happiness in misery,  
 It's come without an army to attend it,  
 As I pass'd through these Woods, I saw a woman  
 Whom her attire call'd *Shepherdes*, but face,  
 Some disguis'd Angel. or a *Sylvan Goddess*;  
 It strook such adoration (for I durst not  
 Harbour the love of so divine a beauty)  
 That ever since I could not teach my thoughts  
 Another object; In this happy place,  
 (Happy her presence made it) she appear'd,  
 And Breath'd fresh honors on the smiling trees,  
 Which owe more of their gallantry to her  
 Than to the musky kisses of the West wind.  
 Ha! sure 'tis she; thus doth the Sun break forth  
 From the black curtain of an envious cloud.

*Enter Alupis, Bellula. Hylacc.*

*Alu.* For 'tis but a folly, &c.

*Hyl.* We did not send for you; pray leave us.

*Alu.* No, by this light not till I see you cry;  
 When you have shed some penitential tears  
 For wronging of *Palemon*, there may be  
 A truce concluded betwixt you and me.

*Bell.* This is uncivil,  
 To thrust into our company; do you think  
 That we admire your wit? pray go to them  
 That do, we would be private.

*Alu.*

*Alu.* To what purpose ?  
 You'd ask how many Shepherds she hath strooken ?  
 Which is the properest man ? which kisses sweetest ?  
 Which brings her the best presents ? and then tell  
 What a fine man woos you , how red his lips are ?  
 How bright his eyes are ? and what dainty sonnets  
 He hath compos'd in honor of your beauty ?  
 And then at last , with what rare tricks you fool him ?  
 These are your learn'd discourses ; but were all  
 Men of my temperance , and wisdom too ,  
 You should wooe us , I , and wooe hardly too ,  
 Before you got us.

*Flo.* Oh prophaneness !  
 Can he so rudely speak to that blest Virgin ,  
 And not be stricken dumb ?

*Alu.* Nay , you have both a mind to me ; I know it ,  
 But I will marry neither ; I come hither  
 Not to gaze on you , or extol your beauty ;  
 I come to vex you.

*Flo.* Ruderyet ? I cannot ,  
 I will not suffer this ; mad fellow , is there  
 No other Nymph in all these spacious Woods ,  
 To sling thy wild , and saucy laughter at ,  
 But her ; whom thy great Deity even *Pan*  
 Himself would honor , do not dare to utter  
 The smallest accent if not cloath'd with reverence ,  
 Nay , do not look upon her but with eyes  
 As humble and submissive as thou wouldst  
 Upon the brow of Majesty , when it frowns  
 I speak but that which duty binds us all to ,  
 Thou shalt not think upon her , no not think ,  
 Without as much respect and honor to her  
 As holy men in superstitious zeal  
 Give to the Images they worship.

*Bell.* Oh ! this is the Gentleman courted me th' other day.

*Alu.* Why ? have you got a Patent to restrain me ?  
 Or do you think your glorious sute can fright me ?  
 'Twould do you much more credit at the Theater ,  
 To rise betwixt the Acts , and look about  
 The Boxes , and then cry , God save you Madam ;



Or bear you out in quarrelling at an Ordinary,  
And make your oaths become you; have you shown  
Your gay apparel every where in town,  
That you can afford us the sight oft, or  
Hath that grand Devil whose eclipsed sergeant,  
Frighted you out of the City?

*Flo.* Your loose jests  
When they are shot at me, I scorn to take  
Any revenge upon them, but neglect,  
For then 'tis rashness only, but as soon  
As you begin to violate her name,  
Nature and conscience too bids me be angry,  
For then 'tis wickedness.

*Alu.* Well, if it be so,  
I hope you can forgive the sin that's past  
Without the doleful sight of trickling tears,  
For I have eyes of pumice; I'm content  
To let her rest in quiet, but you have given me  
Free leave t' abuse you, on the condition  
You will revenge it only with neglect,  
For then 'tis rashness only.

*Flo.* VVhat are you biting?  
Where did you pick these fragments up of wit.

*Alu.* Where I paid dear enough a conscience for them,  
They should be more than fragments by their price,  
I bought them Sir, even from the very Merchants,  
I scorn'd to deal with your poor City pedlers, that sell  
By retail: but let that pass, *For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Flo.* Then you have seen the City.

*Alu.* I and felt it too, I thank the Devil; I'm sure  
It suckt up in three years the whole estate  
My Father left, though he were counted rich:  
A pox of forlorn Captains, pitiful things,  
Whom you mistake for Souldiers only by  
Their sounding oaths, and a Buff jerkin, and  
Some Histories which they have learn'd by roat,  
Of Bartels fought in *Persia*, or *Polonia*,  
Where they themselves were of the conquering side;  
Although God knows one of the City Captains,  
Arm'd with broad Scarf, Feather, and Scarlet Breeches;  
When

When he instructs the youth on Holy-days,  
And is made sick with fearful noise of Guns,  
Would pose them in the art Military; these  
Were my first Leeches.

*Flo.* So; no wonder then you spent so fast.

*Alu.* Pish, these were nothing:

I grew to keep your Poets company,  
Those are the soakers, they refin'd me first  
Of those gross humors that are bred by money  
And made me streight a wit, as now you see,  
*For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

*Flo.* But hast thou none to fling thy salt upon  
But these bright Virgins?

*Alu.* Yes now you are here,  
You are as good a they as I could wish.

*Hyl.* 'Tis best for me to go, whilst they are talking,  
For if I steal not from *Alupis* sight,  
He'll follow me all day to vex me. [Exit

*Alu.* What are you vanishing, coy Mistress *Hylace*?  
Nay. I'll be with you streight, but first I'll fetch  
*Palamon*, now if he can play his part  
And leave off whining, we'll have princely sport,  
Well, I may live in time to have the women  
Scratch out my eyes, or else scold me to death,  
I shall deserve it richly: Farewel Sir,  
I have employment with the Damsel gone,  
And cannot now attend you. [Exit

*Flo.* They're both gone,  
Direct me now good love, and teach my tongue  
Th' enchantments that thou woo'dst thy *Psyche* with'

*Bell.* Farewel Sir.

*Hyl.* Oh! be not so cruel,  
Let me enjoy my self a little while,  
Which without you I cannot

*Bell.* Pray let me go!

To tend my Sheep, there's none that looks to them;  
And if my Father misse me, he'll so chide.

*Flo.* Alas! thou needest not fear, for th' Wolf himself  
Though hunger what the fury of its nature,  
Would learn to spare thy pretty flocks, and be

As careful as the Shepherds dog to guard them,  
Nay if he should not, *Pan* would present be,  
And keep thy tender Lambs in safety for thee,  
For though he be a God he would not blush  
To be thy servant.

*Bell.* Oh! you're courtly Sir;  
But your fine words will not defend my sheep,  
Or stop them if thy wander; let me go.

*Flo.* Are you so fearful of your Cattels loss?  
Yet so neglectful of my perishing,  
(For without you how can I choose but perish?)  
Though I my self were most contemptible,  
Yet for this reason only, that I love  
And honour you, I deserve more than they do.

*Bell.* What would you do, that thus you urge my stay?

*Flo.* Nothing I swear that should offend a Saint,  
Nothing which can call up the maiden blood  
To lend thy face a blush, nothing which chaste  
And vertuous Sisters can deny their Brothers,  
I do confess I love you, but the fire  
In which *Jove* courted his ambitious Mistris,  
Or that by holy men on Altars kindled,  
Is not so pure as mine is; I would only  
Gaze thus upon thee; feed my hungry eyes  
Sometimes with those bright Tresses, which the wind  
Far happier than I, plays up and down in,  
And sometimes with thy cheeks, those rosie twins;  
Then gently touch thy hand and often kiss'd it,  
Till thou thy self should'st check my modesty,  
And yield thy lips, but further, though thou should'st  
Like other maids with weak resistance ask it,  
(Which I am sure thou wilt not) I'de not offer  
Till lawful *Hymen* joyn us both, and give  
Allicence unto my desires.

*Bell.* Which I  
Need not bestow much language to oppose,  
Fortune and Nature have forbidden it,  
When they made me a rude and homely wench,  
You (if your cloaths and carriage be not lyars)  
By state and birth a Gentleman.

*Flo.*

*Flo.* I hope

I may without suspicion of a boaster  
 Say that I am so, else my love were impudence;  
 For do you think wise Nature did intend  
 You for a Shepherdes. when she bestow'd  
 Such pains in your creation? would she fetch  
 The perfumes of *Arabia* for your breath?  
 Or ransack *Pestum* of her choicest Roses  
 T'adorn your cheeks? would she bereave the Rock  
 Of Coral for your lips? and catch two Stars  
 As they were falling, which she form'd your eyes of?  
 Would she her self turn work-woman and spin  
 Threds of the finest Gold to be your Tresses?  
 Or rob the Great to make one Microcosm?  
 And having finish'd quite the beauteous wonder,  
 Hide it from publik view and admiration!  
 No; she would set it on some Pyramide,  
 To be the spectacle of many eyes:  
 And it doth grieve me that my niggard fortune  
 Rais'd me not up to higher eminency,  
 Not that I am ambitious of such honors  
 But that through them I might be made more worthy  
 To enjoy you.

*Bell* You are for ought I see  
 Too great already; I will either live  
 An undefiled Virgin as I am,  
 Or if I marry, not bely my birth,  
 But joyn my self to some plain vertuous Shepherd  
 (For *Callidorus* is so, and I will be either his or no  
 bodies. [*Aside.*

*Flo.* Pray hear me.

*Bell.* Alas! I have Sir, and do therefore now  
 Prepare to answer, if this passion  
 Belove, my fortune bids me to deny you;  
 If lust, my honesty commands to scorn you,  
 Farewel.

*Flo.* O stay a little! but two words: she's gone,  
 Gone like the glorious Sun, which being set,  
 Night creeps behind and covers all; some way  
 I must seek out to win her, or what's easier

(And



(And the blind man himself without a guide  
May find) some way to die; would I had been  
Born a poor Shepherd in these shady Woods.  
Nature is cruel in her benefits,  
And when she gives us honey, mingles gall.  
She said that if she married, the Woods  
Should find a husband for her. I will woo her  
In Sylvan habit. then perhaps she'll love me---  
But yet I will not, that's in vain; I will too,  
It cannot hurt to try.

[Exit.]

*Enter Alupis, Palæmon, after them Hylace.*

*Alu.* Nay come, shees just behind us, are you ready?  
When she scolds, be you lowdeft, if she cry  
Then laugh abundantly, thus we will vex her  
Into a good conceit of you.

*Pal.* I'll warrant you; you have instructed me enough,  
She comes.

*Hyl.* Is't possible that *Bellula*---

*Pal.* Fair creature---

thee?

*Hyl.* Sure thou wert born to trouble me, who sent for

*Pal.* Whom all the Nymphs (though women use to be  
As you know, envious of anothers beauty)  
Confess the pride and glory of these Woods. (one :

*Hyl.* When did you make this Speech; 'tis a most neat  
Go, get you gone, look to your rotting Cattell,  
You'll never keep a Wife, who are not able  
To keep your sheep.

*Alu.* Good! she abuses him,  
Now 'tis a miracle he doth not cry.

*Pal.* Thou whom the Stars might envy 'cause they are  
Out-shone by thee on earth.

*Hyl.* Pray get you gone,  
Or hold your prating tongue, for whatsoever  
Thou sayest, I will not hear a syllable,  
Much less answer thee.

*Pal.* No; I'll try that streight,  
I have a present here---  
Which if you'll give me leave, I shall presume  
To dedicate to your service.

*Hyl.* You're so cunning,

And have such pretty ways to entice me with,  
Come let me see it.

*Pal.* Oh! have you found a tongue?  
I thought I had not been worth an answer?

*Hyl.* How now; what tricks are these?  
Give it me quickly, or---

*Pal.* Pray get you gone, or hold your prating tongue!  
For what soever thou sayest I will not hear  
A syllable, much less answer thee.

*Alu.* Good boy 'faith: now let me come.

*Hyl.* This is some plot I see, would I were gone,  
I had as lief see the Wolf as this *Alupis*.

*Alu.* Here's a fine Ring, I faith, a very pretty one,  
Do your teeth water at it Damsel? ha?

Why we will sell our Sheep and Oxen, girl,  
Hang them scurvy beasts, to buy you pretty knacks.  
That you might laugh at us, and call us fools,  
And jeer us too, as far as your wit reaches,  
Bid us be gone, and when we have talkt two hours,  
Deny to answer us; nay you must stay. [She offers  
to begone.  
And hear a little more.

*Hyl.* Must I? are you  
The master of my business? I will not.

*Alu.* Faith but you shall; hear therefore and be patient.  
I'll have thee made a Lady, yes a Lady,  
For when thou'lt got a chain about thy neck,  
And comely bobs to dandle in thine ears;  
When thou'lt perfum'd thy hair, that if thy breath  
Should be corrupted, it might scape unknown,  
And then bestow'd two hours in curling it,  
Uncovering thy breast hither, thine arms hither,  
And had thy *Fucus* curiously laid on;  
Thou'dst be the finest proud thing, I'll warrant thee  
Thou would'st out do them all. So . now go thee to her,  
And let me breath a little; *For 'tis but a folly*. &c.

*Hyl.* Oh! is't your turn to speak again? no doubt  
But we shall have a good oration then,  
For they call you the learned Shepherd; well  
This is your love I see.

*Pal.* Ha, ha, ha,  
What should I love a stone? or woove a picture?  
Alas! I must be gone, for whatsoe're  
I say, you will not hear a syllable,  
Much less answer; go, you think you are  
So singularly handsome, when alas,  
*Galla*, *Menalca's* Daughter, *Bellula*,  
Or *Amarillis* overcome you quite.

*Hyl.* This is a scurvy fellow; I'll fit him for't,  
No doubt they are; I wonder that your wisdom  
Will trouble me so long with your vain suit,  
Why do you not woove them?

*Pal.* Perhaps I do;  
I'll not tell you because you'll envy them,  
And always be dispraising of their beauties.

*Hyl.* It shall appear I will not, for I'll sooner  
Embrace a Scorpion, than thee, base man.

*Pal.* Ha, ha, ha.  
*Alupis* do'st thou hear her; she'll cry presently,  
Do not despair yet girl, by your good carriage  
You may recall me still; some few entreaties  
Mingled with tears may get a kiss perhaps.

*Hyl.* I would not kiss the wealth of *Sicily*,  
Thou wicked perjur'd fellow.

*Pal.* *Alupis*, Oh!  
We have incens'd her too much! how she looks?  
Prithee, *Alupis* help me to intreat,  
You know we did but jest, dear *Hylace*,  
*Alupis*, prithee speak, best, beauteous *Hylace*,  
I did but do't to try you, pray forgive me;  
Upon my knees I beg it.

*Alu.* Here's a precious fool.

*Hyl.* Do'st thou still mock me? hast thou found  
more ways?

Thou need'st not vex thy wit to move my hate,  
Sooner the Sun and Stars shall shine together,  
Sooner the Wolf make peace with tender Lambs,  
Than I with thee; thou'rt a disease to me,  
And wound'st my eyes.

[Exit.]

*Pal.* Eternal night involve me! if there be

A punishment, (but sure there is not any  
Greater than what her anger hath inflicted,  
May that fall on me too? how have I fool'd  
A way my hopes? how have I been my self  
To my own self a thief?

*Alu.* I told you this,  
That if she should but frown, you must needs fall  
To your old tricks again.

*Pal.* Is this your art?  
A Lovers curse upon it; Oh! *Alupis*  
Thou hast done worse than murdered me: for which  
May all thy flocks pine and decay like me,  
May thy curst wit hurt all; but most its Master,  
May'st thou (for I can wish no greater ill)  
Love one like me, and be, like me, contemn'd.  
Thou'st all the darts my tongue can fling at thee,  
But I will be reveng'd some other way  
Before I die, which cannot now be long.

*Alu.* Poor Shepherd, I begin to pity him.  
I'll see if I can comfort him: *Palamon*,—

*Pal.* Nay, do not follow me, grief, passion,  
And troubled thoughts are my companions,  
Those I had rather entertain than thee,  
If you choose this way let me go the other,  
And in both parts distracted error, thee  
May revenge quickly meet, may death meet me. [*Exit.*]

*Alu.* Well, I say *Pan* defend me from a lover  
O fall tame mad-men certainly they're the worst;  
I would not meet with two such creatures more  
For any good, they without doubt would put me,  
If it be possible, into a fit of sadness,  
Though it *Be but a folly*, &c.  
Well; I must find some plot yet to salve this  
Because I have engaged my wit in the busness,  
And 'twould be a great scandal to the City  
If I who have spent my means there, should not be  
Able to cheat theses shepherds. How now, how now,  
Have we more distressed Lovers here? [*Enter Aphron.*]

*Aph* No, I'm a mad-man.

*Alu.* I gave a shrewd guess at it at first sight,



I thought thee little better.

*Aph.* Better, why?

Can there be any better than a mad-man?

I tell thee, I came here to be a mad-man,

Nay, do not dissuade me from't, I would be

A very mad-man.

*Alu.* A good resolution!

'Tis as gentile a course as you can take,

I have known great ones have not been a sham'd of't:

But what cause pray drove you into this humor?

*Aph.* Why a Mist'ris,

And such a beauteous one—do'st thou see no body?

She sits upon a throne amongst the Stars

And out-shines them, look up and be amazed,

Such was her beauty here, — sure there do lie

A thousand vapours in thy sleepy eyes,

Do'st thou not see her yet? nor yet, nor yet?

*Alu.* No in good troth.

*Aph.* Thou'rt dull and ignorant,

Not skill'd at all in deep Astrology?

Let me instruct thee?

*Alu.* Prithee do, for thou

Art in an admirable case to teach now.

*Apu.* I'll shew thee first all the cœlestial signs,

And to begin, look on that horned head,

*Alu.* Whose is't? *Jupiters*:

*Apu.* No, 'tis the Ram!

Next that, the spacious Bull fills up the place.

*Alu.* The Bull? 'tis well; the fellows of the Guard

Intend not to come thither; if they did

The Gods might chance to lose their Beef.

*Apu.* And then,

Yonder's the sign of *Gemini*, do'st see it?

*Alu.* Yes, yes, I see one of the zealous Sisters

Mingled in friendship with a holy Brother

To beget Reformations.

*Apu.* And there sits *Capricorn*.

*Alu.* A Welchman, is't not?

*Apu.* There *Cancer* creeps along with gouty pace,

As if his feet were sleepy, there, do you mark it?

*Alu.* I, I, Alderman-like awalking after Dinner,  
His paunch o're charged with Capon & with white-broth.

*Apu.* But now, now, now, now, gaze eternally,  
Hadst thou as many eyes as the black night  
They would be all too little, see'st thou *Virgo*?

*Alu.* No by my troth, there are so few on earth,  
I should be loth to swear there's more in Heaven,  
Than only one.

*Apu.* That was my Mistress once, but is of late  
Translated to the height of deserv'd glory,  
And adds new ornaments to the wond'ring Heavens.  
Why do I stay behind then, a meer nothing  
Without her presence to give life and being?  
If there be any hill whose lofty top  
Nature hath made contiguous with Heaven,  
Though it be steep, rugged as *Neptunes* brow,  
Though arm'd with cold, with hunger, and diseases,  
And all the other souldiers of misery,  
Yet I would climb it up, that I might come  
Next place to thee. and there be made a Star.

*Alu.* I prithee do, for amongst all the beasts  
That help to make up the cœlestial signs,  
There's a Calf wanting yet.

*Apu.* But stay—

*Alu.* Nay, I have learn'd enough *Astrology*.

*Apu.* Hunger and faintness have already seiz'd me,  
'Tis a long journey thither, I shall want  
Provision; canst thou help me, gentle Shepherd?  
And when I am come thither I will snatch  
The Crown of *Ariadne*, and fling't down  
To thee for a reward.

*Alu.* No doubt you will;  
But you shall need no victuals, when you have ended  
Your toilsome journey, kill the Ram you talk of,  
And feed your self with most cœlestial Mutton.

*Apu.* Thou'rt in the right, if they deny me that,  
I'll pluck the Bear down from the Artique Pole,  
And drown it in those waters it avoids,  
And dares not touch; I'll tug the *Hyades*  
And make them to sink down in spite of nature;

I'll meet with *Charles* his Wayn and overturn it  
And break the Wheels of't, till *Bootes* start  
For fear, and grow more slow than e're he was.

*Alu.* By this good light he'll snuff the Moon anon,  
Here's words indeed would fright a Conjurer,  
'Tis pitty that these huge Gigantick speeches  
Are not upon the stage, they would do rarely,  
For none would understand them, I could wish  
Some Poet here now, with his Table-book.

*Apu.* I'll cuff with *Pollux*, and out-ride thee, *Castor*;  
When the fierce Lion roars I'll pluck his heart out,  
And be call'd *Cordelion*; I'll grapple with the Scorpion,  
Take his sting out and fling him to the earth.

*Alu.* To me good Sir,  
It may perhaps raise me a great estate  
With shewing it up and down for pence a piece.

*Apu.* *Alcides* freed the earth from savage monsters,  
And I will free the heavens and be call'd  
*Don Hercules Alcido de secundo.*

*Alu.* A brave Castilian name.

*Apu.* 'Tis a hard task,  
But if that fellow did so much by strength;  
I may well do't arm'd both with love and fury.

*Alu.* Of which thou hast enough.

*Aph.* Farewel thou rat.

The Cedar bids the Shrub adieu.

*Alu.* Farewel

*Don Hercules Alcido de secundo.*

If thou fear'st any, 't will be by that name.  
This is a wonderful rare fellow, and  
I like his humor mightily — who's here?

*Enter Truga.*

The Chronicle of a hundred years ago!  
How many crows hath she out-liv'd? sure death  
Hath quite forgot her; by this *Memento mori*  
I must invent some trick to help *Palamon*.

*Tru.* I am going again to *Callidorus*,  
But I have got a better present now,  
My own Ring made of good Ebony,  
Which a young handsome Shepherd bestow'd on me

Some fourscore years ago, then they all lov'd me,  
I was a handsome Lass, I was in those days.

*Alu.* I so thou wert I'le warrant; here's good sign oft  
Now Ile begin the work, Reverend *Truga*,  
Whose very Autumn shews how glorious  
The spring-time of your youth was—

*Tru.* Are you come  
To put your mocks upon me?

*Alu.* I do confesse indeed my former speeches  
Have been too rude and saucy; I have flung  
Mad jests too wildly at you; but considering  
The reverence which is due to age, and vertue,  
I have repented, will you see my tears?  
And believe them: Oh for an Onion now!

Or I shall laugh aloud; ha, ha, ha!) [*Aside.*

*Tru.* Alas good soul I do forgive you truly;  
I would not have you weep for me, indeed  
I ever thought you would repent at last.

*Alu.* You might well,  
But the right valuing of your worth and vertue  
Hath turn'd the folly of my former scorn  
Into a wiser reverence, pardon me  
If I say love.

*Tru.* I, I, withal my heart,  
But do you speak sincerely?

*Alu.* Oh! it grieves me  
That you should doubt it, what I spoke before  
Were lies, the off-spring of a foolish rashness,  
I see some sparks still of your former beauty,  
Which spight of time still flourish.

*Tru.* Why, I am not  
So old as you imagined, I am yet  
But fourscore years. Am I a *January* now?  
How do you think? I always did believe  
You'd be of another opinion one day;  
I know you did but jest.

*Alu.* Oh no, oh no, (I see it takes)  
How you bely your age—for—let me see—  
A man would take you—for—let me see—for—

[*Aside.*

Some



Some forty years or thereabouts (I mean four hundred)  
Not a jot more I swear.

[*Aside.*]

*Tru.* Oh no! you flatter me,  
But I look something fresh indeed this morning.  
I should please *Callidorus* mightily,  
But I'll not go perhaps; this fellow is  
As handsome quite as he, and I perceive  
He loves me hugely, I protest I will not  
Have him grow mad, which he may chance to do  
If I should scorn him.

[*Aside.*]

*Alu.* I have something here  
Which I would fain reveal to you, but dare not  
Without your licence.

*Tru.* Do in *Pans* name, do; now, now.

*Alu.* The comely gravity which adorns your age,  
And makes you still seem lovely, hath so stricken me—

*Tru.* Alas good soul! I must seem coy at first,  
But not to long, for fear I should quite lose him.

*Alu.* That I shall perish utterly, unless  
Your gentle nature help me.

*Tru.* Alas good Shepherd!  
And in troth I fain would help you,  
But I am past those vanities of love.

*Alu.* Oh no!  
Wise nature which preserv'd your life till now  
Doth it because you should enjoy these pleasures  
Which do belong to life, if you deny me.  
I am undone.

*Tru.* Well you should not win me  
But that I am loth to be held the cause  
Of any young mans ruine, do not think it  
My want of chastity, but my good nature  
Which would see no one hurt.

*Alu.* Ah pretty soul! [ *Aside.* ]  
How supple 'tis, like wax before the Sun!  
Now cannot I chuse but kiss her, there's the plague of't,  
Let's then joyn our hearts, and seal them with a kiss.

*Tru.* Well, let us then:  
'Twere incivility to be your debtor,  
I'll give you back again your kiss, sweet-heart,

And *Hylace* tending the sheep, till then  
Farewel good Duck.

But do you hear, because you shall remember *[Offers to go, Turns back,*  
To come I'll give thee here this Ebony Ring,  
But do not wear it, lest my Husband chance  
To see't : Farewel Duck.

*Alu.* Lest her Husband chance  
To see't ; she cannot deny this, here's enough ;  
My Scene of Love is done then ; is she gone ?  
I'll call her back ; ho *Truga* ; *Truga* ho :

*Tru.* Why do you call me Duck ?

*Alu.* Only to ask one foolish question of thee :  
Ha'n't you a Husband ?

*Tru.* Yes, you know I have.

*Alu.* And do you love him ?

*Tru.* Why do you ask ? I do.

*Alu.* Yet you can be content to make him Cuckold ?

*Tru.* Rather than to see you perish in your flames.

*Alu.* Why art thou now two hundred years of age,  
Yet hast no more discretion but to think  
That I could love thee ? ha, ha, were't mine  
I'd sell thee to some Gardener, thou would'st serve  
To scare away the thieves as well as crows.

*Tru.* Oh, you're dispos'd to jest I see, Farewel.

*Alu.* Nay, I'm in very earnest ; I love you :  
Why thy face is a vizard.

*Tru.* Leave of these tricks, I shall be angry else,  
And take away the favours I bestow'd.

*Alu.* 'Tis known that thou hast eyes by the holes only,  
Which are crept farther in, than thy nose out,  
And that's almost a yard ; thy quarrelling teeth  
Of such a colour are, that they themselves  
Scare one another, and do stand at distance,  
Thy skin hangs loose as if it fear'd the bones  
(For flesh thou hast not) and is grown so black,  
That a wild Centaure would not meddle with thee.  
To conclude, Nature made thee when she was  
Only dispos'd to jest, and length of time  
Hath made thee more ridiculous.

*Tru* Base villain, is this your love ?

Give me my Ring again ?

*Alu.* No, no ; soft there :  
I intend to bestow it on your Husband ;  
He'll keep it better far than you have done.

*Tru.* What shall I do ? *Alupis* , good *Alupis* ,  
Stay but a little while , pray do but hear me.

*Alu.* No , I'll come to you in the afternoon ,  
Your Husband will be selling of some kine ,  
And *Hylace* tending the sheep.

*Tru.* Pray hear me , command me any thing  
And be but silent of this , good *Alupis* ;  
Hugh , Hugh , Hugh .

*Apu.* Yes , yes , yes , I will be silent ,  
I'll only blow a Trumpet on yon hill ,  
Till all the Country Swains are flockt about me ,  
Then shew the Ring , and tell the passages  
'Twixt you and me.

*Tru.* Alas ! I am undone.

*Alu.* Wel now 'tis ripe ; I have had sport enough  
Since I behold your penitential tears  
I'll propose this to you , if you can get  
Your Daughter to be married to *Palemon*  
This day , for I'll allow no longer time ;  
To morrow I'll restore your Ring , and swear  
Never to mention what is past betwixt us ,  
If not — you know what follows — take your choice.

*Tru.* I'll do my best endeavour.

*Alu.* Go make haste then ,  
You know your time's but short , and use it well :  
Now if this fail the Devil's in all wit. [Exit *Truga*.  
I'll go and thrust it forward , if it take ,

*I'll sing away the day ,*

*For 'tis but a folly .*

*To be melancholly ,*

*Let's live here whilst we may*

*The end of the third Act.*

A C T

## A C T IV. S C E N E I

Enter *Callidorus*, *Bellula*, *Florellus*.

*Cal.* **P** Ray follow me no more, methinks that modesty  
Which is so lively painted in your face  
Should prompt your maiden heart with fears and blushes  
To trust your self in so much privateness  
Withone you know not.

*Bell.* I should love those fears  
And call them hopes, could I persuade my self,  
There were so much heat in you as to cause them;  
Prithee leave me: if thou do'st hope success  
To thine own love, why interrupt'st thou mine?

*Flo.* If love cause you  
To follow him, how can yon angry be?  
Because love forces me without resistance  
To do the same to you?

*Bell.* Love should not grow  
So subtle as to play with arguments.

*Flo.* Love should not be an enemy to reason.

*Cal.* To love is of it self a kind of folly,  
But to love one who cannot render back  
Equal desire, is nothing else but madness.

*Bell.* Tell him so; 'tis a lesson he should learn.

*Flo.* Not to love is of it self a kind of hardness,  
But not to love him who hath always, woo'd you  
With chaste desires, is nothing less than tyranny.

*Bell.* Tell him so; 'tis a lesson he should learn.

*Cal.* Why do you follow him that flies from you?

*Flo.* Why do you flie from him that follows you?

*Bell.* Why do you follow? Why do you flie from me?

*Cal.* The Fates command me that I must not love you.

*Flo.* The Fates command me that I needs must love you.

*Bell.* The Fates impose the like command on me,  
That you I must, that, you I cannot love.

*Flo.* Unhappy man! when I begin to cloath  
My Love with words, and court her with persuasions,  
She stands unmov'd, and doth not clear her brow  
Of the least wrinkle which fate there before;



So when the waters with an amorous noise  
Leap up and down, and in a wanton dance  
Kiss the dull Rock, that scorns their fond embraces,  
And darts them back; till they with terror scatterd,  
Drop down again in tears.

*Bell.* Unhappy woman!

When I begin to shew him all my passion,  
He flies from me, and will not clear his brow  
Of any cloud which covered it before;  
So when the ravishing Nightingale hath tun'd  
Her mournful notes, and silenc'd all the Birds,  
Yet the deaf wind flirts by, and in disdain  
With a rude whistle leaves her.

*Cl.* We are all three

Unhappy; born to be the proud example  
Of Loves great God-head, not his God-like goodness,  
Let us not call upon our selves those miseries  
Which love hath not, and those it hath bear bravely,  
Our desires yet are like some hidden text,  
Where one word seems to contradict another,  
They are Loves non-sence, wrapt up in thick clouds,  
Till Fate be pleas'd to write a Commentary,  
Which doubtless 'twill; till then let us endure,  
And sound a parlee to our passions.

*Bell.* We may, joyn hands though, may we not?

*Flo.* We may, and lipstoo, may we not?

*Bell.* We may; come let's sit down and talk.

*Cal.* And look upon each other.

*Flo.* Then kiss again.

*Bell.* Then look.

*Cal.* Then talk again,

What are we like? the hand of Mother Nature  
Would be quite pos'd to make our simile.

*Flo.* We are the Trigon in Loves Hemisphere.

*Bell.* We are three strings on *Venus* dainty'st Lute,  
Where all three hinder one anothers musick,  
Yet all three joyn and make one harmony.

*Cal.* We are three flowers of *Venus* daintd garden,  
Where all three hinder one anothers odor,  
Yet all three joyn, and make one nosegay up.

*Pls.*

*Flo.* Come let us kiss again.

*Bell.* And look.

*Call.* And talk.

*Flo.* Nay rather sing, your lips are natures organs,  
And made for nought less sweet than harmony.

*Call.* Pray do.

*Bell.* Though I forfeit  
My little skill in singing to your wit,  
Yet I will do't, since you command

### S O N G.

*It is a punishment to love,  
And not to love a punishment doth prove  
But of all pains there's no such pain,  
As 'tis to love, and not be lov'd again.*

*Till sixteen, Parents we obey,  
After sixteen, men steal our hearts away:  
How wretched are we women grown,  
Whose wills, whose minds, whose hearts are ne're our own!*

*Cal.* Thank you.

*Flo.* For ever be the tales of *Orpheus* silent,  
Had the same age seen thee, that very Poet,  
Who drew all to him by his harmony,  
Thou would'st have drawn to thee.

*Cal.* Come, shall we rise?

*Bell.* If it please you, I will.

*Cal.* I cannot chuse

But pity these two Lovers, and am taken  
Much with the serious trifles of their passion.

Let's go and see ' if we can break this net  
In which we all are caught; if any man

Ask who we are, we'll say we are *Loves Riddle*. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter *Ægon*, *Palamon*, *Alupis*.

*Pal.* Thou art my better Genius, honest *Ægon*.

*Alu.* And what am I?

*Pal.* My self, soul, my friend,  
Let me hug thee *Alupis*, and thee *Ægon*,  
Thee for inventing it, thee for putting it

In act, but do you think the plot will hold?

*Alu.* Hold? why I'll warrant thee it shall hold,  
Till we have ty'd you both in wedlock fast,  
Then let the bonds of Matrimony hold you  
If't will, if that will not neither, I can tell you  
What will I'm sure; a Halter.

*Then sing, &c. —*

*Ag.* Come, shall we knock?

*Alu.* I do; *For'tis. &c. —*

*Ag.* Ho *Truga*; wo's within there?

*Alu.* You, *Winter*, Ho, you that the grave expected  
Some hundred years ago, you that intend  
To live till you turn Skeleton, and make  
All men aweary of you but Physicians,  
Pox on you, will you come.

*Enter Truga.*

*Tru.* I come, I come, who's there? who's there?

*Alu.* Oh, in good time,  
Are you crawl'd here at last? what are you ready  
To give your Daughter up? the time makes haste,  
Look here, do you know this Ring?

*Tru.* Hark aside I pray,  
You have not told these, have you?

*Alu.* No good Duck,  
Only I told them that your mind was altered,  
And that you lik'd *Palamon*, so we three  
Came here to plot the means.

*Tru.* So, so, you're welcome,  
Will you go in and talk about it? [*Exeunt.*

*Enter Hylace.*

*Hyl.* I wonder why my Mother should invite  
*Alupis* and *Palamon* into th'house:  
She is not of my mind, nay, not the mind  
Which she her self was of but yesterday;  
Besides as soon as thy came in, she bid me  
To get me gone, and leave them there in private,  
By your good favour Mother, I must be  
For this time disobedient; here I'll hearken.

*Enter Truga, Palamon, Ægon, Alupis.*

*Ag.* Come I'll tell you,

You

You know your Husband hath refused *Palamon*  
 Because his means were not unequal only  
 To his desires, but to your Daughters portion,  
 To salve this grand exception of *Melarnus*,  
 I'll promise that *Palamon* shall be made  
 My heir.

*Tru.* Alas he knows you have a Daughter!

*Ag.* It is reported she is fain in love  
 With the new Shepherd, for which cause I'll seem  
 To be incens'd most sharply, and forswear  
 E're to acknowledge her for child of mine.

*Tru.* 'Tis very well;

It grieves me truly *Palamon* should —

*Alu.* Perish in his own flames; is 't not so *Truga*,  
 I know you're gentle; and your peevish Daughter  
 Had not her cruelty from you, good soul.

*Pal.* Why do we stay? each minute that we lose to  
 you is only

An minute, but to me a day at least,  
 Why are we not now seeking of *Melarnus*?  
 Why is he not yet found? alas, that's nothing;  
 Methinks he should have given consent e're this;  
 Why are not I and beauteous *Hylace*  
 Married together?

*Hyl.* Soft good hasty Lover,  
 I shall quite break the neck of your large hopes,  
 O I'm mistaken much.

*Ag.* Come let's be gone

*Truga*, Farewel. be silent and assistant.

*Alu.* Or else you know what I have; go, no more.

*Tru.* I'll warrant you: I am not to be taught  
 At this age, I thank *Pan*, in such a business.  
 Farewel all.

*Alu.* Come sing. &c.

*Hyl.* I know not whether grief or else amazement  
 Seizeth me Most, to see my aged Mother  
 Grow so unnatural; I fain would weep,  
 But when I think with what an unfear'd blow  
 I shall quite dash their cunning, I can hardly  
 Bridle in laughter, Fate helps the innocent,

Althow



Although my Mother's false, the Gods are true. (*Exit.*)

*Enter Clarina and her Maid.*

*Cl.* Did you command the servants to withdraw;

*Ma.* I did forsooth.

*Cl.* And have you shut the doors? *Ma.* Yes.

*Cl.* Is there none can over-hear our talk?

*Ma.* Your curious enquiry much amazeth me,  
And I could wish you would excuse my boldness  
If I should ask the reason.

*Cl.* Thou knowest well  
That thou hast found me always liker to  
Thy Kinswoman than Mistress, that thy breast  
Has been the Cabinet of all my secrets,  
This I tell thee, not as an exprobaton,  
But because I must require thy faith  
And counsel here. And therefore prithee swear——

*Ma.* Swear, to do what?

*Cl.* To be more silent than the dead of night,  
And to thy power to help me.

*Ma.* Would my power  
To assist you were as ready as my will,  
And for my tongue, that Mistress I'll condemn  
Unto perpetual silence, e're it shall  
By all ——

*Cl.* Nay do not swear, I will not wrong thy virtue  
To bind it with an oath, I'll tell thee all;  
Doth not my face seem paler than 'twas wont?  
Doth not my eye look as it borrowed flame  
From my fond heart; could not my frequent weepings,  
My sudden sighs, and abrupt speeches tell thee  
What I am grown?

*Ma.* You are the same you were,  
Or else my eyes are lyars.

*Cl.* No, I'm a wretched Lover; could'st thou not  
Read that out of my blushes? fie upon thee;  
Thou art a novice in Loves School I see;  
Trust me I envy at thy ignorance,  
That canst not find out *Cupid's* characters  
In a lost Maid, sure thou didst never know him.

*Ma.* Would you durst trust me with his name,

Sure

Sure he had charms about him that might tempt  
Chast Votariss, or move a Scythian rock  
When he shot fire into your chaster breast.

*Cl.* I am asham'd to tell thee, prithee, ghes him.

*Ma.* Why 'tis impossible.

*Cl.* Thou saw'st the Gentleman whom I this morning  
Brought in to be my guest.

*Ma.* Yes, but am ignorant, who, or from whence he is

*Cl.* Thou shalt know all;  
The freshness of the morning did invite me  
To walk abroad, there I began to think  
How I had lost my Brother, that one thought  
Like circles in the water begat many,  
Those and the pleasant verdure of the fields  
Made me forget the way, and did entice me  
Farther than either fear or modesty  
Else would have suffered me, beneath an Oak  
Which spread a flourishing Canopy round about,  
And was it self alone almost a Wood,  
I found a Gentleman distracted strangely,  
Crying aloud for either food or sleep,  
And knockin' his white hands against the ground,  
Making that groan like me, when I beheld it,  
Pity, and fear, both proper to us women,  
Drove my feet back far swifter than they went.  
When I came home, I took two servants with me  
And fetch'd the Gentleman, hither I brought him,  
And with such cheer as then the house afforded,  
Replenished him, he was much mended suddenly,  
Is now asleep, and when he wakes, I hope.  
Will find his senses perfect.

*Ma.* You did shew  
In this. what never was a stranger to you,  
Much piety; but wander from your subject:  
You have not yet discovered, who it is  
Deserves your love.

*Cl.* Fie, fie. how dull thou art,  
Thou do'st not use in other things to be so;  
Why I love him; his name I cannot tell thee;  
For 'tis my great unhappiness to be

Still ignorant of that my self. He comes (chuse.

Look, this is he, but do not grow my rival if thou canst

*Ma.* You need not fear't forsooth. [*Enter Aphron.*

*Cla.* Leave me alone with him; withdraw.

*Ma.* I do. [*Exit Maid.*

*Aph.* Where am I now? under the Northern Pole

Where a perpetual Winter binds the ground

And glazeth up the floods? or where the Sun

With neighbouring rays bakes the devided earth,

And drinks the Rivers up? or do I sleep?

Is't not some foolish dream deludes my fancy?

Who am I? begin to question that.

Was not my Country *Sicily*? my name

Call'd *Aphron*, wretched *Aphron*?

*Cla.* Ye good Gods

Forbid; is this that man who was the cause

Of all the grief for *Callidora*'s loss?

Is this the man that I so oft have curst?

Now I could almost hate him, and methinks

He is not quite so handsome as he was;

And yet alas he is, though by his means

My Brother is gone from me, and Heaven knows

If I shall see him more, Fool as I am,

I cannot chuse but love him.

*Ap.* Cheat me not good eyes,

What Woman or what Angel do I see?

Oh stay, and let me worship e're thou goest,

Whether thou beest a Goddess which thy beauty

Commands me to believe, or else some mortal

Which I the rather am induc'd to think,

Because I know the Gods all hate me so,

They would not look upon me.

*Cla.* Spare these titles,

I am a wretched woman who for pity

(Alas that I should pity! t'had been better [*Aside.*

That I had been remorseless) brought you hither,

Where with some food and rest, thanks to the Gods

Your senses are recovered.

*Aph.* My good Angel!

I do remember now that I was mad

For want of meat and sleep , thrice did the Sun  
 Chear all the world but me , thrice did the night  
 With silent and bewitching darkness give  
 A resting time to every thing but *Aphron*  
 The fish , the beasts , the birds , the smallest creatures  
 And the most despicable snor'd securely.  
 The aguish head of every tree by *Aëolus*  
 Was rockt asleep , and shook as if it nodded.  
 The crooked mountains seem'd to bow and slumber ,  
 The very rivers ceas'd their daily murmur ,  
 Nothing did watch , but the pale Moon , and I  
 Paler than she ; grief wedded to this toil ,  
 What else could it beget but frantickness ?  
 But now methinks , I am my own , my brain  
 Swims not as it was wont ; O brightest Virgin  
 Shew me some way by which I may be grateful ,  
 And if I do't not , let an eternal Phrenzy  
 Immediately seize on me.

*Cla.* Alas ! 'twas only  
 My love , and if you will reward me for't ,  
 Pay that I lent you , I'll require no Interest ,  
 The Principal's enough.

*Apu.* You speak in mists.

*Cla.* You're loth perhapst to understand.

*Apu.* If you intend that I should love and honour you,  
 I do by all the Gods.

*Cla.* But I am covetous in my demands ,  
 I am not satisfied with wind-like promises  
 Which only touch the lips ; I ask your heart ,  
 Your whole heart for me , in exchange of mine ,  
 Which so I gave to you.

*Aph.* Ha ! you amaze me.

Oh ! you have spoken some thing worse than lightning ,  
 That blast the inward parts , leaves the outward whole ,  
 My gratitude commands me to obey you ,  
 But I am born a man , and have those passions  
 Fighting within me , which I must obey.  
 Whilst *Callidora* lives , although she be  
 As cruel , as thy breast is soft and gentle ;  
 'Tis sin me to think of any other.



*Cl.* You cannot love me then?

*Aph.* I do, I swear,

above my self I do? my self? what said I?

Alas! that's nothing? above any thing

but Heaven and *Callidora*.

*Cl.* Fare you well then,

would not do that wrong to one I love,

to urge him farther than this power and will;

farewel, remember me when you are gone,

and happy in the love of *Callidora*.

[*Exit.*

*Aph.* When I do not, may I forget my self,

would I were mad again; then I might rave

with privilege, I should not know the griefs

that hurried me about, 'twere better far

to lose the senses, than be tortured by them.

Where is she gone? I did not ask her name,

fool that I was, alas poor Gentlewoman?

Can any one love me? ye cruel Gods,

is it not enough that I my self am miserable,

must I make others so too? I'll go in

and comfort her; alas! how can I though

to grieve with her, that is in ill a comfort.

[*Exit.*

Enter *Alupis*, *Melarnus*, *Truga*, *Palamon*, *Aegon*.

*Pal.* Before when you denied your Daughter to me,

'twas Fortunes fault, not mine, but since good Fate,

Or rather *Aegon*, better far than Fate,

Hath rais'd me up to what you aim'd at, riches,

see not with what countenance you can

bring any second argument against me.

*Mel.* Come, no matter for that:

Yes, I could wish you were less eloquent,

you have a vice called Poésie which much

displeaseth me, but no matter for that neither.

*Alu.* Alas! he'll leave that straight

When he has got but mony; he that swims

in *Tagus*, never will go back to *Helicon*.

besides, when he hath married *Hylace*,

Whom should he wooe, to praise her comely feature,

her skin falling snow, her eyes like Stars.

her cheeks like Roses (which are common places

Of

Of all your Lovers praises) Oh! those vanities,  
Things quite as light, and foolish as a Mistris,  
Are by a Mistris first begot, and left  
When they leave her.

*Pal.* Why do you think that Poësie  
An art which even the Gods ———

*Alu.* Pox on your arts,  
Let him think what he will; what's that to us?

*Eg.* Well, I would gladly have an answer of you,  
Since I have made *Palamon* here my son,  
If you conceive your Daughter is so good,  
We will not press you, but seek out some other  
Who may perhaps please me and him as well.

*Pal.* Which is impossible —

*Alu.* Rot on your possibles ———  
Thy mouth like a crackt fiddle never sounds  
But out of tune; come, put on *Truga*.  
You'll never speak unless I shew the Ring.

*Tru.* Yes, yes, I do, I do, do ye hear sweet heart?  
Are you mad to fling away a fortune  
That's thrust upon you; you know *Egon's* rich.

*Mel.* Come, no matter for that,  
That's thrust upon me? I would fain see any man  
Thrust ought upon me; but's no matter for that,  
I will do that which I intend to do,  
And 'tis no matter for that neither, that's thrust upon me.

*Pal.* Come, what say you *Melarnus*?

*Mel.* What say I? 'tis no matter what I say,  
I'll speak to *Egon*, if I speak to any,  
And not to you; but no matter for that;  
Hark you, will you leave all the means you have  
To this *Palamon*?

*Tru.* I Duck, he says he will.

*Mel.* Pish, 'tis no matter for that, I'll hear him say so

*Eg.* I will, and here do openly protest,  
That since my *Bellula* (mine that was once)  
Things her self wiser than her Father is,  
And will be govern'd rather by her passions,  
Than by the square that I prescribe to her,  
That I will never count her as my Daughter.

*Alu.* Well acted by God *Pan*, see but what 'tis  
To have me for a tutor in these rogueries.

*Mel.* But tell me now, good neighbor, what estate  
Do you intend to give him?

*Æg.* That estate  
Which Fortune and my care hath given to me,  
The money which I have, and that's not much,  
The Sheep, and Goats.

*Mel.* And not the Oxen too?

*Æg.* Yes, every thing.

*Mel.* The Horses too?

*Æg.* I tell you, every thing.

*Alu.* By *Pan* he'll make him promise him particularly  
Each thing above the value of a Beans-straw:  
You'll leave him the pails too, to milk the Kine in,  
And Harness for the Horses, will you not?

*Mel.* I, I, what else; but 'tis no matter for that;  
I know *Palamon*'s an ingenious man.  
And love him therefore; but's no matter for that neither,

*Æg.* Well, since we are both agreed, why do we  
stay here?

I know *Palamon* longs t' embrace his *Hylace*.

*Mel.* I, I, 'tis no matter for that, within this hour  
We will be ready, *Ægon*, pray be you so.  
Farewel my Son-in-law that shall be,  
But's no matter for that: Farewel all:

Come *Truga*. [Exeunt *Melarnus* and *Truga*.

*Æg.* Come on then let's not stay too long in trifling,  
*Palamon* go, and prepare your self against the time.  
I'll go acquaint my *Bellula* with your Plot,  
Lest this unwelcome news should to much grieve her,  
Before she know my meaning.

*Alu.* Do, do; and I'll go study  
Some new-found ways to vex the fool *Melarnus*.

For 'tis but a folly,

To be melancholly, &c.

Enter *Florellus*.

Whilst *Callidorus* lives, I cannot love thee.  
These were her parting words; I'll kill him then;  
Why do I doubt it fool? such wounds as these

f

Require

Require no gentler med'cine ; methinks Love  
 Frowns at me now , and says I am too dull ,  
 Too slow in his command ; and yet I will not ,  
 These hands are Virgins yet , unstain'd with villany ,  
 Shall I begin to teach them ? — methinks Piety  
 Frowns at me now , and says , I am too weak  
 Against my passions. Piety ! —  
 'Twas fear begot that Bugbear , for thee *Bellula*.  
 I durst be wicked , though I saw *Joves* hand  
 Arm'd with a naked Thunderbolt : Farewel ,  
 (If thou beest any thing , and not a shadow  
 To fright boys and old women) Farewel conscience  
 Go and be strong in other petty things ,  
 To Lovers come , when Lovers may make use of thee ,  
 Not else : and yet , — what shall I do or say ?  
 I see the better way , and know 'tis better ,  
 Yet still this devious error draws me backward.  
 So when contrary winds rush out and meet ,  
 And wrestle on the Sea with equal fury ,  
 The waves swell into mountains , and are driven  
 Now back , now forward , doubtful of the two  
 Which Captain to obey.

*Enter Alupis.*

*Alu.* Ha , ha , I'll have such excellent sport ,  
*For 'tis but a folly , &c.*

*Flo.* Why here's a fellow now makes sport of  
 every thing ,

See one man's fate how it excels another ,  
 He can sit , and pass away the day in jollity ,  
 My musick is my sighs , whilst tears keep time.

*Alu.* Who's here ? a most rare posture !  
 How the good soul folds in his arms ! he dreams  
 Sure that he hugs his Mistress now , for that  
 Is his disease without all doubt , so , good ,  
 With what judicious garb he plucks his hat  
 Over his eyes ; so , so , good ! better yet ;  
 He cries ; by this good light , he cries , the man  
 Is careful , and intends to water his sheep  
 With his own tears ; ha , ha , ha , ha.

*Flo.* Do'st thou see any thing that deserves thy laughter

Fond



Fond Swain?

*Aln.* I see nothing in good troth but you.

*Flo.* To ieer those who are Fates may-game  
Is a redoubled fault; for 'tis both sin,  
And folly too; our life is so uncertain  
Thou canst not promise that thy mirth shall last  
To morrow, and not meet with any rub,  
Then thou may'st act that part, to day thou laugh'st at.

*Aln.* I act a part? it must be in a Comedy then,  
Abhor Tragedies; besides, I never  
Practis'd this posture: Hey ho! woe, alas!  
Why do I live? my musick is my sighs  
Whilst tears keep time.

*Flo.* You take too great a licence to your wit;  
Wit, did I say? I mean, that which you think so.  
And it deserves my pity, more than anger.  
If you should find, that blows are heavier far  
Than the most studied jests you can throw at me

*Aln.* Faith it will be but labour lost to bea me,  
All will not teach me how to act this part;  
Woe 'sme! alas! I'm a dull rogue and so  
shall never learn it

*Flo.* You're unmannerly  
To talk thus sawcily with one you know not,  
Say, hardly ever saw before, be gone  
And leave me as you found me, my worst thoughts  
Are better company than thou.

*Aln.* Enjoy them then,  
There's no body desires to rob you of them.  
I would have left your company without bidding,  
Tis not so pleasant, I remember well,  
When I had spent all my money, I stood thus,  
And therefore hate the posture ever since.

Ye hear? I'm going to a wedding now;  
You've a mind to dance, come along with me,  
Bring your hard-hearted Mistress with you too,  
Perhaps I may persuade her, and tell her  
Of our Musick's sighs, and that your tears keep time.

Will you not go? Farewel then, good Tragical Actor.  
How have at thee *Melarnus*; For 'tis but a folly, &c. [Exit.

*Flo.* Thou art a Prophet, Shepherd; She is hard  
 As rocks which suffer the continual siege  
 Of Sea and wind against them; but I will  
 Win her or lose (which I should gladly do)  
 My self: my self? why so I have already:  
 Ho! who hath found *Florellus*? he is lost,  
 Lost to himself, and to his Parents likewise,  
 (Who having miss'd me, do by this time search  
 Each corner for to find me) Oh! *Florellus*,  
 Thou must be wicked. or for ever wretched,  
 Hard is the Physick, harder the Disease.

*The end of the fourth Act.*

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*Enter Alupis, Palamon, Agon.*

*Pal.* **T**He Gods convert these omens into good,  
 And mock my fears; thrice in the very threshold  
 Without its Masters leave my foot stood still,  
 Thrice in the way it stumbled.

*Alu.* Thrice, and thrice  
 You were a fool then for observing it.  
 Why these are follies the young years of *Truga*.  
 Did hardly know; are they not vanish yet?

*Alu.* Blame not my fear: that's *Cupid's* usher always  
 Though *Hylace* were now in my embraces,  
 I should half doubt it.

*Alu.* if you chanc'd to stumble.

*Æg.* Let him enjoy his madness, the same liberty  
 He'll grant to you, when you're a Lover too.

*Alu.* I, when I am, he may; yet if I were one  
 I should not be dismay'd because the threshold —

*Pal.* Alas! that was not all, as I came by  
 The Oak to *Fannus* sacred, where the Shepherds  
 Exercise rural sports on Festivals,  
 On that trees top an inauspicious Crow  
 Foretold some ill to happen.

*Æg.* And because Crows  
Foretell wet weather, you interpret it  
The rain of your own eyes; but leave these tricks  
And let me advise you.

*Melarnus speaking to Hylace within his door.*

*Mel.* Wel come, no matter for that; I do believe  
thee, girl,  
And would they have such sport with vexing me!  
But's no matter for that; I'll vex them for't,  
I know your fiery lover will be here strait,  
But I shall cool him; but come, no matter for that:  
Go get you in, for I do see them coming.

*Æg.* Here comes *Melarnus*.

*Pal.* He looks chearfully, I hope all's well?

*Æg.* *Melarnus*, opportunely; we were a coming  
Just now unto you.

*Mel.* Yes, very likely; would you have spoken with me?

*Æg.* Spoken with you?

Why, are you mad? have you forgot your promise?

*Mel.* My promise? oh! 'tis true, I said indeed  
I would go with you to day to sell some Kine.  
Stay but a little' I'll be ready straight.

*Pal.* I am amaz'd; good *Ægon* speak to him.

*Alu.* By this good light,  
I see no likelyhood of any marriage,  
Except betwixt the Kine and Oxen. Hark you hither;  
A rot upon your Beast; is *Hylace* ready;

*Mel.* It's no matter for that! who's there? *Alupis*?  
Give me thy hand'faith, thou'rt a mery fellow,  
I have not seen thee here these many days,  
But now I think on't, it's no matter for that neither.

*Alu.* Thy memory's fled away sure with thy wit.  
Was not I here less than an hour ago  
With *Ægon*, when you made the match?

*Mel.* Oh! then you'll go along with us  
Faith do; for you will make us very merry.

*Alu.* I shall, if you thus make a fool of me.

*Mel.* Oh no! you'll make you sport with vexing me.  
But mum; no matter for that neither: there  
I bob'd him privately, I think.

[*Aside.*  
*Æg.*

*Æg.* Come, what's the business?

*Alu.* The business? why he's mad, beyond the cure  
Of all the herbs grown in *Anticyra*.

*Æg.* You see we have not fail'd our word *Melarnus*,  
I and my Son are come.

*Mel.* Your Son! good lack!  
I thought, I swear, you had no other child  
Besides your Daughter *Bellula*.

*Æg.* Nay, then  
I see you are dispos'd to make us fools, —  
Did not I tell you that 'twas my intent  
To adopt *Palamon* for my Son and Heir?

*Alu.* Did not you examine  
Whether he would leave him all, lest that he should  
Adopt some other Heir to the Cheese-presses,  
The Milking-pails, the Cream bowls? did you not?

*Mel.* In troth 'tis well; but where is *Bellula*?

*Æg.* Nay, prithee leave these tricks, and tell me  
What you intend, is *Hylace* ready?

*Mel.* Ready? what else? she's to be married presently  
To a young Shepherd; but's no matter for that.

*Pal.* That's I, hence fears;  
Attend upon the infancy of love,  
She's now mine own.

*Alu.* Why I; did not the Crow on the Oak foretell  
you this?

*Mel.* *Hylace*, *Hylace*, come forth,  
Here's some are come to dance at your wedding,  
And they're welcome. [Enter *Hylace*.

*Pal.* The light appears, just like the rising Sun,  
When o're yon hill it peeps, and with a draught  
Of morning dew salutes the day, how fast  
The night of all my sorrow flies away,  
Quite banish'd with her sight!

*Hyl.* Did you call for me?

*Mel.* Is *Dametas* come? fie, how slow he is  
At such a time? but it's no matter for that;  
Vell get you in, and prepare to welcome him.

*Pal.* VVill you be gone so quickly? oh! bright *Hylace*,  
That blessed hour by me so often begg'd,



By you so oft deny'd, is now approaching.

*Mel.* What, how now? what do you kiss her? [*Exit*  
If *Dametas* were here, he would grow jealous, *Hylace*.  
But 'tis a parting kiss and so in manners  
She cannot deny it you; but it's no matter for that.

*Alu.* How?

*Mel.* What do you wonder at?  
Why do you think as soon as thy are married,  
*Dametas* such a fool, to let his Wife  
Be kiss'd by every body?

*Pal.* How now *Dametas*?  
Why what hath he to do with her?

*Mel.* Ha, ha!  
What hath the Husband then to do with's Wife?  
Good: 'tis no matter for that though; he knows what.

*Æg.* You mean *Palamon* sure, ha, do you not?

*Mel.* 'Tis no matter for that, what I mean, I mean.  
Well, rest ye merry Gentlemen, I must in  
And see my Daughters wedding, if you please  
To dance with us; *Dametas* sure will thank ye;  
Pray bring your Son and heir *Palamon* with you,  
*Bellula's* cast away, ha, ha, ha, ha!

And the poor fool *Melarnus* must be cheated,  
But it's no matter for that; how now *Alupis*?  
I thought you would have had most excellent sport  
With abusing poor *Melarnus*? that same coxcomb,  
For he's a fool; but it's no matter for that,

*Ægon* hath cheated him, *Palamon* is  
Married to *Hylace*, and one *Alupis*  
Doth nothing else but vex him, ha, ha, ha!  
But it's no matter for that; farewell genteles,  
Or if ye'll come and dance, ye shall be welcome,  
Vill you *Palamon*? 'tis your Mistress wedding.  
I am a fool, a coxcomb, gull'd on every side,  
No matter for that though; what I have done, I have done;  
Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

*Æg.* How now? what are you both dumb? both  
thunder-struck?  
This was your plot *Alupis*.

*Alu.* I'll begin.

May his sheep rot and, he for want of food  
 Be forc'd to eat them then; may every man  
 Abuse him, and yet he not have the wit  
 To abuse any man? may he never speak  
 More sense than he did now; and may he never  
 Be rid of his old Wife *Truga*; may his Son-  
 In-law be a more famous Cuckold made  
 Than any one I knew when I liv'd in the City.

*Pal.* Fool as thou art, the Sun shall lose his course,  
 And brightness too, e're *Hylace* her chastity.  
 Oh no! ye Gods, may she be happy always,  
 Happy in the embraces of *Dametas*;  
 And that shall be some comfort to my ghost  
 When I am dead; and dead I shall be shortly.

*Alu.* May a disease seize upon all his Cattle,  
 And a far worse on him, till he at last  
 Be carried to some Hospital i'th City,  
 And there kill'd by a Chirurgeon for experience.  
 And when he's gone, I'll wish this good thing for him;  
 May the earth lie gently on him -- that the dogs  
 May tear him up the easier.

*Æg.* A curse upon thee!  
 And upon me for trusting thy fond counsels!  
 Was this your cunning trick? why thou hast wounded  
 My conscience, and my reputation too,  
 With what face can I look on the other Swains?  
 Or who will ever trust me, who have broke  
 My faith thus openly?

*Pal.* A curse upon thee.  
 This is the second time that thy persuasions  
 Made me not only fool, but wicked too;  
 I should have died in quiet else, and known  
 No other wound, but that of her denial;  
 Go now, and brag how thou hast us'd *Palamon*;  
 But yet methinks you might have chose some other  
 For subject of your mirth, not me.

*Æg.* Nor me.

*Alu.* And yet if this had prospered (as I wonder  
 Who it should be, betray'd us, since we three  
 And *Truga* only knew it, whom, if she

Betray'd.

Betray'd us, I——) if this, I say, had prospered,  
You would have hugg'd me for inventing it,  
And him for putting it in act; foolish men  
That do not mark the thing but the event!  
Your judgments hang on fortune, not on reason.

*Æg.* Do'st thou upbraid us too?

*Pal.* First make us wretched,  
And then laugh at us? believe, *Alupis*,  
Thou shalt not long have cause to boast thy villany.

*Alu.* My villany? do what ye can: you're fools,  
And there's an end; I'll talk with you no more,  
I had as good speak reason to the wind.  
As you, that can but hiss at it.

*Æg.* We will do more; *Palamon*, come away,  
He hath wrong'd, and both shall satisfy.

*Alu.* Which he will never do; nay, go and plot,  
Your two wise brains will invent certainly  
Politick ginns to catch me in. [Exeunt.]

And now have at thee *Truga*, if I find  
That thou art guilty; mum, —— I have a Ring ——

*Palamon, Ægon. Hylace, Melarnus*  
Are all against me; no great matter: hang care.

*For 'tis but a folly, &c.* [Exit.]

*Enter Bellula.*

This way my *Callidorus* went, what chance  
Hath snatch'd him from my sight? how shall I find him?  
How shall I find my self, now I have lost him?  
With ye my feet and eyes I will not make  
The smallest truce, till ye have sought him out. [Exit.]

*Enter Callidorus and Florellus.*

Come, now your business.

*Flo.* 'Tis a fatal one,  
Which will almost as much shame me to speak,  
Much more to act, as 'twill fright you to hear it.

*Cal.* Fright me? it must be then some wickedness,  
I am accusom'd so to misery,  
That cannot do't.

*Flo.* Oh! 'tis a sin young man,  
A sin which every one shall wonder at,  
None nor condemn, if ever it be known?

Methinks my blood shrinks back into my veins,  
 And my affrighted hairs are turn'd to bristles.  
 Do not my eyes creep back into their cells;  
 As if they seem'd to wish for thicker darkness,  
 Than either night or death to cover them?  
 Doth not my face look black and horrid too?  
 As black and horrid as my thoughts? ha! tell me.

*Cal.* I am a novice in all villanies,  
 If your intents be such, dismiss me, pray,  
 My nature is more easie to discover  
 Than help you; so farewell.

*Flo.* Yet stay a little longer; you must stay;  
 You are an actor in this Tragedy.

*Cal.* What would you do?

*Flo.* Alas! I would do nothing; but I must—

*Cal.* What must you do?

*Flo.* I must— Love thou hast got the victory—  
 Kill thee.

*Cal.* Who? me? you do but jest,  
 I should believe you, if I could tell how  
 To frame a cause, or think on any injury  
 Worth such a large revenge, which I have done you.

*Flo.* Oh no! there's all the wickedness, they may seem  
 To find excuse for their abhorred fact;  
 That kill when wrongs, and anger urgeth them;  
 Because thou art so good, so affable,  
 So full of graces, both of mind and body,  
 Therefore I kill thee, wilt thou know it plainly,  
 Because whilst thou art living. *Bellula*  
 Protested she would never be anothers,  
 Therefore I kill thee,

*Cal.* Had I been your Rival  
 You might have had some cause; cause did I say?  
 You might have had pretence for such a villany:  
 He who unjustly kills is twice a murderer.

*Flo.* He whom love bids to kill is not a murderer.

*Cal.* Call not that love that's ill; 'tis only fury.

*Flo.* Fury in ills is half excusable:  
 Therefore prepare thy self; if any sin  
 (Though I believe thy hot and flourishing youth



As innocent as other mens nativities) '  
Hath flung a spot upon thy purer conscience,  
Wash it in some few tears.

*Cal.* Are you resolv'd to be so cruel?

*Flo.* I must, or be as cruel to my self.

*Cal.* As sick men do their beds, so have I yet  
Enjoy'd my self, with little rest, much trouble;  
I have been made the Ball of Love and Fortune,  
And am almost worn out with often playing;  
And therefore I would entertain my death  
As some good friend whose coming I expected;  
Were it not that my Parents—

*Flo.* Here; see, I do not come  
Like a foul murderer to intrap you falsely,  
Take your own choice, & then defend your  
self.

[Draws two  
Swords  
from under  
his garments  
and offers  
one to Cal.]

*Cal.* 'Tis nobly done; and since it must be so,  
Although my strength and courage call me woman,  
I will not die like sheep without resistance,  
If innocence be guard sufficient,  
I'm sure he cannot hurt me.

*Flo.* Are you ready? the fatal Cuckow on you spread-  
ing tree

Hath sounded out your dying knell already.

*Cal.* I am.

*Flo.* 'Tis well, and I could wish thy hand  
Were strong enough; 'tis thou deservest the victory,  
Nay, were not th' hope of *Bellula* ingraven  
In all my thoughts, I would my self play booty  
Against my self; But *Bellula*——come on. [Fight.]

*Enter Philistus.*

This is the Wood adjoyning to the Farm,  
Where I gave order unto *Clariana*  
My Sister, to remain till my return;  
Here't is in vain to seek her, yet who knows?  
Though it be in vain I'll seek; to him that doth  
Propose no journeys end; no path's amiss.  
Why how now? what do you mean? for shame part  
Shepherds,

I thought you honest Shepherds, had not had [Sees them fighting.  
So much of Court and City follies in you.

*Flo.* 'Tis *Philistus*; I hope he will not know me,  
Now I begin to see how black and horrid  
My attempt was; how much unlike *Florellus*,  
Thanks to the juster Deities for declining  
From both the danger, and from me the sin.

*Phil.* 'T would be a wrong to charity to dismiss ye  
Before I see you friends, give me your weapons.

*Cal.* 'Tis he: why do I doubt? most willingly,  
And my self too, best man; now kill me Shepherd—

*Phil.* What do you mean! [Swoons.  
Rise, prithee rise, sure you have wounded him.

*Enter Bellula.*

Deceive me not good eyes; what do I see?  
My *Callidorus* dead? 'Tis impossible!  
Who is it that lies slain there? are you dumb?  
Who is't I pray?

*Flo.* Fair Mistress—

*Bell.* Pish, fair Mistress,—

I ask who 'tis; if it be *Callidorus*—

*Phil.* Was his name *Callidorus*? it is strange.

*Bell.* You are a villain, and you too a villain,  
Wake *Callidorus*, wake, it is thy *Bellula*  
That calls thee, wake, it is thy *Bellula*;  
Why Gentlemen? why Shepherd? fie for shame,  
Have you no charity? O my *Callidorus*!  
Speak but one word—

*Cal.* 'Tis not well done to trouble me,  
Why do you envy me this little rest?

*Bell.* No; I will follow thee.

*Flo.* O help, help quickly,  
What do you mean? your *Callidorus* lives.

*Bell.* *Callidorus*?

*Flo.* And will be well immediately, take courage,  
Look up a little: wretched as I am,  
I am the cause of all this ill.

*Phil.* What shall we do? I have a Sister dwells  
Close by this place, let's haste to bring them thither.  
But let's be sudden,

*Flo.* As wing'd lightning is.  
Come *Bellula* in spight of Fortune now  
I do embrace thee.

*Phil.* I did protest without my *Callidora*  
Ne're to return, but pity hath o'recome.

*Bell.* Where am I?

*Flo.* Where I could always wish thee: in those arms  
Which would infold thee with more subtle knots,  
Than amorous Ivy, whilst it hugs the Oak.

*Cal.* Where do ye bear me; is *Philistus* well?

*Phi.* How should he know my name? 'tis to me a riddle.  
Nay Shepherd find another time to court in,  
Make haste now with your burthen. [Exeunt.

*Flo.* With what ease should I go always were I burthened thus!

Enter *Aphron*.

She told me she was Sister to *Philistus*;  
Who having mist the beauteous *Callidora*,  
Hath undertook a long and hopeles journey  
To find her out; then *Callidora's* fled,  
Without her Parents knowledge, and who knows  
When she'l return, or if she do, what then?  
Lambs will make peace, & joyn themselves with Wolves  
E're she with me? worse than a Wolf to her:  
Besides, how durst I undertake to court her?  
How dare I look upon her after this?  
Fool as I am, I will forget her quite,  
And *Clariana* shall henceforth — but yet  
How fair she was! what then? so's *Clariana*;  
What graces did she dart on all beholders?  
She did; but so does *Clariana* too,  
She was as pure and white as *Parian* Marble,  
What then? She was as hard too; *Clariana*.  
Is pure and white as *Ericina's* Doves.  
And is as soft, as gallees too as they,  
Her pity sav'd my life, and did restore  
My wandring senses, if I should not love her,  
I were far madder now, than when she found me,  
I will go in and render up my self,  
For her most faithful servant.

[Won]

Wonderful !

[Exit. Enter again

She has lockt me in, and keeps me here her prisoner :  
In these two chambers ; what can she intend ?

No matter , she intends no hurt I'm sure ,

I'll patiently expect her coming to me.

[Exit

Enter *Demophil*, *Spodasia*, *Clariana*. *Florellus*, *Callidora*,  
*Bellula*, *Philistus*.

*Dem.* My Daughter found again , and Son re turn'd !  
Ha , ha ! methinks it makes me young again.

My Daughter and my Son meet here together ?

*Philistus* with them too ! that we should come

To grieve with *Clariana* , and find her here.

Nay , when we thought we had lost *Florellus* too

To find them both , methinks it makes me young again.

*Spo.* I thought I never should have seen thee more  
My *Callidora* ; come wench , now let's hear ,  
The Sory of your flight and life in the Woods.

*Phi.* Do happy Mistris for the recordation ,  
Of fore-past ills , makes us the sweetlier relish  
Our present good.

*Cal.* Of *Aphrons* love to me , and my antipathy  
Towards him , there's none here ignorant , you know too  
How guarded with his love , or rather fury ,  
And some few men he broke into our house  
With resolution to make me the prey  
Or his wild lust.

*Spo.* I , there's a villain now ; oh ! that I had him here

*Cla.* Oh ! say not so :

The crimes which Lovers for their Mistris act ,  
Bear both the weight and stamp of piety.

*Dem.* Come girl ; go on , go on. His wild lust —

*Cla.* What sudden fear shook me , you may imagine ,  
What should I do ; you both were out of Town ,  
And most of the servants at that time gone with you.  
I on the sudden found a corner out ,  
And hid my self , till they wearied with searching ,  
Quitted the house , but fearing lest they should  
Attempt the same again e're your return ,  
I took with me mony and other necessaries ;  
And in a sute my Brother left behind

Disguis'd



Disguis'd my self: thus to the Woods I went,  
Where meeting with an honest merry Swain,  
I by his help was furnish'd, and made Shepherd.

*Spo.* Nay, I must needs say for her, she was always  
A witty wench.

*Dem.* Pish, pish: and made a Shepherd—

*Cal.* It hapned that this gentle Shepherdess  
(I can attribute it to nought in me  
Deserv'd so much) began to love me.

*Phil.* Why so did all besides I'll warrant you;  
Nor can I blame them, though they were my rival.

*Cal.* Another Shepherd with as much desire  
Wooded her in vain, as she in vain wooed me,  
Who seeing that no hope was left for him,  
Whilst I enjoy'd this life t' enjoy his *Bellula*,  
(For by that name she's known) sought to take me  
Out of the way as a partition  
Betwixt his Love and him, whilst in the fields  
We two were struggling, (him his strength defending),  
And me my innocence.)

*Flo.* I am asham'd to look upon their faces.  
What shall I say? my guilt's above excuse.

*Cal.* *Philistus*; as if the Gods had all agreed  
To make him mine, just at the nick came in  
And parted us, with sudden joy I founded,  
Which *Bellula* perceiving (for even then  
She came to seek me) sudden grief did force  
The same effect from her, which joy from me.  
Hither they brought us both, in this amazement,  
Where being straight recovered to our selves,  
I found you here, and you your dutiful Daughter.

*Spo.* The Gods be thank'd.

*Dem.* Go on.

*Cal.* Nay, you have all Sir.

*Dem.* Where's that Shepherd?

*Flo.* Here.

*Dem.* Here, where?

*Flo.* Here, your unhappy Son's the man; for her  
I put on Sylvan weeds, for her fair sake  
I would have stain'd my innocent hands in blood,

Forgive

Forgive me all , 'twas not a sin of malice ,  
'Twas not begat by lust , but sacred love ;  
The cause must be the excuse for the effect.

*Dem.* You should have us'd some other means, *Florella*

*Cal.* Alas! 'twas the Gods will Sir , without that  
I had been undiscovered yet ; *Philistus*  
Wandred too far , my Brother yet a Shepherd ,  
You groaning for our loss , upon this wheel  
All our felicity is turn'd. (hears)

*Spo.* Alas! you haue forgot the power of love , sweet

*Dem.* Be patient son , and temper your desire ,  
You shall not want a Wife that will perhaps  
Please you as well . I'm sure besit you better.

*Flo.* They marry not , but sell themselves t'a wife ,  
Whom the large dowry tempts , and take more pleasure  
To hug the wealthy bags than her that brought them.  
Let them whom nature bestows nothing on  
Seek to patch up their want by Parents plenty ;  
The beautiful , the chaste , the vertuous ,  
Her self alone is portion to her self.

*Enter Ægon.*

By your leave ; I come to seek a Daughter.  
O! are you there , tis well.

*Flo.* This is her Father.

I do conjure you Father , by the love  
Which Parents bear their Children . to make up  
The match betwixt us now , or if you will not  
Send for your friends , prepare a Coffin for me  
And let a Grave be digg'd , I will be happy ,  
Or else not know my misery to morrow.

*Spo.* You do not think what ill may happen Husband,  
Come , let him have her , you have means enough  
For him , the wench is fair , and if her face  
Be not a flatterer , of a noble mind ,  
Although not stock.

*Æg.* I do not like this stragling , come along ,  
By your leave Gentlemen , I hope you will  
Pardon my bold intrusion

*Cla.* You're very welcome.  
What are you going *Bellula*? pray stay ,

Though

though nature contradicts our love, I hope  
that I may have your friendship,

*Æg. Bellula!*

*Bell.* My Father calls; farewell; your name, & memory  
in spite of Fate, I'll love, farewell.

*Flo.* Would you be gone, and not bestow one word  
upon your faithful servant? do not all  
my griefs and troubles for your sake sustain'd,  
deserve, Farewell *Florellus*?

*Bell.* Fare you well then.

*Flo.* Alas! how can I, Sweet; unless you stay;  
Or I go with you? you were pleas'd e're while  
to say you honored me with the next place  
to *Callidorus* in your heart, then now  
should be first: do you repent your sentence?  
Or can that tongue sound less than Oracle?

*Bell.* Perhaps I am of that opinion still,  
but must obey my Father.

*Æg.* Why *Bellula*? would you have ought with her Sir?

*Flo.* Yes, I would have her self; if constancy  
and love be meritorious, I deserve her.

Why Father, Mother. Sister, Gentlemen,  
Will you plead for me?

*Dem.* Since 't must be so, I'll bear it patiently;  
shepherd, you see how much our Son is taken  
with your fair Daughter, therefore if you think  
him fitting for her Husband speak, and let it  
be made a match immediately, we shall  
expect no other dowry than her vertue.

*Æg.* Which only I can promise; for her fortune  
is beneath you so far, that I could almost  
suspect your words, but that you seem more noble.  
How now, what say you girl?

*Bell.* I only do depend upon your will.

*Æg.* And I'll not be an enemy to thy good fortune.  
Take her Sir, and the Gods bless you.

*Flo.* With greater joy than I would take a Crown.

*Alu.* The Gods bless you.

*Flo.* They have don't already.

*Æg.* Lest you should think when time, and oft enjoining  
Hath

Hath dull'd the point, and edge of your affection,  
That you have wrong'd your self and Family,  
By marrying one whose very name, a Shepherdess,  
Might fling some spot upon your Birth, I'll tell you,  
She is not mine, nor born in these rude Woods.

*Flo.* How! you speak my stick wonders.

*Æg.* I speak truths Sir,  
Some fifteen years ago, as I was walking,  
I found a Nurse wounded, and groaning out  
Her latest spirit, and by her a fair Child,  
And, which her very dressing might declare,  
Of wealthy Parents; as soon as I came to them,  
I ask'd her who had us'd her so inhumanely:  
She answered Turkish Pyrats; and withal  
Desired me to look unto the Child,  
For 't is, said she, a Noblemans of *Sicily*,  
His name she would haue spoke, but death permitted not  
Her as I could, I caused to be buried,  
But brought home the little Girl with me,  
Whereby my Vives persuasions we agreed,  
Because the Gods had blest us with no issue,  
To nourish as our own, and call it *Bellula*,  
Whom now you see, your VVife, your Daughter.

*Spo.* Is't possible?

*Flo.* Her manners shew'd her noble.

*Æg.* I call the Gods to witness, this is true.  
And for the farther testimony of it,  
I have yet kept at home the furniture,  
And the rich mantle which she then was wrapt in,  
Which now perhaps may serve to some good use  
Thereby to know her Parents.

*Dem.* Sure this is *Aphrons* Sister then, for just  
About the time he mentions, I remember,  
The Governor of *Pachinus*, then his Father,  
Told me that certain Pyrats of *Argier*  
Had broke into his house, and stoln from thence  
With other things his Daughter, and her Nurse,  
Who being after taken, and executed,  
Their last confession was, that they indeed  
VVounded the Nurse, but she fled with the Child,

Wh



Whilst they were busie searching for more prey.  
Whom since, her Father neither saw nor heard of.

*Cl.* Then now I am sure Sir, you would gladly pardon  
The rash attempt of *Aphron*, for your Daughter,  
Since fortune hath joyn'd both of you by kindred.

*Dem.* Most willingly.

*Spo.* I, I, alas! 'twas love.

*Flo.* Where should we find him out?

*Cl.* I'll save that labour. [Exit Clarina.]

*Cal.* Where's *Hylace*, pray Shepherd? and the rest  
Of my good Sylvan friends? methinks I would  
Fain take my leave of them.

*Æg.* I'll fetch them hither.

They're not far off, and if you please to help

The match betwixt *Hylace* and *Palamon*,

'Twould be a good deed, I'll go fetch them. [Exit.]

Enter *Aphron*, *Clarina*.

*Aph.* Ha! whither have you led me *Clarina*?

Some steepy mountain bury me alive,

Or rock intomb me in its stony entrails,

Whom do I see?

*Cl.* Why do you stare, my *Aphron*?

They have forgiven all.

*Dem.* Come, *Aphron*, welcome,

We have forgot the wrong you did my Daughter,

The name of love hath cover'd all; this is

A joyful day, and sacred to great *Hymen*

'Twere sin not to be friends with all men now.

*Spo.* Methinks, I have much ado to forgive the

rascal.

[Aside.]

*Aph.* I know not what to say; do you all pardon me?

I have done wrong to ye all, yea, to all those

That have a share in vertue. Can ye pardon me?

*All.* Most willingly.

*Aph.* Do you say so, fair Virgin?

You I have injur'd most: with love,

With saucy love, which I henceforth recal,

And will look on you with an adoration,

Not with desire hereafter; tell me, pray,

Doth any man yet call you his?

*Cal.*

*Cal.* Yes; *Philistus*.

*Aph.* I congratulate it, Sir.

The Gods make ye both happy: fool, as I am;  
You are at the height already of felicity,  
To which there's nothing can be added now,  
But perpetuity; you shall not find me  
Your rival any more, though I confess  
I honor her, and will for ever do so.

*Clariana*, I am so much unworthy  
Of thy love. That —

*Cl.* Go no farther. Sir. 'tis I should say so  
Of my own self.

*Phil'* How Sister? are you two so near upon a match?

*Aph.* In our hearts Sir,

We are already joyn'd, it may be though  
You will be loth to have unhappy *Aphron*,  
Stile you his Brother?

*Phil.* No Sirr, if you both  
Agree, to me it shall not be unwelcome.  
Why here's a day indeed; sure *Hymen* now  
Means to spend all his torches.

*Dem.* 'Tis my Son Sir,  
Now come from travel, and your Brother now.

*Aph.* I understand not.

*Dem.* Had you not a Sister?

*Aph.* I had Sir; but where now she is none knows,  
Besides the Gods.

*Dem.* Is't not about some fifteen years ago  
Since that the Nurse scap'd with her from the hands  
Of Turkish Pyrats that beset the house?

*Aph.* It is Sir.

*Dem.* Your Sister lives then, and is married  
Now to *Florellus*; this is she, you shall be  
Inform'd of all the circumstances anon.

*Aph.* 'Tis impossible  
I shall be made too happy on the sudden.  
My Sister found, and *Clariana* mine!

Come not to thick good joys, you will oppress me.

Enter *Melarnus*, *Truga*, *Agon*, *Hylace*, *Palamon*.

*Cal.* Shepherds you're welcome all; though I have lost  
You

Your good society, I hope I shall not  
Your friendship, and best wishes.

Æg. Nay, here's wonders;  
Now *Callidorus* is found out a woman,  
*Bellula* not my Daughter, and is married  
To yonder Gentleman, for which I intend  
To do in earnest what before I jested,  
To adopt *Palamon* for my heir.

Mel. Ha, ha, ha!

Come it's no matter for that; do you think  
To cheat me once again with your fine tricks?  
No matter for that neither. Ha, ha, ha!

Alas! she's married to *Dametas*.

Æg. Nay, that was your plot *Melarnus*  
Imet with him, and he denies it to me. (*Callidora*.)

Hyl. Henceforth I must not love, but honor you—to

Æg. By all the Gods I will.

Tru. He will, he will; Duck.

Mel. Of every thing?

Æg. Of every thing; I call

These Gentlemen to witness here, that since  
I have no child to care for; I will make  
*Palamon* heir to those small means the Gods  
Have blest me with, if he do marry *Hylace*.

Mel. Come it's no matter for that, I scarce believe you.

Dem. We'll be his sureties.

Mel. *Hylace*

What think you of *Palamon*? can you love him?

H'as our consents, but it's no matter for that,

If he do please you, speak, or now, or never.

Hyl. Why do I doubt fond Girl? she's now a woman.

Mel. No matter for that, what you do, do quickly,

Hyl. My duty binds me not to be averse

To what likes you.——

Mel. Why take her then *Palamon*; she's yours for ever.

Pal. With far more joy

Than I would do the Wealth of both the *Indies*:

Thou art above a Father to me, *Ægon*.

We are freed from misery with sense of joy,

We are not born so; oh! my *Hylace*,

It is my comfort now that thou wert hard,  
And cruel till this day, delights are sweetest.  
When poisoned with the trouble to attain them.

*Enter Alupis.*

*For 'tis but a folly, &c.*

By your leave, I come to seek woman,  
That hath out-lived the memory of her youth,  
With skin as black as her teeth, if she have any,  
With a face would fright the Constable and his Watch  
Out of their wits (and that's easily done you'll say) if  
they should meet her at midnight.

O! are you there? I thought I smelt you somewhere;  
Come hither my she Nest, pretty *Truga*,  
Come hither, my sweet Duck.

*Tru.* Why? are you not ashamed to abuse me thus,  
Before this company?

*Alu.* I have something more;  
I come to shew the Ring before them all;  
How durst you thus betray us to *Melarnus*?

*Tru.* 'Tis false, 'twas *Hylace* that over-heard you;  
She told me so; but they are married now.

*Alu.* What do you think to flamm me? why do! here's  
news.

*Pal.* *Alupis* art thou there? forgive my anger,  
I am the happiest man alive, *Alupis*,  
*Hylace* is mine, here are more wonders too,  
Thou shalt know all anon.

*Tru.* *Alupis*, give me.

*Alu.* Well, rather than be troubled.

*Æg.* *Alupis* welcome, now w'are friends I hope?  
Give me your hand.

*Mel.* And me.

*Alu.* With all my heart,  
I'm glad to see ye have learn'd more wit at last.

*Cal.* This is the Shepherd, Father, to whose care  
I owe for many favours in the Woods,  
You're welcome heartily; here's every body  
Pair'd off a sudden; when shall's see you married?

*Alu.* Me? when there are no ropes to hang my self,  
No rocks to breack my neck down; I abhor



to live in a perpetual Belfary;  
 never could abide to have a Master.  
 much less a Mistris, and I wil not marry,  
 because, *I'll sing away the day,*

*For 'tis but a folly to be melancholly,  
 I'll be merry whilst I may.*

*Phil.* You're welcome all, and I desire you all  
 to be my guests to day; a Wedding dinner,  
 such as the sudden can afford, we'll have,  
 Come will ye walk in Gentlemen?

*Dem.* Yes, yes,  
 What crosses have ye born before ye joyn'd!  
 What seas pass'd through before ye toucht the port?  
 Thus Lovers do, e're they are crown'd by Fates  
 With Palm, the tree their patience imitates.

F I N I S.

# EPILOGUE

Spoken by *ALUPIS*.

**T**HE *Author* bid me tell you — 'faith, I have  
Forgot what 'twas; and I'm a very slave  
If I know what to say; but only this,  
Be merry, that my Counsel always is.  
Let no grave man knit up his brow, and say  
'Tis foolish: why? 'twas a Boy made the Play.  
Nor any yet of those that sit behind,  
Because he goes in Plush, be of his mind.  
Let none his Time, or his spent Money grieve,  
Be merry; give me your hands, and I'll believe.  
Or if you will not, I'll go in, and see,  
If I can turn the *Author's* mind, with me  
To sing away the day,  
For 'tis but a folly  
To be melancholly,  
Since that can't mend the Play:

# NAUFRAGIUM

JOCULARE:

Comœdia,

Publice coram ACADEMICIS Acta, in  
Collegio S S. & individuae Trinitatis.

4<sup>o</sup>. Nonas Febr. Ann. Dom. 1638.

Authore *Abrahamo Cowley*.

Mart. — *Non displicuisse meretur  
Festinat, Lector, qui placuisse tibi.*



L O N D I N I:

Typis M. C. veneunt apud C. Harper, & J. Tonson.  
MDCLXXXII.

De

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Doctissimo, Gravissimoque Viro  
Domino D. C O M B E R,

Decano *Carleolensi* colendissimo, & Collegii S. S. &  
individuae *Trinitatis*, Magistro vigilantissimo.

**S**iste gradum: quonam temeraria pagina tendis,  
Aurata nimium facta superba togâ?  
Subdita Virgifero te volvat turba Tyranno;  
Et tamen, ah, nucibus ludere pluris erit.  
I, pere, sollicitos quos rædia docta Scholarum,  
Et Logicæ pugno carmina scripta tenent.  
Post Ca. vel Hip. Qualis? ne. vel. af. un. Quanta? par. in. fut.  
Destruit E dictum, destruit Ique modum.  
Tum Tu grata aderis, tum blandius ore sonabis:  
*Setonus*, dicent, quid velit iste sibi?  
I, pete Caussidicos: poteris sic culta videri,  
Et bene Romanis fundere verba modis.  
Fallo: post Ignoratum gens cautior ille est;  
Et didicit Musas, Granta, timere tuas.  
I, pete Lectorem nullum; sic salva latebis;  
Et poteris Criticas spernere tuta manus.  
Limine ab hoc caveas: Procul ô, procul ito profana.  
Dissimile hic Domino nil decet esse suo.  
Ille sacri calamo referat mysteria verbi,  
Non alia illius sancta lucerna videt.  
Talis Altari trepidat Fax panè timenda,  
Et flavum attollit sic reverenda caput.  
At scio, quid dices: Nostros Academia lusus  
Spectavit; nugæ tum placuere meæ.  
Pagina stulta nimis! Granta est Hic altera solus;  
Vel Granta ipsius non Caput, at Cerebrum.  
Sed si Authore tuo, pergas, audacior, ire:  
(Audacem quemvis candidus ille facit.)  
Accedas tanquam ad Numen formidine blandâ  
Tristis, & hæc illi paucula metra refer.

Sub vestro auspicio natum bonus accipe carmen,  
Viventi auspiciū quod sibi veller idem.  
Non peto, ut ista probes; tantum, Puerilia, dicas,  
Sunt, fateor; Puerum sed satis illa decent.  
Collegii nam qui nostri dedit ista Scholaris,  
Si Socius tandem sit, meliora dabit.

*Vestri favoris studiosissimus,*

A. Cowley.

## Ad Lectorem.

**N**ON sum nescius quanto cum periculo, eman-  
in vulgus hanc fabulam passus sim; tantum in-  
terest Spectator, an Lector sis Comædia  
quamvis amicus, adeo ut misellum hoc opus, quod satis  
ex se deforme est, pulchritudinem suam amittere neces-  
sit, quam illi Lucernæ, Vestes, Actor, nobilissimi  
Frequentia addiderunt. Sed hoc cum cæteris commune  
illud nostræ proprium est, quod plurimis in locis, eisque  
qui, nescio quo fato, maximò placuerunt, ne intelligi  
quidem, nisi à quibusdam possit, ut in Morionis  
Gelasini partibus, præcipuè verò cum aperitur Schola  
ita ut huic libro accidat, quod solet ignobilibus, qui, nesci  
in civitate suâ ubique ignorantur, ita nascuntur Calen-  
darii similes in usum unius tantum regionis. Sed volun-  
tati amicorum satisfaciendum est, non timori meo; quod  
effecit benevolentia illa, quâ priores meas nugas, quod  
veluti vagitus Poeticos (nam (proh pudor!) panem à  
infantiâ nugatus sum) excepisti, ut Ingrati crime-  
subeam, si tibi nequem lusum meos; Immemoris si forme  
dem. Aliquis autem dicat vir gravissimus (& fortassis  
etiam dixit) Eône impudentiæ ventum est ut homo  
adhuc Academicus, Comædiam doceat? Quod numquam  
quam quisquam eâ ætate aggressus est, idne sibi arrogans  
insolens puer? Egone tale quid in me admisi? Quod  
crimen quidem sit, illius invidia nunquam tanti erit  
ut huic saltem crimini expurgationem aliquam parem  
Nam Tibi, Amice Lector, si audacia nostra placuit  
Ego vel iterum tui causâ tam insolens fierem.

Vale.

Scen

# Scena Dunkerka.

## Dramatis Personæ.

C Nomicus,	Tutor Gel. & Mor.
J Gelasimus,	Hæres dives, amicus Morionis
lorion,	Supposititius filius Polypori.
inon,	Illorum servus.
Bombardomachides,	Miles.
Eucomissa,	Filia Bombardom.
Ægle,	Captiva Bombard. Æmylio- nis foror.
secas,	Ancilla Eucomissæ.
Æmylio,	Captivus Bomb. filius Poly- pori.
Calliphanes, p.	Senex.
Calliphancs, F.	Ejus filius, Ægles amasius.
Polyporus,	Mercator Anglus.
Academicus 1.	
Academicus 2.	
Mulier.	
Bajuli 2.	
Personæ mutæ.	
Lorarii 2	
Bajulus.	
Exorcista.	

# PROLOGUS.

**E**xi foras inepte; nullamne habebunt his Comædiam?  
Exi, inquam, inepte: aut incipiam ego cum Epilogo.  
Tun' jam Sophista junior, & modestus adhuc?  
Ego nihil possum, præter quod cæteri solent,  
Salvete cives Attici, & corona florentissima.  
Sed cedo mihi pileum, si necesse est istud agere.  
Utinam illum videretis, plus hoc spectaculo  
Risuros vosmet credo, quam totâ in Comædiâ.  
Jam nunc per rimam aliquam ad vos omnes adspicit.  
Nisi placide intueamini, actum est de Puerio.  
Tragædia isthac fiet, & Naufragium verum.  
Dicturus modo Prologum, Novi, inquit, peccatum meum,  
Prodire, nisi personatus, in hanc frequentiam  
Non audet, & plus suâ rubescit purpurâ.  
Illius ergo causâ, finite exorator siem  
Ut nequus Poëta vitio vortat novitio,  
Quodque non solet fieri, insolentiam putet.  
Nisi fari incaptaverit, nemo est futurus eloquens.  
Qui modò pulpitem fortius, aut Scenam concutit,  
Aliquando balbutivit ac timuit loqui.  
Neque annos novem poscite, non est, Spectatores optimi,  
Adultæ res, sed puerilis, Ludere.  
Vetus Poëta Comico cessit in convitium.  
Quis suum dieculæ invidet crepusculum?  
Quis viola, quod primo oritur, extinguit purpuram?  
Favete & huic Flori, ne tanquam Solstitialis Herbula  
Repente exortus, repentinò occidat.



# Naufragium Joculare: COMOEDIA.

## ACTUS PRIMUS.

### Scenæ Prima.

*Dinon.*

[*Celeusmainus.*]

Quidem adaptantur humeris onera, huc me actutum  
Sequimini: Ego vobis prospiciam; nimium hi nautæ  
terrestant picem manibus: Mirum hercle est quin malo  
aveant, tam propinqui funibus. Qui suum quotidie fatum  
quasi accurate complicant. Ut clamarunt modo! Susur-  
rare præ his *Tempestatem* diceres. Gratias habeo quod abs-  
esse, & his suis nos amiserit mare. Utrumque est æque tur-  
bulentum, & ad adspectum utriusque vomeres. Itaque  
incolumem hic te videre, serio lator, *Dinon*: *Polyporus*  
huic me misit *Herus*, cum Filio simul Ejusque sodali, ut  
euntibus servirem peregrè, Quorum alter, naturâ bar-  
dus, nihil ultrà quæritat, Alter & industriam addidit, uti  
insaniret strenuè. Hos ducit quasi *Tutor* eorum *Gnomicus*,  
ita homo, Qui, recte si saperent stultos eis annum redde-  
ret, Nil extra carmina, atque sententias loquitur carnifex:  
Vix soleas, nisi ex *Virgilio* poscet, ita poëtâ abutitur. Hem  
*Dinon*, viutū homini stulto auscultare mihi? Succentuti  
jam nunc gnaviter in corde Sycophantias: Nam si bolus  
iste tantus eripiatur ex faucibus, Numquam iterum occa-  
sio dabitur, fortunatus ut sis. Ignota regio; heri stolidi,  
ac divites: tum ego, *Dinon*. Plenus fallaciæ servus, & pe-  
cuniæ indigens. Næ Oves commisit lupo, hos mihi qui  
concredidit. Atque; eccos ipsos de navi; eccum autem  
*Gnomicum*; Ut magnifice infert sese! gradiri *Iambum*  
crederes, Concedam istuc: hem Bajuli, an dormitis super  
farcinas?

## Scena Secunda.

Gnomicus. Marion. Gelasimus. Dinon,

*Gno.* Quod fœlix faustumque sit (quâ formulâ delectabantur Veteres) Egressi optatâ Troës potiuntur arenâ. Ne à Virgilio nostro poëtarum omnium facile principe, Quem ego honoris causâ nomino, transversum digitum, Aut unguen latum excedamus, ut pulchre in proverbio.

*Mor.* Tutor, gratulor tibi hunc adventum meum.

*Gn.* Dixisses potiustuum, Nam hoc esset more Aulico.

*Mor.* Imò utrûmque mi Tutor Gnomice,

[*Dinon Bajuli.*]

Quem ego honoris causâ nomino; sed quænam est hæc Regio? Nam mihi non magis nota est de facie, quam si esset, Terra incognita.

*Din.* Adsunt *Bajuli* cum sarcinulis.

*Ba.* Quo portamus Domine?

*Din.* Ad tabernam proximam diversoriam, ego censendam locum.

*Gno.* Quin *Bajuli* edico vobis, quod Simo senex in Comœdiâ, Vos isthæc intrò auferte; abite; *Dinon*, sequere; Non, paucis te volo.

*Mor.* *Dinon*, st; ego paucis te volo. Memento de vino bono.

*Din.* Here factum puta, Nam nihil mihi potius est, quam in hæc re animo tuo obsequi.

*Mor.* St! *Bajuli*! quin dico, sistite vos mihi *Bajuli*.

*Baj.* Quid est quod nos velis?

*Mor.* Cavete de sarcinulis, Ne quassæ sint vehementer aut jactæ in terram fortiter.

*Baj.* Nûmnam insunt vitra?

*Mor.* Non, non, non, sed nolo aurum nimis premi. Ne forte imago regia aliquid detrimenti capiat, Et læsæ Majestatis reus fiam; sat sapio mihi, diis gratias.

Exeunt *Dinon Bajuli*.

*Gn.* Pish, verbum sapienti sat est: norunt quid velis; abite. Audin' læritiam naturarum! ferit aurea sydera clamor.

Celestina intus.

Mo.

*Mo.* O musicos homines! utinam ego essem navita.  
Vix me abstineo, quin clamem. [Clamat.

*Gelasime*, quid tu tristis es?

*Gn.* Quid frõtem, ut dicam Metaphoricè, caperas  
*Gelasime*?

*Gel.* Egon' tristis? non; meditabar tantùm de naturâ  
maris. Cur Dii Dæque malefaciant omnes, nunquam  
navigabò postea. Nam nihil navigatione magis incom-  
modum est ingenio bono. Adeo non potui modo unum  
locum exprimere, quem dicerem *Bajulis*. At antequam  
conscendi navim solebant vel invito mihi effluere, Doni-  
cum omnes dicerent, fatis, fatis, fatis, est.

*Gn.* *Gelasime*, ut arridet tibi Navigatio tua? quid jam  
de mari?

*Gel.* Amara res est oh! benè est, quod me ipsum colligo;  
Hic primus jocus est quem dixi in his regionibus, Et est  
tantum parvus jocus, meliores certè soleo. Adeste æquo  
animo, & meliores audietis postea.

*Mor.* Hei ho! ô hime!

*Gno.* Quid est *Morion*? cur imo gemitum de pectore  
ducis? Secundum poetam.

*Mo.* Totus contremisco cum de rebellante meo sto-  
macho cogitem, O jentaculum illud, quod ego de tabu-  
latis totum evomui! O ova! ô vinum! oh fumen! hæc  
omnia infælix perdidit. Obsonavi piscibus largiter.

*Gn.* Quis talia fando Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut  
duri miles Ulyssi (euphoniæ gratia) Temperet à lacrymîs?  
video certe rectè dici à veteribus:

*Πῶς ἴδωρ, πόσι, καὶ ἄνθρωποι.*

Sive ut ego juvenis in Pentametrum Latinum transtuli.  
Sunt tria mala viris? Ignis, Aqua, Mulier.

*Mo.* Præterea, Tutor, aliquid aliud certe, me nimis  
male habuit, Nam cum, ex alto terram procul prospexi-  
mus: Continud ut nos proprius accessimus, illa aufugit  
longulè! Idque ita ego observavi ipse.

*Gno.* Vides ergo, quod Post nubem Phœbus, Dulcia non  
meruit qui non gustavit amara: Multa diuque tuli: Diffi-  
cilia quæ pulchra! Per varios casus per tot discrimina re-  
rum Tendimus in Latium. Plurimaque alia commode à  
veteribus dicta sunt in hanc sententiam.

*Gel.* Omittis, *Morion*, tempestatem reminisci.

*Mor.* Rectè mones: Nunquam tam malè metui ne ad cœlum irem ingratiis.

*Gno.* Jam-jam tacturos sidera summa putes. Sed ehotu, adeon' vero metuis *ὑποθήκην*?

*Mor.* Quidni metuam? Nolo tam durum in me dici quicquam vocabulum: *ὑποθήκην*?

*Gel.* Ego meherculè tunc temporis guttam non habui sanguinis, Præ timore, ne sub Ponti Marmore sepultura nobis fieret. Intelligis Tutor? ambiguum id verbum est: ludo in τῷ Marmore. Numnam auditis hoc; stabo promissis meis si attenditis.

*Mo.* Dii te perdant, adeò in omni sermone facetus es.

*Gel.* Ain' vero? tune maledicis ingenio meo?

*Mo.* Quidni? quæso annon ad hæreditatem nati sumus? Tun' Filius natu maximus doctis dictis animam applicas? Vitium, Gelasime, vitium est.

*Gno.* Quid est adolescentes? revocate animos, mæstumque timorem Mittite, nam jam in vado sumus, cum Pro-verbio.

*Mo.* Obsecro te atque etiam oro uti ne revortamur domum. Nam oppido mihi arridet hujus loci facies.

*Gno.* Potin' igitur Ut sustineas animum si nunquam patrem sis visurus denuo?

*Mo.* Hercle vero satin' mihi exciderat Pater de memoriâ? Perquam molesta res est Patet, sed nisi fallor non semper vivunt senes.

*Gela.* Video me frustra esse: necesse est ut revocem ad me fugitivum meum ingenium.

*Mor.* Nimis diu hercle est, ex quo ego ebrius fui. Atque adeo annus videtur, donicum in hac regione probe madeam.

*Gela.* Tutor, cedo, quid faciendum est jam nunc: petimusne diverforium? Ibi que omnem hanc ex animo eximimus lassitudinem?

*Mor.* Imo illic bibamus strenue.

*Gel.* Rectè, & postilla faciam carmina.

*Mor.* Atque ego dormiam.

*Gno.* Faciesne adolescens carmina? At non constabunt tibi Pedes posteaquàm strenuè biberis. Intellexit

*Gela.*



Gelassime, quod velim per Pedes annon?

*Gela.* Ha, ha, he, Eugepæ! obis luc te dictum amo plurimum. At nisi eripuisses ex ore mihi, equidem prævortissem te, Et certè Magnus jocus est: donabo hunc pugillaribus, Carmina — tibi pedes — biberis — Ha, ha, ha, he. [scribit.]

*Mor.* Næ istos omnes jocos dii perdant: nam ante hoc temporis Madere potuisssem, nisi quod diem male amisimus.

*Gno.* Eamus igitur; nam scriptum in poetâ invenimus, Ennius ipse Pater nunquam nisi potus ad arma prosiluit dicenda; Ubi Pater, quia erat primus; Arma, Metaphorice & alio loco, Fœcundi calices Quem non fecere Poëtam?

*Gela.* Pulcherrimè! Quem non fecere Poëtam!

*Mor.* Si me certe facere possent, nunquam vel pitissarem postea. Poëtam! vah! sumne ego Filius Polipori natu maximus?

*Gno.* Bene habet: jam vos instituam optimis secundum hunc locum atque ætatem moribus. Docebo peregrinandi artem, atque edicam Formulas, Persuadendi, deridendi, atque adoriendi homines: Donec omnes mortales vos admirentur æque ac me. Sed prius intrò eamus, nam melius hanc rem præstabimus Impleti veteris Bacchi, pinguisque ferinæ.

*Mor.* Longè hercle melius.

[Exeunt.]

*Scena Tertia.*

*Æmylio.*

*Æm.* Enimvero ego jam nunc incedo vir ornatissimus, Meque ipse dum contemplor magis, continuò in mentem venit, Hominum catenulis suspensorum jamdiu in viâ regiâ: Næ illi vestitu solent esse ad istam planè faciem. Neutiquam hoc placet omen: quanquam si eveniat, hoc volupe est mihi Quod hisce ego vestibis commodare non possim carnifici. Nolo ille homo per me dite scat: sed interea temporis Dii vestram fidem! quid mihi faciundum est misero? Num fiam (qui hic rara avis est) Philosophus denuo?

denuo ? Qui possim, nisi forte Cynicus, adeò oblatrat stomachus ? Num impendam operam foro, ac contorquendis Legibus ? At malum herclè omen est auspicari id studium, in Formâ Pauperis. Dicet aliquis, bono ingenio es: adjuuge animum Poëticæ : Quamobrem vero ? adeone parum inops sum, ut fiam magis ? Nam hæc recta via est ad egestatem: præterea frustra hoc sperat animus, Numquam ego evadam Literatus homo, sat scio, Unam de me ipso nisi si Literam longam faciam. Quid igitur agere institui ? nam agendum esse aliquid id venter admonet: Et Plurimum præstat manu meâ, quam Laborare in hunc modum fame : Quanquam cum magis cogito, quid est, opera quod conficiat mea ? Nisi si ad abigendos Corvos memet Hortulano collocem. Quod præstare optimè poteram cum ornatu hoc formidolosissimo. At non est, uti nimium properem properare ad id muneris, Nam, velim nolim, sat citò ad Corvos eundum est mihi. Lubet me hercule suscipere meam veterem denuo provinciam. Aliqui intendenda est in aliquem fallacia: hoc fixum maneat.

*Scena Quarta.**Æmylio, Dinon.*

*Æm.* Sed quis hic homo est, qui sermonem nostrum arbitratur Ex adversâ plateâ ? Quantum ex vultu colligo eodem laborat morbo, quo ego Et multi magni viri laborarunt.

*Din.* Herus meus *Morion* cum *Tutore Gnomico*, Eiusdem farinae homine & *Gelasimo* æquali suo Benè intus potat, ibi illi tres conveniunt optime Hos ego nisi emungam aliqui pecuniâ, Sumne ipse stultus istorum multò maximus ? Nam heri *Poliporus* pater adprime dives est, Nescit, quid faciat auro ; at ego quid faciam scio.

*Æm.* *Ædepol* servum graphicum ! ex amussim sententiam meam Locutus est adeò : hunc mihi notum esse operavit. Nam idem sentimus ambo, quod est in propinqua parte amicitiae.

*Din.* Age *Dinon*.*Æm.* Oh, idne tibi nomen est ?*Din.*

*Din.* Nunc specimen specitur *Dinon* ingenii tui, Nisi aliquam fabricam facias, non causam dico, Quin omnes te uno ore prædicent servum minimi pretii.

*Æm.* A me non impetro herclè, ut abstineam diutius, Ita hominem amo perditè. *Dinon*, salve, Gaudeo sanè, quandoquidem huc salvus veneris, Valuisti' usque?

*Din.* Quænam hæc larva est? Quantum de veste con-  
jecto hic stipem petit; Oh! scio quid dicturus: Miles sum,  
potitus hostium, Occisus jam bis in bello, confossus  
millies &c. Parcas labori tuo: nihil do: benè vale.

*Æm.* Quasi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte has nu-  
gas, *Dinon*. Ubi est Herustuus? pulchre os sublinemus  
homini.

*Din.* Quid (malum) vis tibi? tun' herum nosti meum?

*Æm.* Tanquam te. *Din.* Ita sentio.

*Æm.* Non novi fungum illum? Bardum, Baronem,  
stipitem, asinum, ovem? Quem tondebimus auro hodiè  
usque ad vivam cutem.

*Din.* Hic pol herum meum (quicquid id est) suo ap-  
pellat nomine. Jurares novisse hominem, ita depinxit  
probè. Quoniam verò tam familiaris es; facito ut sciam,  
Quod nomen tibi sit amico atque necessario meo.

*Æm.* Quasi vero oblivisci potis sis, facetus es, *Dinon*.  
[Amplectitur.]

*Din.* Non non, quæso move te abs me longius, nam  
licet te amem, Memini me semper odisse servulos tuos,  
nihili bestias.

*Æm.* Quos servulos memoras? Ego meos reliqui  
domi.

*Din.* Nempe à tergo sunt, funguntur officio suo, Nam  
tu, tanquam alter Beas, omnes tuos tecum portas.

*Æm.* Ah nequam! idem es, video, qui fuisti prius. A  
puero te novi, semper mordebas aliquem.

*Din.* Egon' mordebam verò? id servuli faciunt tui.

*Æm.* Non est ut ab illis timeas, *Dinon*, licet confitear,  
Me festas meas vestes non induisse hodie. Cogitabam do-  
mi me mansurum, sed quid refert? Omnes me norunt,  
non est uti laborem de vestitu.

*Din.* Falsum: ego te non novi, Diis gratias, Sed, restè,  
mi vetus amice, adeò ornatum negligis, Nam virtute

formæ evenit, te, ut, quicquid habeas, deceat. Sed si tenebris fortè surgeres, diligentia opus est Ne induas subligacula in diploidis loco, Adeo difficile est utrumque in te distinguere.

*Æm.* Æstive tectus sum de industria; sudor me enecat.

*Din.* Consilium dabo, amice, si me audias, per bonum, In rem tuam esse arbitror, ut moriaris quam primum poteris; Nam tunc te, Ædiles forsitan ad sepulturam duint, Et, quod anno non fecisti, obvolutus jacebis linteo.

*Æm.* Nolo obsonare vermes.

*Din.* Quàm pediculos satius est. Obsecro Amice, quo avolavit collare, & subucula? Ne tantillum quidem usquequaque gerit linteus Quod digitum tegat, si eum casu vulneret.

*Æm.* Lotrix habet, quid tua?

*Din.* Iste galerus jam cribrum est. Revereri me necesse est; operire non potes caput.

*Æm.* Admitti solem volo: quæso an id invides?

*Din.* Nunquam antea oculis vidi meis ambulare sterquilinum.

*Æm.* Nunquid dignum habes familiarem ludo ludere? Si serio faceres —

*Din.* Quid tum?

*Æm.* Acciperem joco.

*Din.* Ædepol hominem per paucorum hominum! ingenium per placet. Sed negotiosum me decet esse aliis negotiis. Vale, bone vir, cum revocârim in memoriam quis, revortar tibi.

*Æm.* Obsecro, num amicum deferis? quid faciam?

*Din.* Te ipsum pensilem.

*Æm.* Da igitur drachmam, non placet ita prodigere de meo. Quin morare, verbo expediam quid est quod te velim. In Morionem herum tuum tragulam injicere Animum induxisti, ne nega; inducti, scio. Hanc si devolveras mihi met provinciam, Ita argento illum circumvortam consutis dolis, Ut revera me dicas postea necessarium tuum. Miles hanc domum nostræ commisit fidei Servandam in reditum suum *Bombardomachides*. Peropportunos istic locus est, tum autem ego (Dimidium mearum laudum



dum prætereo præ modestiâ,) Ita retexo omnes mortales, quemque præhendero, Ut oppidò se tactos credant modo si conspexerim.

*Din.* Ut loquitur, ne crumena pertunsa sit, mihi valide cautio' est. Nimio fuit familiaris.

*Æm.* Idem à te caveo *Dinon*, Nam prope adstitisti: salva res, nihil nactus es.

*Din.* Dii me amant, quandoquidem hunc hominem objecerunt mihi, nunc aggrediar facinus auspicio liquido. Nam cum isthoc comite vel ipsi Mercurio verba darem, Ita omnes articulos callet Sycophantiæ. Quod nomen tibi dicam esse? *Æm. Æmylion.*

*Din.* Tum bone *Æmylio* da mihi manum, conditionem accipio. Dabin' verò jusjurandum te fidelem fore?

*Æm.* Do deos testes tibi: quæso cui mortalium Præstanda est, fidem si inter nosmet frangimus? Sed moram dictis creas, dic qui sint homines, Unde, quid veniant, nam adibo, quasi ætatem nossem. It dies, & nondum pecuniæ injicio ungulas.

*Din.* In viâ tibi dicam omnia: sed cum istoccine Ornatum, mi *Æmylio*?

*Æm.* Pish, potin' ut quiescas? Annon vestitus tibi videor fatis basilice?

*Din.* Ut voles, esto: satin' ex improvviso tandem Amicitia tanta iecta est?

*Æm.* Meus bonus Genius!

*Din.* Meus alter idem! *Æm.* Meus Pilades!

*Din.* Orestes meus!

*Æm.* Meus — *Deos δὲ τοῦ μνηστῆρος?*

*Din.* Mitte tricas, I præ sequar.

*Æm.* Quasi essem tam malè moratus, mi Pilades? Peregrino semper —

*Din.* Vis audeo te à tergo relinquere. Tibi herclè locum cedo, tu nebulo major es.

*Æm.* Eamus ergò simul, mea commoditas.

*Din.* Mea opportunitas, eamus. [Exeunt.]

## Scena Quinta.

Gnomichus, Gelasimus, Morion, Puer.

*Gn.* Uti in primo Actu Menæchmi, Scenâ secundâ dicitur Sepulchrum habeamus, & hunc comburamus diem. Eugè Plautus, ἀπὸ τοῦ πλατῶς dictus! sic Horatius Diem condere, & τὸ ποιητῆς Latii per excellentiam, Jamque diem clauso componit vesper Olympo.

*Gel.* An dies mortua est? ha, ha, ha, ha, an inquam dies mortua est Tutor?

*Mor.* Moriatur sanè, aut suspendat se, si volt. *Puer,* cedo vinum. Hum — nullumne magi' vetus?

*Pu.* Illicò, Illicò. [bibit.]  
Nullus est in totâ urbe qui tibi melius præbeat, Si ejus frater esses.

*Mor.* Frater, carnifex? Non sum ego Polyporo unicus? sed periculum faciam, — [bibit.]

*Pu.* Ut scintillulat, quasi —

*Mor.* Scintillulat? videam Fortassis hoc præstat — certè scintillat probè. [bibit.]

Quid (malum) an captas pedes meos?

*Pu.* Egon' Domine?

*Mor.* Dimidiatum tibi cyathum nunquam Tutor, porrigam. Moratus sum melius — da Tutori, *Puer.* [bibit.]

*Pu.* Illico, illico, inquam, non possum esse hic & illic simul.

*Gel.* Obstupefaciam jam ego puerum ingenio meo. Adi sis.

*Pu.* Maxime.

*Gel.* Adestum verò Minime. Ut verbum retorqueo? quid agis Minime?

*Pu.* Vides.

*Gel.* Ita nimio exiguus fueras, ut vix hercle poteram.

*Pu.* Illico, illico, jam venio, jam, jam, vinum ocysus in Coronam.

*Gel.* Avolavit: unico planè dicto occidi hominem. Ita omnes quibuscum loquor semper mactō infortunio. Hominem

minem tetigi joci quarto Nonas Februarii sub signo Rosæ. [Scribit.]

*Gno.* Ah parcas irridere illum *Gelasime*. Ingenui vultus puer est, ingenuique pudoris. Adi sis propius : quid oculos defigis adeo ? attollas caput, Nescis derivari *ἀνδρὶ σπουδαίῳ* *ὅτι τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἀσπείν* ? Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram, Os homini sublime dedit, cœlumque tueri Jussit, & erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.

*Gel.* Non quit respondere: ita joco interfeci modò. *Euge Gelasime*, nunquam commutatus clues.

*Mor.* Puer pete ocyus vinum : quid horas bonas perdimus ?

*Gno.* Audin' ? sit Coum, Massicum, vel Leucadium, Falernum, Lesbium, Cœcubum, atque audia' ? ne sit Aut Vaticanum, aut Vejentanum, aut Laletanum cave, Namque hæc in aliam partem accepta apud Authores legimus.

*Pu.* Factum puta : Vinum ocyus in Rosam.

*Mo.* Puer revertere sis : Fac poculum teipso majus uti simul afferas. Nam pro vitello ovi ebibere te ex cyatho poteram.

*Scena Sexta.*

*Æmylio, iisdem.*

*Pu.* Quo pergis bone vir ? nolunt hic fidicinem : Abi cum cantuunculis novis.

*Æm.* Ain' Nanule, Ramentum ! Triental hominis ! Naturæ avaritia ! Non licet amicos alioqui ?

*Pu.* Amicos tuos ? In popinâ cæcâ quærites : vinum non bibunt, Nisi fortè in Principis natali cum ex canali-bus funditur.

*Æm.* Quin abi in malam rem furciferule. —

*Pu.* Illico ; illico. [Exit.]

*Æm.* Salvare vos plurimùm jubet amicus voster vetus : Et vivos valentesque huc advenisse id volupe est mihi. Facit hoc fortassè vestis insolentia Ut fugiat vos memoria qui sim.

*Gel.* Non multum falleris ;

*Gno.*

*Gno.* Rem acu tetigisti, nam sic melius dictum reor.

*Æm.* At vestrum ego & memini, & semper faciam ut meminero. Nam Morionis patri *Polyporo* jam olim summus fui, Postquam peregrè advenientem hospitio me exceperat.

*Gno.* Næ bonâ memoria es: didicisse artem, arbitror, Quam (referente Cicerone) invenisse dicitur *Simonides*.

*Æm.* *Gelasime* salve (Dii faciant ne falsus sim) salve *Morion*.

*Mor.* Ego non magis te novi quam Hominem in Lunâ. Sed si vis, salve.

*Gel.* Hunc etiam hominem ludos faciam. Nunquid vestes etiam tuæ (ha, ha, he,) abierunt peregrè?

*Æm.* Modò admodum ex bello redii, commutare non licuit. Ita vos ut audiavi advenisse properavi visere.

*Gel.* Ædepol vestes malas! an ex bello aufugerunt? An ostenderunt terga? tua terga hic intelligo.

*Æm.* Oh; benè herclè gaudeo quod significaras mihi, Nam illic jocus est, *Gelasime*, antiquum obrines.

*Gel.* Novit me iste proculdubiò, non urgebo amplius, Ha, ha, ha! An ostenderunt terga? Nolo jam coram peregrino, post scribam tamen.

*Æm.* Hanc mihi quam videtis, stragem effecerunt gladii, Tum galerum cernite, eccam tormentorum operam, Annon odor Pyrii pulveris objectu'st naribus?

*Gel.* O bellum quasi minimè bonam! Ibi ego iterum; nunquam cessabo hodie.

*Gno.* Bella per Æmathios plusquam civilia campos, Satin' hic homo excidit mihi de memoriâ? Pudet oblivisci familiaris tam malè, Ne superbum dicat, assimulabo quasi sciam. Incertus sum quis fiet, sed hoc nil refert, Amicus certus in re incertâ cernitur.

*Æm.* Ut valet uxor *Polypori*? ut senectutem fert?

*Gel.* Quasi injuriam Malè; Si centum peregrini adsint Nunquam tamen omittam istoc scribere. [*Scribit.*]

*Gno.* Ohe! jam satis est, nunc salve, amice optime, Dissimulavi per jocum (ut ajunt) quasi non nossem prius.

*Gel.* Nostin' verò, Tutor, seriò? dic nomen obsecro.

*Gn.* Nomen? quasi—versatur mihi in labris primoribus.

*Æm.*



*Æm.* Perii : nomen amisi : oh ! Peripolemarchus est.

*Gno.* Dii boni ! ita est profectò : sæpè obliviscimur Quæ callemus , ut proverbium facetissimè , tanquam digitos.

*Gel.* Certè quodque cum animo cogitem , quasi per nebulam memini Me vidisse illam faciem.

*Mor.* Tum ego memini quoque. Itaque propinabo tibi. Hem ! Peripo — Periplome — Non multum refert , nosti quid velim , tibi præbibo.

*Gno.* Sedeamus omnes , in re omni servanda est *Methodus*. Sic melius carpemus munera *Bacchi*. Clama puerum *Gelasime*.

*Gel.* Non parebit mihi Tutor , ità derisi modò.

*Gno.* Heus puer , ascende ad culmina tecti.

*Pu.* [*Subr.*] Statim venio , Illico.

*Gno.* At citius quam coquuntur asparagi , En , age se-gnes Rumpemoras.

*Æm.* Prædam habeo : salvus sum : tres hosce Asinos Duæ res statim pessundabunt , Ebrietas & Ego. Eho tu ! dum vos hic largiter siccamus cyathos , Jube cytharistria intus nos oblectare. Circumfer tu merum ; da bibere plenis cantharis. A summo incipe.

*Gno.* Peripolemarche , pulchrè admones. Juvat insanire.

*Mor.* Nimio nimis sum sanus diu. St ! Pax ! ho harmo-niam ! ut vibrissat !

[*Cantio.*]

*Gno.* Hem *Morion* clauduntur lumina somno ?

*Mor.* Non , non , non. Sine me esse nihili.

*Gel.* Madet pol *Morion*.

*Mor.* Madeon' *Gelasime* ? An ego madeo , Tutor ? cedo gladium Peripomarchides.

*Gel.* Videon' ego circumfusam illic turbam hominum ? Planè ebrius es *Gelasime* , per Deos immortales ebrius es.

*Gno.* Arma virumque cano Trojæ qui primus ab oris Italiam fato profugus — hic illius arma Hic currus fuit — circumfer merum , carnufex. Multum ille & terris jactatus & alto Vi superum , sævæ memorem — porrige mihi poculum. Amice , benè me , benè te , benè noster Virgilius. Arma virumque cano —

[*Bibit.*]

*Mor.* Benè habet : ego iterum potabo ne me credant ebrium.

[*Supra.*]

*Din.* Horunce hic ego facta & sermones legam. Quam strenuè

streuue Genio indulgent! faxo, si vivam, Plus uti cras lacryment, quam ebiberunt hodiè. Tum nos, si Baccho placet, in hunc modum, hilarem Sumemus diem, atque amœnum: Ebrietatem sitio,

*Æm.* Nisi dissimulem quasi biberem, herclè me exvertent cyathis, Ita properant interire: Dii me beatum volunt.

*Mo.* Ego non sum ebrius *Gelasime*.

*Gel.* Neque ego.

*Mo.* Neque ego.

*Gel.* Benè igitur; salutem tibi.

*Mo.* Enimverò ego sum ingeniosissimus.

*Gel.* At ego multo magis.

*Mo.* Tun' magis?

*Gel.* Inquam, Magis.

*Mo.* Benè, sum tamen ingeniosissimus, hem! propino tibi.

*Gel.* Vix lacrymis abstineo equidem, ita te amo *Morion*.

*Mo.* O *Gelasime*!

*Gel.* O *Morion*!

*Gno.* Move manus ocyus,

[*Inter Exit.*]

[*Dinon iustus sonitum facit & celeusma.*]

Quid stas? colaphum impingam tibi grandem cum Comico.

*Mo.* Dii voſtram fidem! tempeſtatem magnam! eamus oratum Tutor.

*Gel.* Tempeſtatem verò! certo certius turbo exortus eſt, Ità vehementer conquaſſat navim, ut vix queam ſtare.

*Gno.* Ecce autem, clamorque virum, ſtridorque rudentum! Satin' in navi nos eſſe oblitus fui? hem! curate navitæ, Ne navis confringatur, neve impingat forſitàn in Scopulum, Tempeſtas increbreſcit.

*Din.* Pol mortales graphicos! Perii muſ, navis periit, ad extrema ſe paret quiſque. Neſciunt jam vocem meam, ego, pulchrè deluſos dabo.

*Æm.* Dinonis illa vox eſt; Eugepæ! factum eſt optime.

*Gno.* Apparent adhuc ſydera: hic Pollux, illic Caſtor eſt. [ad lucernas.]

*Æm.* Hem! naclere, naclere inquam! quamdiu vivimus?

*Din.* Vix horæ dimidium; periimus!

*Mo.*

*Mo.* Heu quid faciam miser? Præ timore iterum vomam; si jam undis obruar, Nunquam navigabo postea.

*Æm.* Adestum, adestum inquam, *Gnomice.* Viden fluctum illum decimum?

*Gno.* Decimæ venit impetus undæ; Posterior nono est, undecimoque prior.

*Gel.* O si quis bibere jam queat Salutem mihi! Non possum non joculari hoc ipso in articulo. Expirabo animam joco.

*Mo.* Non possum pati me mori. [*genu flectit.*]  
O quoties peccavi ego! [*bibit.*] Madui quoties! [*bibit.*]  
Quoties scortatus sum! [*bibit.*] numquam videbo patrem,  
Nunquam post hæc bibam, [*bibit.*] abi sis uter miser.

[*frangit.*]

Convertamus nos Tutor, ad preces illicò.

*Gno.* Maximè:

O terque quaterque beati,  
Queis ante ora Patrum, Trojæ sub mænibus altis Con-  
tigit oppetere.

*Pa.* Ecquid nos vocastis?

*Æm.* Dii te perdant, ita inopportunè huc te conjicis,  
Abi sis furcifer. [*extrudit.*]

*Gno.* Quod fit?

*Æm.* Regas? Vidistin' ut ad proram modò Deus ali-  
quis marinus adstitit?

*Gel.* Non, erat piscis magnus.

*Æm.* Piscis?

*Gel.* Piscis meherculè, Mehercule, inquam, piscis, ex  
voce id satis colligo.

*Din.* Funes rupti sunt, disjecta vela, navis lacera est.  
Actum de nobis, Socii.

*Mo.* O mortem — quid faciam?  
Obsecro atque oro vos pisces mihi parcite.  
Ego filius sum Polypori natu maximus.

*Din.* Exonerabo hunc ego congium in eorum capita.  
Periimus, ho! socii, periimus, absorbet nos mare.

[*dejicit.*]

Jam, jam absorbet, periimus.

*Gn.* O nos miseros! viden' ut aquas puppis combibit?  
Servare hanc familiam ipsa non poterit Salus, Ut pessime  
Comicus.

Comicus. O Peripolemarche, quæso duc me in inferiora navis.

Gel. Et me, me, me, me etiam obsecro.

[*Detrudit in cellam Boimbard.*]

Mo. Valere; ego jam moriar.

[*cadit.*]

Din. Ha, ha, ha! dii vestram fidem, rem venustam, & lepidam! Non potuit evenire melius, quam evenit isthæc fabrica.

Æm. St! st! *Dinon*, st! descende, altum dormiunt;

[*Dinon descendit.*]

Næ ego multum fallor, nisi hi homines naufragium verum fecerint.

*Puer ingreditur.*

Pu. Non, non, non; repræsentatam prius Pecuniam oportet esse pro his quos fecerunt sumptibus, Antequam hunc etiam auferas.

[*Morionis oculos spoliatur, & dat puero pecun.*]

Æm. Pecuniam? lubentissimè, lubentissimè accipe sis.

Pu. Jam habe tibi hunc asinum; illico, illico. [*Exit.*]

Æm. O Jovem, cæterosque cælites!

[*Tollunt Morionem.*]

Necesse est risu spectatores emoririer

Si rem transferret istam in Comœdiam quispiam.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACTUS SECUNDUS.

### Scena Prima.

*Dinon, Æmylio habitu Mor.*

Din.

Æ

Mylio, ecquid stas animo? quin iterum, inquam, Æmylio: Hæredis illæ vestes sunt; ve-reor ne cerebro incommodent.

Æm. Para tibi ornatum novum, & tum mecum fabulator postea, Quamquam insolens fecero, si sermonem seram cum servulo, Fortunas hæc meas sublatus animus decet. Siquidem fidelem te præstitisti, hem manum ad oscula.

Din.



*Din.* Faxo pol osculeris meam, siquidem in os pugnos ingeram.

*Æm.* Siquidem herclè ingeras, faxo mihi os esse senseris. Sed ne accedas adeo; odi semper servulos tuos, nihili bestias. Scio quid dicturus, miles sum, potitus hostium, Occisus bis in bello, confossus millies, &c. Parcas labori tuo: nihil do: benè vale.

*Din.* Quasi non norimus nos inter nos, mitte nugas  
*Æmylio.*

*Æmy.* Ego Comes *Æmylio* vocor, ne nomen nescias.

*Din.* Ergo comes & amice mi *Æmylio*, respondeas velim.

*Æm.* Rogandi copiam tibi facio, audacter loquere.

*Din.* Dii te perdant nugivendule, hoc primum Deos rogo: Nunc te, scripsisti in literas ad *Polyporum*?

*Æm.* Hum! quid ais? nos magni viri negotiis Majoribus impediti, sæpe non advertimus quæ dicta sunt.

*Din.* Exemplar literarum ad *Polyporum* videre velim, Jamne audis?

*Æm.* Hum! Litterarum? potest fieri ut ostendam tibi.

*Din.* Potest fieri ut diminuam tibi caput nisi mittas has tricas.

*Æm.* Obloqueris mihi sic ornato? lege has, inquam, ocyus.

*Din.* Diis gratias cunctis, Marti & seorsim, meo Domino atque Amico bono, quem colo lubens. Fera inter pelagi monstra, Nerei greges, Solitâ virtute filium cepi tuum, Duosque amicos; servo nunc vinctos domi, Victore me superbientes plurimum. Huc properes, redimi si cupis, tantum est, Vale. *Dux Bombardomachides.*

Obsecro an in hunc modum scribit *Bombardomachides*?

*Æm.* Sic loquitur quotidie: linguam cothurnatam gerit.

*Din.* Avi sinistrâ hæc res procedit, atque ex sententiâ. Quid agimus nunc jam?

*Æm.* Ego agam *Bombardomachidem*.

Tu custodem; barbam induas, atque ornamenta cætera,  
[Induit.]

Hem istuc ocyus: jam Custos purus putus es. Abi, atque educ captivos, narra rem ordine, Ut capti sint vi, armis:  
hic

hic vos operabor, abi.

[Exit Din.]

Poteram ego nunc universos Mortales ludos facere; Equidem meipsum pæne metuo: ne personatus *Bombardomachides* [ornat se] Verum *Æmylionem* fallat. Adeon' per-  
vorſa es, *Chlamis*? Efficiam uti rectius, sedeas: Hei! ist-  
hæctiara'ſt, *Pyramis*. Exædificabo cum hæc caput meum  
tanquam Elephantus, Turrim geſto, Hem. Ego ſum *Bom-  
bardomachidiſſimus*.

*Ge.* Una ſalus victis nullam ſperare ſalutem. [Intus.]

*Gel.* Quid ego tunc egi? nonne pugnabam quemad-  
modum, *Hyrana Tigris*, cum tenelli abripiuntur catuli?

*Din.* Strenuiſſimè omnium.

*Gel.* Certè: niſi multum me fallit memoria.

*Mo.* Ego etiam aliquid feci.

*Gel.* Vincuntur ſæpè fortiffimi;

Tutor bono animo es.

*Gn.* Maxime: nam dictum eſt veriffime, In re malà  
animo ſi bono utare, juvat.

*Di.* Sequimini.

[Exit.]

*Æm.* Adſunt; ego nondum comparebo.

### Scena Secunda.

*Dinon, Gnomicus, Gelafinus, Morion* (habitu *Æmyl.*)

*Mo.* Hei! Tutor! Tutor; ego non ſum *Morion*.

*Gn.* Quid ais?

*Mo.* Per Deos immortales non ſum, ego novi *Morio-*  
nem ſat benè.

*Gn.* De cælo deſcendit γελᾶσιμος. Noſciſt teipſum.

*Mo.* Non, non, non novi mehercule.

*Gn.* Quis igitur es?

*Mo.* Quomodo ego ſcire poſſum?

*Gel.* Phy, phy, idem es.

*Mo.* Sūmne? bene habet: ſed undè hæ veſtes *Gelaſime*?

*Gel.* Sane neſcio.

*Mo.* Neſciſt *Gelaſime*? an hoc ſufficit! quid ego respon-  
deam patri?

Quid faciam? Tutor viden'?

*Gn.* Non equidem invideo miror magis—

*Mo.*

*Mo.* Hei! Galerum! video vos omnes peristhæc foramina.

*Gel.* Quasi fenestras habet.

*Mo.* Fenestras! imo fores: habet fores *Gelasime*, hei mihi.

*Gel.* Omnes ingeniosi sunt infelices propemodum. Utinam cavissem isthoc crimine: parentes prædixerunt mihi.

*Mor.* Et mihi, sed ego morem gessi, & tamen vestes perdididi.

*Gn.* Ego idem te admonui, seu potius, admonitum habui, Odi puerum præcocis ingenii, inquit, Vir admirabilis. Sed quid ego ita compte loquor in miseriis? Jam licet tibi vere dicere *Gelasime*. Ingenio perii Naso Poëta meo.

*Dim.* Nisi aliter vobis visum est accersam herum, Nam vos conventos velit.

*Gn.* Imo; pro libitu tuo: Siquid me velit, Poëta respondere docuit, Coram, quem quæritis, adsum, Trojus Æneas.

*Mor.* Mene ut videat cum his vestimentis? dic, qui sim Tutor.

*Dim.* Expectant te; cave sis titubes; atque audin' etiam Fac risum teneas, nam periculum id est.

*Æm.* Pish: vultum in manu habeo.

*Æmylio.*

*Gel.* Basilicè se infert, tanquam lapis ille Indicus, Qui spectatorem omnium oculos fertur perstringere.

*Gn.* Ora humerosque Deo similis!

*Mor.* Totus horreo tremoque; ego statim vomam.

*Æm.* Tonitru cum hostes vicimus feros bellico, Vincere & nosmet quimus, ac vitam dare, Mens nostra frangi nescit, flecti potest.

*Gn.* O quem te memorem, Miles, namque: haud tibi vultus Mortalis, nec vox hominem sonat, O Dea certè!

*Æm.* Eripere possumus lucem & lucem dare. Sic fulminantis fertur potestas Jovis, Medio sic bello valet Gradivus meus, Quid armis possim, estis vos experti satis, Dabimus alterna, sic visum est Fato & mihi.

*Mor.* Quid faciam? timor in posteriora decedit,  
h Anima

Anima exire nostra per posticum cupit.

*Gel.* Ut bellicè loquitur! non audeo hunc hominem jocis ludere.

*Æm.* Ob hoc Polyporo celerem misi Nuncium, Hinc uti vos salvos ducat.

*Gn.* Mecænas atavis edite Regibus,  
O & præsidium, & dulce decus meum!

*Mor.* Ego iterum reviviscam nam aquam vitæ loquitur.

*Gel.* Ut jam mitescit ferox! haud multum aliter Hyæna (mirum) ex mare in fœminam migrat, Boni ingenii est similitudines rerum fingere, Et concinnam ego comparisonem aliquando jocis præfero.

*Æm.* Quistu? vel fare nomen, vel longum file.

*Mo.* Ego? servus tuus—

*Æm.* Quid aures tundit meas? ha!

*Mo.* Favoris tui studiosissimus.

*Æm.* Ambages mittito.

*Mor.* Filius natu maximus patris mei Ego.

*Æm.* Nomen rogo.

*Mor.* Utinam esset dignum quod exaudias.

*Æm.* Frustrà sum: tuum?

*Gel.* Quemadmodum (cum bonâ tuâ veniâ) tu vocaris

*Bombardomachides.*

Eodem planè modo delector ego nomine *Gelasimi.*

Facetè meum nomen cum illius confero, quo illi assentari possim magis. [[Scribit.]]

Insinuavi me callidè ad *Bombardomachidem* quarto Nonas Feb.

*Æm.* Tuum.

*Gn.* Sed si tantus amor nomen cognoscere postum  
Quamquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit Incipiam—*Gnomicus* (si tibi visum fuerit) seu *Gnomico* nomen est mihi.

*Æm.* Fac serve officium: rursus revortar intrò.

[Exit.]

*Gel.* Certo certius abiens mihi toto annuebat capite,  
Admiratur ingenium meum: medius fidius captus est.

*Mor.* Non respondebam illi rusticè *Gelasime.* Euge  
*Morion*; nolo me indoctum prædicent, Licet indigeam vestium.



*Di.* Placetne hinc vos? *Ge.* Quo?

*Di.* Unde eduſti.

*Ge.* In cellam illam anguſtam ac tenebricoſam obſecro? Quam ego Orci januam per jocum nominavi modo.

*Di.* Scilicet; donec vos Polyporus.

*Mor.* Eamus igitur; placent tenebræ, Nam ſi diutiùs hos pannos conſpiciam, lacrymabo largiter.

*Gn.* Plautus Comediam ſcripſit, cui Captivi titulus. Vates ô Plaute fueras, nam vates nomen ambiguum'eſt.

Nos jam Captivi. *Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βελή.*

*Mor.* Tutor, Tutor, revortere ſis ocyus Tutor.

*Gno.* Quid eſt?

*Mor.* Nihil jam; ſed aliquis momordit me de tergo: Eamus ſodes. [*Exeunt.*]

*Scena Tertia.*

*Æmylio, Dinon.*

*Æm.* Abſumptus ſum planiſſimè: *Gnomici* me expetant *pedicæ*.

Neque unam ex illius ſententiis habeo, quâ me conſoler miſerum.

Nempe hoc in more poſitum eſt, Generoſus factus continuo ut vapulet.

Incertum eſt quid agam, ita iſthæc res ſubitaria'eſt.

Heus *Dinon*, huc te ocyùs; inquam *Dinon*. [*Intrat Dinon.*]

*Di.* Satin'es apud te? quid viſ?

*Æm.* Qui poſſim? modò in viâ —

*Din.* *Bombardomachidem*?

*Æm.* Dixti. Nullus ſum.

*Din.* Quam mox aderit obſecro?

*Æm.* Quin adeſt: vix punctum temporis ad conſilium atur.

acebit in fermento totus, tum loquetur meros lapides.

*Din.* Imo piſtrinum, fuſtes, vincula: iſthæc ne loquar plus metuo.

Nullamne expurgationem habes?

*Æm.* Hem! nimium hoc callidum eſt: imo ſic erit —

*Dinon*, ita facito.

*Din.* Quid?

*Æm.* Hem, tarde, nondum intelligis?

*Din.* Quid (malum) an ex vultu conjecturam capiam, quid me velis?

*Æm.* Ad summam domum ascendas ocyus, & continuo ubi ille In ædes se penetrârit, fac sonitum horrendum facias. Quasi (intellexit?) quasi esses Dæmon aliquis.

*Din.* Quamobrem?

*Æm.* Pith, id mora est dicere, abi.

*Din.* Abeo: sed vidistit' ipse Militem?

*Æm.* Duobus his, inquam, oculis: molestus es.

*Din.* Abeo: verum dices Dæmonem. [Exit.]

*Æm.* Ecce autem adest! morari certum est aliqui hominem.

### Scena Quarta.

*Bombardomachides, Æmylio.*

*Bom.* Quis hic locus, quæ regio, quæ mundi plaga?  
Ubi sum, sub ortu Solis, an sub cardine  
Glacialis urfæ? numquid Hesperii maris  
Extrema tellus hunc dat Oceano modum!  
O salve Domus, vosque Penates Dei.  
Videon' te Patria? ludit an oculos meos  
Imago fallax, non ludit: video satis.

*Æm.* Non opus est? mane dum, & ego te ludam satis  
Hum — plenum id pericli est — hanc prius instauram  
viam.

*Bom.* Fores pulsabo nostras, pulsobo pede, Anticipat quis me? mortem quis quærit sibi? [Æm. pulsat.]  
Verumne cerno corpus? an fallor malâ  
Deceptus umbrâ? verum est? quid velit sciam.

*Æm.* Expergiscere ensis: teque ad officium para: Nunc fartum ex milite faciam, & comedam postea.

*Bom.* O Scelus! quis hoc Scythico natus nemore,  
Sit licet Tigris mater, aut genitor Leo,  
Quis unquam dixit orbis formido ultimi,  
Cannibal, humanos ore eructans cibos?  
Abibo, atque isti cedam furori locum,

Pati nam mortem possum , at exedi pudet ,

Pars magna fortitudinis prudentia est.

*Æm.* Quis istic ? hem ! revertere , si malo caveas.

*Bom.* Nihil formido , sed tamen totus tremo , Ego miles juvenis , non sum , credo , falleris.

*Æm.* Proh deos , deasque omnes ! men' falli dicis ?

*Bom.* Non dico ; at magni sæpe falluntur viri. Iratusne sis ; ira nam res est mala.

*Æm.* Tun' nosti ubi sit gentium *Bombardomachides*.

*Bom.* Non novi.

*Æm.* At nisi jurato non credam tibi.

*Bom.* Per cœlum , & cœli faces non notum est mihi ,  
Lingua juro , mentem injuratam gero.

*Æm.* Sed nosti probè hominem.

*Bom.* Novi aliquo modo.

Imo fortè novi , & non novi forsitan ,

Videtur ille fortis , nec non vir bonus.

*Æm.* Itane coram in os inimicum laudas meum ?

*Bom.* Videtur tantum dixi , non est vir bonus.

*Æm.* Rectè animum tuum advertis ad animum meum.

Si has in ædes intrà mensem se conjiciat ,

Ità inornatum dabo secundum virtutes suas , Ut istum perpetuò locum pejus angue , oderit.

*Bom.* Ego rus revortar : periculum sapiens fugit.

*Æm.* Ha , ha , ha , ha , vestis commutata quid facit ?

*Bom.* Quæ verba fundit ? — faciem vidi prius —

Quin redeas , inquam , revorti aliquandò bonum' est.

Ipfus est ; dominum servus deludis tuum ?

Quis me per auras turbo præcipitem vehet , Atraque nube involvet , ut tantum nefas ? Eripiat oculis ?

*Æm.* Occisa res est , perii.

Advenisse salvum gaudeo ; valvisti' usque athleticè ?

Per jocum hoc feci adeò , joco veniam rogo.

*Bom.* Rogas ? timendum est ( aliquis hic errat dolus.

*Æm.* Nunc homini subpalpabor : experiri volui , Utrum istoc sub ornatu satis delitescerem , Tu nosti usque in initio quanquam dissimulasti sedulò , Operam profectò ladet , tibi verba qui daturus est.

*Bom.* Antequam vidi , novi , per magnum Jovem ;

Sed in jocantes rursus joculari placet.

*Æm.* Scio, sed ubi est Eucomissa, & soror mea?

*Rom.* Sequuntur ponè, men'comitari virgines?

*Æm.* Quid hic sermones cædimus: ibo illis obviam, Et dicam ut revortantur domum.

*Rom.* Effare quamobrem.

*Æm.* Quia enim ubi hic habitabunt gentium?

*Rom.* Domi.

*Æm.* Quid? annon mensis est cum nemo homo intro pedem retulit.

*Rom.* Desine: joculari nolo.

*Æm.* Hem! nondum hoc dixi tibi? Satin' oblitus fui, adeò mihi nunc jam res vetus est? Spectrorum, Cacodæmonum, malorum isthæc habitatio' est. Quotidiè colloquantur, ejulant, gemunt, lacrymant, Crepant, exclamant, mille diversos sonos faciunt, Dies me deficeret, si, quæ monstra hic fiunt, dicerem.

*Rom.* Loqueris rem miram: nulla quam credet dies, Sed nec tacebit: bonân' hæc dicis fide?

*Æm.* Quin, inquam, decem plus minus dies incolumi capite non eram, Tantum hæc mihi res de improvviso incussit metum.

*Rom.* Metuisti n' non oportetuit: servum meum Metuisse quicquam?

*Æm.* Rectè, si esset sim'is tui.

Here, quoniam mihi fortassis minus fidem adhibes, Age, ingrediamur, faxo uti omnia ipsus audias.

*Rom.* Nihil timeo: sed egon' ut non credam tibi? Credam plus isthoc: & nihil timeo tamen.

*Æm.* Vellem meherculè te testem hujus rei: sed fac ut voles. Ibo illis obviam, atque huc ducam nisi aliud imperes.

*Rom.* Tam prope monstra solus hic stabo? benè est. Abeas — *Æmylio* redi — nil timeo tamen.

*Æm.* Id scio: obtundis.

*Rom.* Timeo nil per Jovem, Tantum est: abi,

*Æm.* Libenter. Ha, ha, ha. [Exit.]

*Rom.* Pavet animus, horret, magna perniciēs adest. Incendor irâ, rapior, sed quo nescio, Sed rapior: Spectra in nostrâ triumphant domo? Facinus hoc videt summi mode



moderator poli , Et nondum tonitru convolvit mundum  
horrido ? Oh Phæbe patiens, fugeris retrò licet Medioque  
ruptum merferis cælo Diem.

*Din.* [*Supra*] Oh , oh , oh.

*Bom.* Sero occidisti — nescio quid faciam miser , nam  
aliquid audio — Tuque ô Neptune — oh quid faciam ?  
mortuus sum — Redeunt tempore ; rerum quod primum  
est omnium.

*Scena Quinta.*

*Amylio , Eucomissa , Ægle , Psecas , Bom. Servus.*

*Am.* Quid est , here , ecquid times ?

*Bom.* Timeon' Ego ? Proh Deos Deasque omnes ! æ-  
thereas prius Perfundet Arctos Pontus , & Siculi rapax  
Consistet æstus unda , & Ionio seges Matura pelago  
surget , ac lucem dabit Nox atra terris omnibus, Ti-  
meon' Ego ?

*Æg.* Cacodæmones ? O superos ! audire hoc nomen  
mihi febris est.

*Eu.* O Venus ! tu & ego , mea Ægle dissentimus malè ,  
Nam mihi cibus & potus est , ut ajunt , de his fabularier.  
Psecas, quin Psecas, inquam , surda est hæc ancillula ; Tu  
vidisti Cacodæmonas , nonne ?

*Pf.* Non, si placet , Sed novi aliquam quæ novit aliam ,  
quæ vidit eos.

*Eu.* Quâ facie erant Psecas ?

*Pf.* Unus erat caninâ facie, Ore & oculis igneis, pedi-  
bus bufonis, colore nigro, Caudâ æquè longâ ac — & cla-  
mabat Boh , Boh, tanquam Leo.

*Æg.* O mirum ! tota trepido.

*Eu.* Mecastor , color vertitur. Clamabat tanquam  
Leo — perge Psecas.

*Pf.* Nos omnes illico fugere.

*Eu.* Tun' ergo aderas ?

*Pf.* Non si placet , Sed illa fugit quam novit familiaris  
mea Philocomasium.

*Eu.* O : jam intelligo Psecas, perge porro.

*Pf.* Alterum fuisse dixit Tam similem viri , quam A-

qua aquæ similis est. Et erat nudus totum corpus.

*Eu.* Totum? O Venus! Multum, mecastor, cupio, videre istos Cacodæmonas.

*Pf.* Imo si magis noveris, *Eucomissa*, magis cuperes: Nam habuit — ha, ha, hæ, nequeo cogitans quin rideam.

*Eu.* Quid habuit *Psecas*?

*Pf.* Non intelligis? habuit —

*Eu.* Quid? eloquere.

*Pf.* Tam magnam rem — Nos omnes admirari illico.

*Æg.* Profecto hic ipse est Cacodæmon, *Eucomissa*, quem dixi tibi Vidisse me secundum quietem nudius tertius in somnio,

*Eu.* Nulline Cacodæmones nocentiores istis *Psecas*?

*Pf.* Imo sunt omnium generum: nam quidam latent sub specie nigri felis cum sex pedibus. Quidam sub Vespertilionis, aliorumque etiam animalium, Imo novi qui ambulant per noctem induti sindone. Atque inde evenire solet tot quod insaniant vigiles Cum Curatoribus pacis. Demergunt se aliquando in ganeum, Atque illic nocte totâ præ timore combibunt. Post cænam, si placet, plura de re isthâc disputabimus.

*Eu.* Nunc eamus visere spectra.

*Æg.* Viden' quis adest *Eucomissa*?

*Eu.* Mallem spectra: sed fortassis hic est ex eorum monstrorum numero,

### *Scena Sexta.*

*Calliphæxes Pater, Calliphæxes Filius, Amylio, Eucomissa, &c.*

*Æg.* Siccine tibi pro ridiculo est, cui nuptura es brevi?

*Eu.* Citius mecastor nubam Cacodæmoni, quem dixit *Psecas* Tam Viri similem.

*Æg.* At ego ne Jovem præfero In se ferentem precium sine quo Jupiter nihili est.

*Cal. P.* *Bombardomachides* salve; huc te salutatum advenimus.

*Bom.* Gratias: sed multus animo occurat dolor, En alta muri decora, & congestas trabes, Ut omnis latè  
splen-

splendet infelix domus! Quicumque regno fidit, & magnâ  
potens Dominatur aulâ, nec leves metuit Deos Me videat  
& te Domus.

Cal. P. Quid ait Æmylio?

Æm. Nempe quia spectrorum plena est, id dolet.

Cal. P. Spectrorum? ubi sunt? [nititur spec.] Nul a hic  
video Æmylio.

Æm. At intus potes sine quatuor oculis.

Cal. F. Si ita est Pater, utantur nostrâ domo: superest  
illuc locus.

Cal. P. Nunquam vidi melius consilium dari; quid tu  
Bombardomachides? Potes ibi oportune filiam tuam huic  
nostro nuptum dare.

Bom. Consilium bonum est, animoque arridet meo.

Cal. F. Sed ubi est Virgo? reliquistin' ruri?

Bom. Sæpe respicias; sæpe, quod quæras; adest.

Cal. F. Latere miror posse tam diu sidera. [Osculatur.]  
Rediisse salvas gaudeo, & meum simul Hunc esse reditum  
credo, nam vobiscum abfui: Condonate Amore cæco,  
vos si conspexi minùs.

Æm. Si nunquam conspicias postea lubenter tamen  
condonabimus, Misericordes omnes sumus naturâ mu-  
lieres.

Æg. Amore cæcus es Calliphanes? immo oculis nimium  
vales, Quod nec est, nec futurum est vides, cum nos ap-  
pelles sidera.

Cal. F. Immo Ægle verum dixi! nam si cæli facibus For-  
mosum nondum nomen imponeretur siderum, Propter  
similitudinem quandam vestrum id jam nancisci pote-  
rant.

Pse. O Diana! toto corde amo has confabulationcu-  
las.

Bom. Calliphanes, oculis nil tale objectum est meis,  
Pedibus quanquam cuncta conculcavi loca Asiæque Eu-  
ropæque Americæ atque Africæ, Aliasque terræ partes  
quas taceo sciens.

Cal. P. Memini idem accidere olim cum essem puer,  
Annou abhinc—hum-- Grammaticæ tum operam dedi.  
Anno—hum! quinquagesimo secundo—hum! non con-  
venit numerus, O—quinquagesimo tertio—is profecto  
annus est,

*Eu.* Licetne, Pater, videre has umbres, & malos Genios?

*Bom.* Videre? nata, non timeo; fac ut voles.

*Eu.* Aperi sis ostium *Æmylio*.

*Æm.* Perii in perpetuum modum, Nimiò nimis metuo ut sint isti probi Cacodæmones. Sanan'es? credin' illos aspectui tuo objici perperam?

*Eu.* Num loquuntur?

*Æm.* Satis id quidem, sed horrendum in modum, Cave: sis ne animam agas.

*Eu.* Disputabit cum illis *Psecas*.

*Pf.* Parata sum satis *Æmylio*, ante hoc temporis dispuvi cum Dæmone.

*Æm.* Scio te bonâ esse voce: proculdubio illum obrues, Si tympana, bombardas, tubas, & tintinnabula oris tui afferas.

*Pf.* Itâne me accipis indignis modis? nunquid cristas erigis De illis vestimentis? amabo, unde habes mi *Æmylio*.

*Æm.* Pish, dicam tibi, cum sit otium. Quid ais *Caliphanes*?

*Cal. F.* Ubi clavis? cedo mihi sis.

*Cal. P.* Quid stas lapis? quin aperis?

*Æm.* Dii te filicernium—Unum pedem in Charontis cymbâ habet (secum) Et altero tamen ambulat.

*Eu.* Oh! non audis malos Genios.

*Bom.* Ha!

*Cal. F.* Nihil est: crepuerunt fores.

*Æg.* Crepuerunt? O sordidas fores.

[*Supra.*]

*Din.* Oho, oho oho, Urite, fundite, tundite, vertite domum.

*Bom.* Oh, oh—valete: & timeatis nihil.

*Eu.* Quo abis Pater?

*Bom.* Videre non sustineo tot timidos simul.

[*Exit Bom.*]

*Eu.* O Deas! hæc illa Leonis vox est *Psecas*.

*Æg.* Abeamus obsecro, *Calliphanes*.

[*Subt.*]

*Gno.* Flectere si nequeam superos, Acheronta movebo.

*Cal. F.* O Poëticum Dæmonem!

*Æg.* Est furiosissimus omnium proculdubio.

*Cal.*



*Cal. P.* Mira sunt : nunquam vidi tale quid , nisi anno abhinc quinquagesimo tertio.

*Mor.* O ? profecto sum in Barathro. [Subter.]

*Eu.* O *Psecas* , quid faciam ?

*Pf.* Quid ? faciam periculum in disputatione. Quodnam est tibi nomen Dæmon ?

*Æm.* Itâne ineptè stulta es ? cave ne te rapiat in maximam crucem.

*Pf.* Mene ? non audet : ego illi oculos effodiam Carnifici.

*Gn.* Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἰδὼδεν μολέων, κούρε, μέγιστε,  
καὶ πόταυσι, καὶ γαῖα, καὶ οἱ ὑπ᾿ αἰθέρε καὶ μέντες,  
ἴμειν : μολίτωσιν ἴσθαι

*Pf.* Immo etsi loquaris Hebraicè , Ego bene intelligo.

*Æm.* Abi sis stulta : Græcum est hoc tibi.

*Din.* Ohò meretrix !

*Pf.* O scelus ! ego introibo : ne me detine. Involabo in faciem illi : Egon' meretrix appellabor à malo Genio ? Mentiris Cacodæmon , mentiris.

*Æm.* Medius fidius hæc mulier Cacodæmon est.

*Æg.* O Venus ! nihilne vides *Eucomissa* ?

*Eu.* Maxime : ubi est ?

*Æg.* Ingentem , nigrum ursum !

*Eu.* Proh Deos immortales ! cum cauda Ignea.

*Cal. F.* Ubi est ? ego nihil planè.

*Æm.* Nihil ? circumspice : ut scintillant oculi ! *Psecas* cave malum : nam te devoraturus proculdubio huc venit.

*Pf.* Oh !

*Cal. P.* Quid ajunt *Æmylio* ?

*Æm.* Ingentem belluam illic — vide modo.

*Cal. P.* Ubi sunt specularia mea ? Oh nisi fallor Leopardus est. Quid hoc monstri ? Gnate , abeamus precatum Deos.

*Din.* Occidam , jugulabo , interficiam , capiam , rapiam omnes illico. [sonitus sup: æ.]

*Eu.* O *Ægle* ! cedo manum , & fugiamus. [Exeunt.]

(Infra sonant catenæ.)

*Æm.* Ha , ha , hæ , descende ut te exosculer bone Cacodæmon. [Exit.]

*Din.* Venio : urite , fundite , tundite , cædite , vertite , &c. [Descendit.]

## ACTUS TERTIUS.

## Scena Prima.

Amylio, Dinon.

Æm. AGE, incipe Dinon.

Din. NON, non : exemplum à te capiam.

I.

Æm. Purgate cerebrum, Medici O infani,

Nec sitis amplius Mortis Publicani.

Ob hominum peccata Orbi

Vos primum missi, postea morbi.

Doctrina capit ægrotare,

Et Sese voluit expurgare :

Tum vestrum quidam vomitu per ora

Existis, quidam per Posteriora :

Sic natos, via est inventa,

Ut vos nutrent Excrementa.

Nos melius homines evacuamus

Et loculis Clysterium damus.

Am. O sacram rem ! scientia talis

Dicenda est sola Liberalis.

2.

Din. Sartores legum, stentorumque natio,

Jam vobis Longa facta sit Vacatio.

Vestri parentes litigarunt

Tunc cum vosmet generarunt.

O vos miseros si uxores

Similis vestri essent oris !

At suos multæ Clientes habuerunt

Tunc vestras causas alii egerunt.

Rectè : nam nulli velint haberi

Causidicorum filii veri.

Jam vobis fallere Legge ne sit cura,

Sed fallite nobiscum Jure.

Am. O sacram rem ! &amp;c.

Æm

3.

Æm. *Friget inter ignes ars tua , Alchymista ,  
Argentum , nisi vivum , non habet ista .  
Cum qui sunt & qui fuerunt .  
Omnes philosophi eguerunt .  
Quem fore reris divitem .  
Per philosophicum lapidem ?  
Huc adsis , hic ex lapide lucrum capis :  
Quid aliud stultus , nisi Philosophi lapis ?  
Hunc sapiens coquet , distillabit ,  
Plumbeus licet , aurum dabit .  
Quid ex syderibus quæris cursum Fatidæ  
Prudentium gratiâ stulti nati .*

Am. *O sacram rem ! Ecce .*

4.

Din. *Præteritorum , Mathematici , vates ,  
Qui præter barbam nihil jam alatis .  
Queis cælum creditur magis notum ,  
Quam Deo , qui id fecit totum .  
Qui illud tam se putant scire  
Illuc ut recusent ire .  
Vos , à secretis syderum —*

Æm. *Aufer te ocyùs Mathematicè , nam adest Bombardæ .*

Din. *Opportunè ; nam hæere cæpit carmen — Scientia  
talis .*

*Dicenda est sola liberalis .*

[Exit.]

*Scena Secunda.*

*Bombardomachides .*

Bom. *yllo .*

Æm. *Hem !*

Bom. *Quis somnus aures , quis vapor claudit tuas :*

Æmylio , rursus voce non parcâ tono .

Æm. *Et ego rursus tono , Hem tibi .*

Bom. *Opaca linquens Ditis inferni loca Nigri profundo  
Tartari emissus specu , Incertus utras oderit sedes magis .*

h 7

Æm.

*Æm.* Quam longum est iter ad id quod vis. Mihi herculè viatico usus est.

*Bom.* Quid dicis? audax Dæmon (O audax nimis) Nostros cruentus occupat serpens Lares, Hic regnat, immo hic, regnet at nolo diu.

*Æm.* Scilicet; & hoc vis me ut sciam, qui primus id locutus tibi sum.

*Bom.* Locutus? at quam parum id? hic tonitru pares, Hic fulminantes stringere jambos decet.

Quis ô Cothurnis mille sat clarum boet?

*Æm.* Meherculè cothurnorum mille jam instar habuisti pulchrè.

*Bom.* Est intus (virum ne dicam, an potius Deum) Quique evocavit nubibus siccis aquas, Egitque ad imum maria. Oceanus graves Interius undas æstibus victis dedit Pariterque mundus lege confusâ ætheris Et solem & Astra vidit.

*Æm.* Orationem compendiface; scio quid sequitur, Et vetitum mare tetegistis ursæ, Temporum flexæ vi- ces, &c.

Nempe hic post tot ambages tandem exorcista est.

*Bom.* Hic monstra tanta voce terrebit suâ.

*Æm.* Prohibessint Superi, cave ne committas tandem, Ut malè distitetur tibi in sermone publico, Si cum istarum operarum homine negotium contrahas.

*Bom.* Mutire de me Fama non audet; tace.

*Æm.* At metuo famæ tuæ, uti me par est facere: Ubi is est?

*Bom.* Mox moxque nobis aderit; hoc lentum est; Adest:

Parum est & hoc, quin, Adfuit—Claves mihi.

*Æm.* Quamobrem?

*Bom.* Illius ictu noster hic cardo strepet; Ædesque vi- set—Verba compescas miser, Peribis, at quid dixerim? infelix Peris.

*Æm.* O quantum est deorum, quid me jam fiet denique! Itane tantum facinus tam insignitè in te admittere?

Ten' claves ferre? Ætherias prius Perfundet Arctos Pontus, & Siculi rapax.



Consistat estus unda, & Ionio seges  
Matura pelago surget, uti modò pulcherrimè  
Dixisti! I præ, sequor, subsequor te.

[*Exit.*]

*Bom.* Cum recta dicis, laudo, consilium placet.

*Æm.* Quoties hæc res in nervum penè erupit! bona  
machina

Quam nequiter expetivit!

*Scena Tertia.*

*Dinon.*

O *Dinon* audistin' nos nullos esse?

*Din.* Auscultavi ab ostio omnia; Dii te infælicitent cum  
cantonibus.

Hoc est scilicet ante Victoriæ Encomium canere.

Perdidisti nos planissimè. O sacram rem! scientia talis.

Dicenda est sola Liberalis. Quando aderit ille

Cujus vox, tanquam Galli multo mane, perterret adeo

Cacodæmonas?

*Æm.* Modo.

*Din.* Modo?

*Æm.* Modo: jam, & veniet hercle non ingratis meis.

*Din.* Sed enim quid de captivis.

*Æm.* Manta modò: istuc ibam.

Nam nova atque elegans fallacia numerò mihi in mentem  
fuit.

Abi sane, educ legiones tuas, traduce properè ad pro-  
ximum.

*Din.* Nempe in quem finem?

*Æm.* Illic (nostin'!) scholam aliquam aperiant.

Aliquid aliquos doceant; ejus rei fructus longe uberri-  
mu' sit.

Nam & ab eorum oculis concedent, & quæstum tam in-  
gentem facient,

Ut brevi se captos redimant præsentì pecuniâ.

Modo aliquid mirum profiteantur, & usitatum minus.

*Din.* Quid si litteras?

*Æm.* Pol istud nunc dierum inusitatum satis.

Sed quis eas gratis discet, tantum, ut det mercedem, abest?

*Di φ.*

*Din.* Cheiromantiam, Physiognomoniam, aut aliquid ejusmodi ?

*Æm.* Omnes jam illas technas despicias habent ac nihili

Nisi forte puer, vapulabit necne, exquisitum eat,  
Aut Ancilla, quot maritis ac quibus nupta sit futura.

*Din.* Quid tandem ?

*Æm.* Dicam. Omnes nunc homines videri volunt  
Faceti atque elegantuli; ad eam rem quovis pacto affe-  
ctant viam;

Novique amicos, qui vitam amittere, quam jocum ma-  
lunt.

Ita risum, captant, & habent quod volunt, nam meherclè  
sunt ridiculi.

Eâdem hâc scabie laborat *Gelasimus*, ut qui maxime.

*Din.* Vis itaque illos profiteri Jocandi Artem ?

*Æm.* Tenes.

*Din.* At enim commovere risum nequeunt, nisi deri-  
dendos se propinent.

*Æm.* Recte; hoc est joculari nunc dierum, præterea quis  
est qui nequit.

In cognatione verborum, & sympathiâ quâdam ludere ?  
Quot vocabula ad suturem pertinent, quasi destinata hu-  
jusmodi salibus ?

Ea habeat in mundo omnia. Quot autem ad Philoso-  
phum ?

Ars, Prædicabile, Arbor Porphyriana, Prædicamentalis  
scala,

Conversio, Fallacia, Major, Minor, Barbara, Cæsare,  
Celarent, Ferio, Festino, sic tollo, Dictum simpliciter,  
Secundum quid, Disputo ad Hominem, Reduplicativè,  
&c.

Nam ad Conclusionem venio, Terminorum hic usus op-  
timu'st.

Nam cum offendas eos in Authoribus, jurabis non esse  
scriptos serio.

Commoda sunt & Authorum quorundam nomina Ra-  
mus, Scotus, Faber,

Tostatus, Suaresius, Naso, Tranquillus, Suetonius,  
Tacitus, &c.

*Bom. Æmylio.*

[*Intus.*]

*Æm.* Me vocat, illicò. Quid dixi? oh! est aliud genus salis.

Deridere omnes mortales: parata sint (nam vacua pudet esse pugillaria)

Scommata in omne genus hominum; sed hi joci constituent plurimum

In ridendo clare, in contrahendo nasum, & induendo jocularè faciem.

Barba quoque mirum in modum utilis est, si attreſtant benè,

Aliquando etiam jurent ornamentigratiâ, sed Dii boni! (Pene excidit mihi) mercede conducant aliquos

Qui domi factitent, aliquos qui eant petitum foras,

Ex Conviviis, disputationibus, Comoediis, Concionibus.

Aliquos etiam qui exſcribant, nam venales habere debent

Seniles, juveniles, viriles, muliebres, Generosos jocos.

Hæc & ſimilia doce illos, abi ſis; fac officium; sed audin?

Adeſto illis ſemper, ne liberati in pedes ſe conjiciant,

Quo ego jam faciam.

*Dim.* Effectum dabo; Jocandi artem? ha, ha, ha!

[*Exit.*]

O miram rem! ſcientia talis dicenda eſt ſola liberalis.

[*Exit.*]

*Scena Quarta.*

*Calliphanes, p. Cal. f.*

*Cal. p.* Itane obſtinatè operam das facere me ad vorſum omnia?

Ego iſtuc ætatis obſequens obediensque eram imperio Patris.

In mare ibam, rem familiarem augebam lucro.

Ten' virginem liberali facie nolle in uxorem ducere,

Cui, tantum dotis dictum eſt?

*Cal. f.* At hodiè, Pater?

*Cal. p.* Eja! quam elegans! cras etiam dices, At hodiè Pater?

*Cal. f.*

*Cal. f.* At vetant Mathematici infaustâ hâc luce adornari nuptias.

*Cal. p.* Periiit, religiosus est; jamne patrissas *Calliphanes*? Pudet tui, pigetque.

*Cal. f.* At ægrotus sum, non valeo, pater.

*Cal. f.* Imò non egrotas jam, sed malè habes *Calliphanes*. Si animus ibi esset — & quid nî sit?

*Cal. f.* Præterea —

*Cal. p.* Age, quid præterea?

*Cal. f.* Nihil est parati; solitudo in ædibus; hæccine conveniunt nuptiis?

*Cal. p.* Nempe id de industriâ : volumus isthoc sine tumultu peragi.

Ut ne tanti fiant sumptus, tamque in nullam rem utiles. Quid sibi volunt Hymæneum & cantiuunculæ? quasi tu nequeas

Ire cubitum, & dare operam liberis sine auxilio fidicinis. Proin tu & illa hanc rem quasi injussu nostro, tacitè agite.

Nisi fortè *Æmylione*, & *Ægle* arbitris.

*Cal. f.* *Ægle*? maxime.

*Cal. p.* Abi modò, atque morem mihi gere.

*Cal. f.* Quid si non vult, pater?

*Cal. p.* Nequicquam non vult; itâ illam intùs admonuit Pater.

Aggredere illam amatorio more; Ah! Ego isthuc ætatis — Sequere me sis intrò; Audin'? nisi quod imperavi facias Patrem me esse senties, atque iratum ex leni; dixi *Calliphanes*.

Dii boni, quanta est prudentia, moderari posse filio in hunc modum! [Exeunt.]

### Scena Quinta.

*Æmylio, Psecas.*

*Pf.* Quid ais *Æmylio*? amabò audistin' adhuc De novâ scholâ? Dii vestram fidem! rem lepidam? Vehementer cupio illam videre, & periclum facere Quid in jocis possint, sentient qua mulier siem.

Non



Non metuo sanè , ut posteriores feram.

Audistin' quam fortiter disputabam modo cum Dæmone ?  
Ne verbum quidem habuit , quo responderet mihi.

*Æm.* Plus vocem credo tuam , quam Templi Campanæ odit

Aut concionatoris rustici , qui illum Leonem vocat.

Nunquam tuam audebit auferre secum animam

(Licet suam esse noverit) quia potentia

Tantum loquendi illic manere dicitur.

*Pf.* Meritissimo tuo te eximium habeo , ita lepidè loqueris.

Derideri me facile patiar , si isthoc fiat modo ?

Donabo te ob hos lepores , ut mihi osculum feras.

*Æm.* Si me necesse est herclè , hoc pacto remunerarier ,

Abhorrentem feceris brevi à facetiis omnibus !

Sed auferamus ridicularia. Vin' tu fortunata fieri ?

*Pf.* Equidem cupio , etsi infælix non sum , Diis gratias.

*Æm.* Fac induas regillam induculam , fac gemmis splendeas ,

Et filiam te esse simules *Bombardomachidis*.

*Pf.* Cupio id mecastor ; sed erro quam insistas viam.

*Æm.* *Gelasimus* hic in proximo vendit jocos

Hæres ditissimus , atque uti esse tales solent , Merus stipes ,  
hunc hominem admutilari povelim.

Itaque hodiè inter te atque illum nuptias cupio facere.

*Pf.* Nuptias ? ha , ha , hæ ! mecastor facinus lepidum ?

*Æm.* Sic tu tibi divitias facies , atque illum pro arbitrio

reges ,

Multoque tum liberius amare licebit quempiam

Quam nunc licet : ut voles eris ; Ille , Vir bonus ,

At ignorabit , prorsus ; aut ad calicem dormiet vigilans.

*Pf.* Scio ; nam cum facta ero Heroïna nobilis

Æquum est oblectare memet illo more Aulico.

*Æmylio* , tum me vises aliquandò , tui immemor

Non committam ego ut siem.

*Æm.* Sed properato opu' st.

Para te ocyùs ; ego te producam illuc.

*Pfecas* , insiste hoc negotium sapienter & cautè.

Nam nisi sedulò fingas , quasi animum illi adjeceris ,

Nihil agis.

*Pf.* Pish! potin'ut molestus ne sis?  
 An docenda sum hoc ætatis inescare homines?  
 Ego vel te, *Æmylio*, captare poteram: abi. Ne sis in ex-  
 pectatione mihi, cum parata sim.  
 Quiescas cætera.

*Am.* Immò non metuo, ut sis satis mala, Te magi-  
 stram quæram mihi, unquam si defecero.

*Pf.* Docebo equidem libenter; quod possum: Abi mo-  
 dò [Exit *Æmylio*.]

Nubam sanè non gravate, sed nunquam filio  
 Me gravidam faciet, ad hanc rem alius  
 Illius fungetur vice; ne natus ex me fiet,  
 Mihi qui sit dedecori, atque ingenio meo. [Exit.]

### *Scena Sexta.*

*Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion.*  
 (Schola aperitur.)

*Gno. M. T. Cicero*, Oratorum omnium Coryphæus;  
 (Quo verbo ipse usus't) De Orat. secundo libro,  
 Quem oculis meis plus amo; Artem negavit esse Salis.  
 Erravit; Ciceronem semper ego existimaui hominem.

*Gel.* Pish! Cicero salem non habuit; quisquamne de  
 tot vocabulis  
 Figurarum & Troporum nullum unquam faceret jo-  
 cum?

Poteram herclè ego ab Aurorâ ad hoc quod est dici—  
 Ah Metaphora, bonum es verbum: & lepores hercle  
 hujusmodi

Ex Academici lectoris oratione collectos habemus pluri-  
 mos.

O Dii boni! jocum pulcherrimum exscripsimus in  
 Tullium

Qui nudius quartus in Scholis publicis dictus est proxi-  
 mæ Academiæ,

Legam vobis— [ascendit in cathed.]

*Gna.* Sed ferox nimium ne sis in Ciceronem nostrum,  
 Nam erat Eloquentiæ Pater.

*Gel.*

*Gel.* Quid hoc? oh — Jocus magnus in Prætoris oppidani cornua. — novi — [quærit paginam.] Jocus in militem malè vestitum — An ostenderunt terga? — oh —

Hic exemptus est ex meis pugillaribus — & certè magnus est — hum!

Quid hoc? Ex declamationibus publicis nono die Novemb. unus jocus,

Sex demi-joci, & tres egregiæ sententiæ. Oh! memini — Joci sacri

Et pia Hilaria — nunquam hæc vendemus — Oh — jam inveni — Jocus magnus in Ciceronem.

*Gn.* Lege; arrectisque auribus asto.

*Gel.* (*legit*) Ciceronis nomen vanum, Abeat nunc in Tullianum, & potest converti Ad laudem Ciceronis in hunc modum — Cicero Oratorum Coryphæus est.

*Mor.* Tutor hoc tuum est verbum.

*Gel.* Cæteri abeant in Tullianum.

*Gn.* Optimè! nam est locus in carcere, quod Tullianum appellatur.

*Mor.* Ha, ha, hæ!

*Gel.* Quid rides?

*Mor.* Ha, ha, hæ: Abeat in Tullianum? ha, ha.

*Gel.* Hoc dictum in utramque partem accipi potest, est jocus ambidexter. Ibi ego

Obiter facetus sum; audin' Tutor? *Morion* scribe isthoc.

*Mor.* Maxime.

*Gn.* Hem! suntne in mundo omnia?

*Gel.* Sunt in orbe terrarum: Ibi iterum: Ludo Tutor, in dictum tuum.

*Mor.* Joc: jo. — jocus — Estne *Gelasime* cum *g, o*, vel cum *i, o*?

*Gel.* Cum *i, o*: Scripsistin'?

*Mor.* Ita credo.

*Gel.* Repete: *Mor.* Dexter est Ambo — joci. *Gel.* O scelus! est jocus ambidexter, cedo calamum.

*Mor.* Maximè: in idem redit. Scripsi valdè benè Tutor.

*Gn.* Immo: insanum bene, ut Comicè loquar : Ibi ego *Gelasime* —

*Gel.* At malè vereor ne hoc non de gravitate meâ detrahat.

Non, non, ipsi Doctores jocantur in his regionibus.

In condemnatos falsi sunt ipsi Judices,

Dormiant, capite annuunt & ille Judicialis jocus est.

Generosi jocis solvunt Creditoribus.

Hic homines omnia joco. Promittunt joco. Joco jurant, joco fallunt : rem agunt divinam joco.

Pænè dixi, vivunt joco : tantum jocantur serio.

*Gn.* Atque ego ità faciam: si canimus sylvas, sylvæ sint Consule dignæ.

*Gel.* *Morion*, vide ecqui licitatores propè sint : an prospectus est sterilis ?

*Mor.* Joci, novi joci, optimi novi joci, quis emit novos jocos ?

*Gno.* Nullos ne nundinatus es modo ? hic dies sceleratus est

(Ut utar Comici phrase) dividendis jocis.

*Gel.* Mox dabit nobis grandes bolos : ita supercilium salit.

Non sum ob nihilum tam ingeniosus hodiè, Nunquid cessavi hoc mane lucri facere ?

Vendidi modò mulieri, nescio cui, duos jocos

In Papam *Johannam*, quos missuram ajebat sese

Ad electum fratrem suum fidelem pastorem in Angliâ,

Unum etiam aut alterum de Clavibus & Coronâ triplici.

*Gno.* Quanti emit ?

*Gel.* Unis drachmis in jocos singulos.

Sed corollarii loco voluit sibi unum dari.

Demi — jocum in *Bellarminum* : itaque dedi, Mentiris *Bellarmine*.

*Gno.* Benè habet : Capram cælestem orientem conspeximus

Id est, Beati sumus. Teste Erasmo Roterdamo in Adagiis, Ecquid aliud ?

*Gel.* Præstinauit etiam Justiciarius quidam quatuor jocos, In honorem Legis ; & sex ingeniosas sententias

Quas



Quas in cænâ dicturū est, cum vicinos quotannis accipit Clientum alitibus. Venit postillā Jesuita aliquis (Quantum conjecturam capio, nam ornatus erat basili- cum in modum)

Et pecuniam in antecessum dedit, ut sibi facerem Salsum & ingeniosum Dialogum inter Lutherum & Diabolum.

Omitto reliquos —

*Mor.* Pax? It! adest emptor: quid vis tibi Domine  
Novos jocos, optimos novos jocos!

*Scena Septima.**Juvenis Academicus.*

*Acad.* Vellem mihi dari Archididascalum hujus scholæ.

*Mor.* Dari? non, non; habebis, si vis emere tibi,

*Ac.* Quis est Archididasculus?

*Mor.* Ego sum *Morion*.

*Ac.* Sed illum conventum cupio.

*Mor.* Non me cupis?

Ego possum joculari aliquando.

*Gel.* *Morion*, exscribe sis.

Hanc paginam.

*Mo.* Totam? vis, credo, vitam meam interimere.

*Gno.* Juvenis, eccum me præsto tibi. Coram, quem quæritis, adsum

Trojus *Æneas*.

*Ac.* Si *Æneas* tibi nomen sit, alium volo.

*Gno.* Non: sed loquor cum Poëtâ: is sum, quid venisti loquere.

*Ac.* Muneris nostri est moderari inter disputantes in scholis publicis.

*Gno.* O? Agonotheta es, ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀγῶν & τίθημι: nam sic docti vocant.

*Ac.* Facetus videre velim; tantam libenter dabo Mercedem, quantam alii solent, eodem qui officio functi sunt.

*Gel.* Rectè: nam si argumenta non potes, solvenda est pecunia,

*Audin'*

Audin' quæ dixi? *Morion* scribe hoc sis ocyûs.

*Mor.* Dii te perdant,

Credo te joculari solitum fuisse in utero Matris,  
Atque ita semper facis, mihi ut facessas in scribendo negotium.

*Gel.* Memento tamen, Juvenis, in quo sis loco.  
Ingeniosus esse non debes nimis.

Nullumne adhuc habes in parato jocularium?

*Ac.* Nullum equidem præter, satisfecisti officio tuo.

*Mor.* A—r—ar—a—rgu—O jam habeo—

*Ac.* An bonam habetis copiam philosophicorum salium?

*Gel.* Videbis: *Morion* cedo libellum de jocis Philosophicis.

Hem! legam tibi aliquos.

### *Scena Octava.*

*Mulier.*

*Mu.* Quis intus est?

*Mor.* Quis hæc mulier est? quid vis?

*Mu.* Tune es Magister Scholæ?

*Mor.* Ego sum. Ego: quid tua? Magister? maximè.

*Mul.* Recede quæso; est tibi quod in aurem dicam.

Nupta sum, si placet,

Imperito morum, & impuri oris Viro,  
Qui me meretricem vocat; Mentiris dicit, & Canis es.  
Itaque ego emere illi facetias volo.

*Mor.* Nupta es imperito morum & impuri oris Viros,  
[clara voce]

Qui te meretricem vocat; hæc in aurem dicis mihi?

Non, non: quid si dolus hic latet?

*Gno.* *Mulier*, adi sis propius.

*Ac.* Ha, ha, hæ! non abstineo quin plaudam — accipe sis pecuniam.  
[plaudit manib.]

Ob isthoc credo dictum me sustollent humeris.

*Gn.* Cujus generis facetias vis?

*Mul.* Omnium, si placet, generum.

*Gn.* *Morion*, cedo Pia hilaria, nunquam hæc vendemus aliter.

*Mul.*

*Mul.* Non multa, si placet, pia.

*Gno.* Non, non, patica pro Die Dominico:  
Vin'etiam jocos generosos?

*Mu.* Quoscunque tibi visum'ft.

*Gn.* At aliqui lascivi sunt.

*Mul.* Non refert, si sint tantum aliqui.  
Indica, fac pretium.

*Gn.* Non cari sunt sex minis, Tu verò quoniam pul-  
chra es, & Pulchrior est virtus veniens è corpore  
pulchro,  
Sex solidis feres.

*Mu.* Accipe; Dii vos sospitent.

*Mor.* Nunquam sic auferes; aliquid mihi dabis.

[*Osculatur*] *Exit.*

*Ac.* Profectò, si unquam te in Academiâ uspiam vi-  
derim,  
Accipiam te opiparè coctis prunis, & cervisiâ primariâ.  
Sed necesse est, ut confutationem Orationis componas  
mihi.

*Gel.* Effectum tibi dabo nunc jam; mihi facilè effluit.  
*Morton*, adesdum, scribe, quæ loquor; paratus es?

*Ac.* Sed ità componas oro, ut cadem confutatione hæc:  
Respondeam aliis Orationibus.

*Gel.* Omnibus, si vis.

Antequam ad Disputationem deveniamus, ad aliqua tibi  
respondendum est, habuisti itaque in vestibulo Ora-  
tionis tuæ —

*Mor.* Quid? vest — vestibulum — delectaris credo vo-  
cabulis

Quæ sunt scriptu difficilia.

*Gel.* Aliquid de meis laudibus, sed profecto ego ingenuè  
fateor me

Non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus. Dixisti por-  
rò —

Dixisti porrò, aliquid de Mari Philosophico —

*Ac.* Quid si non dicit?

*Gel.* Pish, ne time: nunquam quisquam omittet Marc  
Philosophicum —

Sed video nullas hinc natas Veneres — ha! quid ais Ju-  
venis?

*Ac.* Hum! hum! hum! medius fidius pulchrè.

*Gel.* Dixisti etiam quod — & tum interponas illius verba.

*Ac.* Quæso tui id facias; non possum quicquam interponere.

*Gel.* Benè habet: non est opus, perge ad hunc modum. Cætera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt, itaque sic — & tum Accingas te ad disputandum, scripsisti in *Morion*?

*Mor.* Ferè; Dilapsa sunt, itaque sic — & tum te accingas ad disputandum. [legit.]

*Gel.* Pish; non oportuit scriptum — & tum te accingas.

*Mor.* Non? significatum hoc oportuit mihi — sed delebo tamen.

*Ac.* Nihil suprâ: O si repetere possim cum ingenioso tono.

*Gel.* Id facillimum est; audies Morionem, *Morion*, procede in medium.

Et lege Confutationem, uti ego te docui.

*Mor.* Tun' me docuisti? non? ego naturâ sic loquor. Antequam ad Disputationem deveniamus ad aliqua tibi. Respondendum est, habuisti itaque in vest — vestibulo Orationis.

Tuæ aliquid de meis laudibus, sed profectò ego ingenuè fateor,

Me non meruisse tantum de meis laudibus, dixisti porrò aliquid.

De mari Philosophico, pish ne time, nunquam quicquam.

*Gel.* Quid? scripsisti in id? dele, inquam, ocyùs.

*Mor.* Quid? non est jocus? delebon' ego jocum optimum? benè, si vis — [delet.]

Sed video nullas hinc natas Venena —

*Gel.* Quid? venena?

*Mor.* Maximè; annon rectè id quidem?

*Gel.* Pish! Veneres.

*Mor.* Veneres? benè; in idem redit — Cætera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt,

Itaque sic, —



*Ac.* Legit pol facetissimè : quî datur tanti indica.

*Gel.* Non cara' st auro contrà ; sed solido tibi destino.

*Mor.* Non, non ? ponam ego precium illi, quia re-  
petebam benè.

iden' has vestes, jocularès nimio nimis ?

abis mihi subligacula.

*Ac.* Hem tibi solidum — adest peregrinus —

alete ; confutabo nunc omnes homines, quibus cum lo-  
quor. [Exit.]

*Scena Nona.*

*Bombardomachides.*

*Gn.* Adest alius :

æ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?

*Bom.* Heus ! ecquid istâ venditis jocos scholâ ?

fare & istud pande, quodcunque est mihi.

*Gno.* Dicis vera quidem, veris sed graviora fide.

Ovidius in Tristibus, quem librum composuit

quam in exilium missus est ab *Augusto*.

line me dicere tibi cum Poëta ; Dic nomen.

*Bom.* Meumne nescis nomen ? O ingens scelus !

in terra cælum media libratum feret,

idusque certas mundus evolvit vices,

umerusque arenis deêrit, haud nomen meum

tebit ullos.

*Gno.* Hic homo, (quantùm video) nondum Virgilium

legit,

in eandem rem cum Poëta quantò dixisset melius.

reta dum fluvii current, dum montibus umbræ

strabunt, convexa polus dum sydera pascet

per honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt.

*Mor.* Vix audeo herclè ; Hem ! fortem me præstabo.

vos jocos, optimos novos jocos, emifne novos jocos !

*Bom.* Ain' carnufex ?

*Mor.* Nihil, profectò nihil.

um ipse loqui soleo ; hic homo non jocatur.

*Bom.* In profligatas hostium turmas jocos Empturus

ntum fero, argentum bonum ; Minasque quisquis

erat, inveniet duas.

[Seddit pecun.]

*Mor.* Ha! ha! habeo! hem tibi jocum pulcherrimum  
Ad hunc modum hostibus responde. Abite in Tullianum  
Et ad laudem eorum converti potest, si dicas modò  
Ne abeatis in Tullianum, ha, ha, he!

*Gel.* Ecquid pestis te tenet? in Ciceronem id oportet  
dictum.

*Mor.* Scio hoc, sed aliis applicari facilè potest; ante  
Locus est in carcere quod Tullianum appellatur?  
Possum ego joculari satis in loco, diis gratias.

*Gel.* Hem tibi sales militares!

*Gno.* Alexander, seu Pellæus juvenis  
Nunquam est locutus meliores, exempli gratiâ,  
Rex, inquis, Macedonicus mihi ipse dedit—  
Tum dicet aliquis, Quid dedit? pecuniam?  
Respondes facetissime, Tergum vel Pænas dedit—

*Bom.* Sed fac Jambi cuncta ut incedant pede,  
Efficias jam nunc, nam mox huc referam gradus. [Exit]

*Gel.* Ædipol næ commodè processimus, lepide  
officium fungimur.

*Mor.* Pulchrè nos inter nos congruimus, ingenio  
mnes sumus.

*Gno.* Sævis inter se convenit urfis, ut Vir omni  
rarum genere cultissimus.

*Gel.* Hei! obruimur multitudine. Abite, bellua  
multorum capitum,

Ha, ha, ha! multorum capitum! ha, ha! redite  
prandium,

Vos qui estis bellua multorum capitum. Tutor, ea  
quæso ad prandium.

*Gno.* Rectè, nam, ut inquit Poëta,  
Ludit permittis sobria Musa jocos. [Exit]

## ACTUS QUARTUS

### Scena Prima.

*Cal.* Filius, Encomissa.

*Cal. F.* O Me hominem inveniustum!  
*En.* O infortunatam me puellulam!

*Cal. F.* Amare res liberrima est, Amare tamen cogor.

*Eu.* Odisse res est liberrima, Odisse tamen vetor.

*Cal.* Cur superi, quam amemus eligunt, quâ cum vivamus Patres?

*Eu.* Cur Patres in corpora potestatem habent, in animos superi?

*Cal.* Adest *Eucomissa*, aliquid ei dicerem, sed quid dicam nescio.

*Eucomissa*——

*Eu.* Quid?

*Cal.* Ne valeam, si verbum de nuptiis

*Eucomissa*——

*Eu.* Quid? fac me ut sciam, siquid vis.

*Cal.* Egon? nihil.

*Eu.* Cur vocasti autem?

*Cal.* Immo tantum est, Salva sis.

Et——aliud certè volo si ad audiendum adest benignitas.

*Eu.* Adest, sed in pauca conferas.

*Cal.* Siquid unquam ego——

*Eu.* Exordia *Calliphanes*? quasi docilis reddenda sim & benevola?

Ad rem veni.

*Cal.* Verbo expediam, Vale.

[*Exit.*]

*Eu.* Enimverò ad hoc audiendum adest benignitas, Vale.

Næ ego infelix puella, tam suavem quæ amasium nacta sum!

Intemperiae hominem tenent, at Patrem multò magis,

Quid huic me hodiè nuptum cerrito daret. O *Æmylio*,

[*Callipha. redit.*]

Tecum vivendum est solo, si vivendum est mihi.

Te Pater, tu me cepisti, injuriam fortunæ ultus es.

*Cal.* *Eucomissa*, salve, aliquid te rogatum oportuit quæ me propter huc exanimatum reduxi tibi.

*Eu.* Satin' molestus tandem? quæso te ut sanus fies.

*Cal.* Præter jus æquumque oras, nam amare, & simul sapere,

Næ deos quidem penes est, sed *Eucomissa*; hodiè?

*Eu.* Ajuat.

*Cal.* Quid Pater ?

*Eu.* Jubet , instat , urget.

*Cal.* Si hodiè nuptura es mihi , cras me efferes.

*Eu.* Falsus es ; nam si nubam hodiè , hodiè moriar.

*Cal.* Epitaphium mihi fiet in Epithalamii loco.

*Eu.* Genialis mihi lectus sepulchri fungetur vice. |

*Cal.* Ob lepidum isthoc dictum nunc demum place mihi.

Nunc illud est , cum te libentèr penè in uxorem acciperem.

Quam vox sonabit blandum cum promittat tua ,

Quæ tum , cum negat , suavis est !

*Eu.* Mecastor ego

Vix jam à memet impetro , ut ne te amem, Cum te amare nolis ità amanter facis.

*Cal.* O amore omni dulcior contentio !

*Eu.* O omni pace jurgium oprobrius !

*Cal.* Sic suâ Turtures molliores Venere, Et murmurant & gemunt , & queruntur invicem ,  
Sed questus inter , gemitum , & murmur , amant.

*Eu.* Sic gratum nostris furtum cum fiat auribus ,  
Pax bellica inter chordas pugnantès agitur , Concordant simul , simul & litigant soni.

*Cal.* Per Venerem Eucomissâ , liberalis es ; si daretur optio,

Uxorem à Diis ipsis non peterem aliam.

At cætera , sponte facimus , amamus fato.

*Eu.* Gerundus igitur Fato , non Patri mos est.

*Cal.* Ne valeam, cum contemplar faciem , si quicquam supra est ,

Tam lubrica frons est , oculorum ut effundat aciem.

Cincinnati vinciendis animis nati tibi.

Modestus genarum color , & qualem aliæ

A verecundiâ mutantur , genasque æmulantur labia ,

Abeamus , nam si te conspexero diutius ,

Periero , Venena mellea in medullas serpunt.

Vin' te Eucomissâ mihi in Uxorem dari ?

Cupio , per Deos cupio , Eucomissâ , loquere.

Sed ne concedas , cupio , ne concedas tamen.

Nisi dura , & difficilis maneat , me interficis.



Nam conceptis ego verbis jusjurandum dedi,  
Uxorem, nisi *Æglen*—

*Eu.* *Æglen Calliphanes?*

*Cal.* Non, non, non, ah quid feci! aliam volui dicere.

*Eu.* Afficiam te hodiè *Calliphanes*, nuncio lætabili, Si  
*Æglen* deperis, mutuum tecum facit.

*Cal.* Quid ais? ah noli in spem fluxam me conicere,  
Men' *Ægle*?

*Eu.* Oculis plus, inquam, suis.

*Cal.* Deus sum, si isthoc verum est, O *Eucomissa*.  
Cedo sis manum mihi, ut supplex eam exosculer,  
Ne vivam, nisi semper te feci meritò maximam.

*Eu.* Accersas *Æglen*, rem tibi Authorem dabo.  
Consilium unà capiemus, intereà temporis, Vale.

*Cal.* Nunc illud est, cum me—

*Eu.* Pish, superfede istis verbis, abi.

*Cal.* Abeo— sed *Eucomissa*—benè: abeo. [Exit.]

*Scena Secunda.*

*Æmylio, Eucomissa.*

*Æm.* *Ædipol* næ hæc machina successit lepidè sub  
manus.

Ita parata fecerunt omnia ad jocandi artem utilia.

Accommodavit illis *Dinon* aliquid pecuniæ præ manu  
Unde utantur, & nuuc, credo, aperuerunt Scholam.

*Eu.* Ha! adest, amorem meum non est uti celem am-  
plius. *Æmylio*, adesdum, paucis te volo.

*Æm.* *Eucomissa*, salve.

*Eu.* *Æmylio*, hodiè nuptura sum.

*Æm.* Dii vortant benè.

*Eu.* Neque à Patre impetro, aliquot uti nuptiis prodar  
dies.

Estne hoc miserum?

*Æm.* Enimvero nihil prolixius.  
Nam eo citius virginem exues.

*Eu.* Sed fac *Æmylio*,  
Tibi me nupturam, rem tantam negligenter adeò faceres?  
De improvviso duceres?

*Æm.* Utinam faceres periculum.

Equidem nullis rebus prævorterem.

*Eu.* Mecastor, pone ita esse.

Ego amo te, sed adversum nos offirnat Pater,

Quid enim ageres?

*Æm.* Quid? si esset centies pater,  
Glaucoram ob oculos objicerem, uti ne quod videt,  
videat.

Itaque primum rogo te, vin' hodiè mihi nubere?

*Eu.* Volo.

*Æm.* Lepidè partestuas agis: sed da mihi firmatam  
fidem.

*Eu.* Do testem Venerem.

*Æm.* Et Martem ego tibi

Me hodie te ducturum, dicta confirmemus suavio,

O festivum facinus! herclè verò jam nunc mihi seriò  
uxor es.

Da suavium alterum.

*Eu.* Proh deorum fidem! os hominis!

*Æm.* Osculandi pausam faciam, si os non placet,  
Sed aliquid noctu fiet, qua me propter ames meritò.

*Eu.* Quinaufer te, inquam, ocyùs, nempe quod dixi  
joco.

Ten' aliam in partem accipere decet, impudens?

Mecastor faxo ut ne impunè in me inluseris.

Unde isthac confidentia' est? quæ opes tibi? quæ factio?

Servitutem servire te memineras captum manu.

*Æm.* At enim liber natus sum, ac forti familiâ.

*Eu.* Linguam comprime,

Aut dicam Patri ut me in tricas conjicis.

*Æm.* Iste herclè exitus rem lepidam pervortit malè.

Vale igitur, si vis, ad novam scholam me conferam,

Atque aliquos emam jocos in iracundam Virginem.

*Eu.* Quam ineptè stulta sum! timeo, ut severa fuerim.

Quid si revocem? *Æmylio* redi, quid præter morem ita

Præterque ingenium tuum ea mali consulis Quæ jucundè  
dicta sunt? credin' me locutam seriò?

*Æm.* Non, non, seriò? neque posse faminam arbitror.

*Eu.* Cape sis hunc annulum tibi, indignum quo do-  
neris donos.

Si memoriâ nos excidimus hic facito ut subveniat tibi.

*Æm.* Annulum ? maximè , sed jamne locuta es seriò ?

*Eu.* O *Æmylio* , si nosceres — & quidni noscas tamen ?

*Æm.* Quidni ? quia non sum Oedipus : præter annulum nil intelligo.

*Eu.* Adeone tardus es ? facis haud consuetudine,

Quin, vultum legas , legas & suspiria ,

Hunc ipsum legas annulum ; sat loquor tacita.

*Æm.* Legam herclè lubentissimus — oh — Cum annulo —

Quid est ? *Eucomissa* , hoc verbum non vult legi.

Oh — efficiam ut velit — Cum annulo animus.

*Eu.* Ineptus es ; res alias si sic agis , Vale.

Quid dixi ? immò Vale , sed ne abeas tamen.

*Æm.* Hum ! sic est profectò : nam si memini benè Concinnâ facie sum ; staturâ commodâ , & ætate integra ; Experiar quid sit : *Eucomissa* , advorte animum.

O *Eucomissa* , diu te amavi perditæ.

*Eu.* Ha !

*Æm.* Usque adhuc ausus nihil , nisi oculos pascere.

Amoris tædio enecor , nunc itaque tuum

Perspicere animum , ut sese habeat velim ,

In spe atque in timore attentus sum. *Eucomissa* , loquere ;

*Eu.* Pudet confiteri ; ô , quid faciam misera ?

Mene ? similitatem non revereberis Patris ?

Sed mitto Patrem —

*Æm.* Missam hanc facito modestiam.

Vin' me Maritum tibi ? verbo expedias.

*Eu.* Maritum ? ha ! quid si id cupiam maximè ?

Cupiam ? non , nolo *Æmylio* : habes brevissimè.

Quid respondes ?

*Æm.* Me esse infælicem ; Vale.

*Eu.* Non , non , manta sis modò ; Volo , inquam , Volo !

O *Æmylio* , tua sum , tuæ me commendo fidei.

*Æm.* Et ego *Eucomissa* tuus ; præ lætitiâ , ita me dii ament.

Apud me non sum ; sed mittamus isthæc , adsunt arbitri.

*Scena Tertia.**Calliphanes, Ægle, Eucomissa, Æmylio.*

*Cal.* Beasti me ; hoc dicto reddidisti animum.  
Nec hominum , nec deorum iram teruncii æstimo.

*Eucomissa, -- Æmylio, --* Divorum vitam adepti sumus.

*Æm.* Quid soror? tune *Calliphanem* amas?

*Æg.* Meipsam minus.

*Eu.* Frustrâ adhuc sumus ; quid Patri respondebimus?

*Cal.* Ha ! Patri ? quantâ de lætitiâ quam subito decidi ? Nullamne facere possumus in nuptiis fallaciam  
*Æmylio?*

*Æm.* Non minor mea hic res agitur, quam tua, Itaque admonere desine.

*Eu.* At siquid potes *Æmylio?*

*Æm.* An hodiè te uxorem commissurus est *Calliphani?*

*Eu.* Itâ.

*Æm.* Dic te velle.

*Eu.* Ah *Æmylio*, tam subito animum  
A nobis segregas?

*Æm.* Dii avortant omen.

Nemo te unquam nisi mors eripiet mihi.

Nunc quam rem agam accipe : hic nuptiis dictus est dies.

Veras esse credat Pater, at ne sint tamen.

Nam *Ægle* tuam vicem cum *Calliphane* noctu cubet.

Diurna ejus uxor sis ipsa in aliquod tempus.

Nam fortè in diebus paucis aliud se nobis offeret.

Amolimini hinc vos properè, si consilium placet.

*Eu.* Nullum vidi melius.

*Cal.* Abeamus *Ægle.*

[*Exeunt.*]

*Scena Quarta.*

*Gnomicus, Gelasimus, Morion, Academicus secundus.*

*Gn.* Ad cathedram, ad cathedram o cyùs, nam adest  
peregrinus,  
Titubatque pede pes, densusque Viro Vir.

*Acad.*



*Aca.* Tune es Magister Scholæ ?

*Mor.* Hei ! Magister ! nemo homo  
Me quærit uspiam ; his vestibus nimium lateo.

*Aca.* Professor jocorum *Academicus* proximâ Hebdomade jocaturus est publice.

Itaque huc me misit salutem ut vobis dicerem ,  
Opemque in hac re expetisset , & consilium vestrum .  
Ideoque hoc munus æqui bonique ut consulatis obsecrat .

*Gel.* Pecuniam ab illo ? Dii melius : meus frater est .

*Ac.* Eo accipias magis , nam fratres metuit suos .

*Gno.* Quanquam te Jocator Frater annum jam sales in  
hoc tempus colligentem , idque Academia , abundare oportet præceptis institutisque hujus artis propter summum & Doctoris tui ingenium & Collegii , tamen ad hanc rem , nos ( ut videmur ) magnum tibi emolumentum afferemus , atque hoc veluti in transitu ; sæpiusculè excurro Oratoriè .

*Gel.* Præ re isthac rem prævortam nullam , Sed ecquos ipse fecit sales ?

*Aca.* Collegit aliquos ;  
Sed fecit ipse adhuc , quod sciam ego , paucissimos .  
Fortè an duos tresve demi — jocos .

*Gel.* *Morion* porrige schedulam  
Illam mihi jocorum Tripodalium ; nam in Angliâ patriâ nostrâ ,

Jocorum Professori Tripodis nomen ponimus . Hem tibi !

*Aca.* An isti concinnè , in Quæstionem ejus cadent ?

*Gel.* Æquè herclè concinnè in Quæstionem ejus , atque in ullam aliam .

Hoc habeat propè in exordii loco , dein Quæstio autem Sequatur è longinquo , evocabit suos ipse Terminos ,  
Atque si recusent ingredi , invitos trahat secum atque ingratiis ,

Uti non rarò factum vidimus . Hæc itaque est salutatio Auditorum omnium , ubi obiter deridendos præbet Medicinæ , Legisque Professores , & Doctores omnes præcipuè .

Absque hoc nunquam quisquam plausum sibi repperit .  
Sed ( pænè oblitus fui dicere ) nullane hic Comœdia .  
Agitur circiter hoc temporis .

*Acad.* Immò verò hodiè.

*Cel.* Ha ha, hæ! yah Poëtam infortunatum nimis,  
Nam quisquis is est, facetiis meis proximâ Hebdomade  
jugulabitur,

Accipe sis hanc schedulam; scriptum hic inveniet,  
Quod sufficiet largiter ad deridendum omnes posthac Co-  
mœdias.

*Aca.* Dii tibi dent quæ velis, benè velcas.

*Gel.* St! audin' etiam?

Tribus verbis te volo; istam Fabulam Ludos faciet.

Fabula (intellextin'?) Ludus dicitur, jam te dimitto, Vale.

[*Exit Aca.*]

### *Scena Quinta.*

*Æmylio (alio ornatu) Psecas, Gnom. Gel. Mor.*

*Gel.* Satin' ego oculis utilitatem obtineo, annon?  
Ædipol virgo fortis est, efficiam ut me depereat de inge-  
nio.

*Mor.* Principio atque hanc video, manere non possum  
diutius,

Ita lauta est; nimidò nimi' modestus sum his vestibus,

*Æm.* Jam para te *Psecas*; si pectus sapit, duras illis da-  
bis.

*Pf.* Pish, aliud cura, magnificè tractabø isthunc *Asinum*;  
O Venus! hæccine est illa schola? lepidus mecastor lo-  
cus est.

Semper ego facetias amavi multum, & nutrix mihi  
Dicere solita est: Abi, abi, ut vitalis sis metuo,  
Ia præter ætatem tuam ingeniosa es nimium.

Et ego pol ridebam: rides? inquit illa, Dii boni!

Ut hujus nunquam non meminero!

*Æm.* Pish, perge ad rem.

*Pf.* Quam sæpe res nihili otiose hæreat in memoriâ?

O *Diana*! quam mihi tunc dierum pro cibo fuit jocularier?

Sæpè ad focum domi obsedimus; ego narrare fabulas,

Festivè multa dicere, omnes in cachinnos solvere,

Nulla (licet ipsa dicam) primarum artium magi princeps  
extitit.

Sed ubi est Magister? videre vellem nimio,  
Nam communicabimus inter nosmet facetias invicem,  
Opem meam (satis scio) non habebit despiciatui.  
Ubi est?

*Gn.* Coram, quem quæritis, adsum  
Trojus *Æneas*, necesse habeo novam de hâc re sententiam  
quærere.

*Pf.* O Musas! studuisti arti Musicæ: illud ex Virgilio  
Accepisti mutuum, immo ego poëtas legi,  
Sic sum, non tantum verbis dici potest,  
Quantum re ipsa versus amo, & feci sanè  
Mediocrates.

*Gn.* Mediocribus esse poëtis  
Non homines, non Dii, non concessere Columnæ.

*Gel.* Oh! oh! oh! incantavit me aliquis: quod ego  
Nunquam futurum credidi, nequeo unum concinnare  
adeo joculum.

Hum! ficcin? Oh! tandem ad meipsum redeo.  
O cujus genis rosæ invident, & pudore rubescunt solo.  
Et tum——

*Mor.* Ha, ha, ha! pulcherrimè! si ornatus essem ex  
meis virtutibus  
Sic adirem virginem; nam deperiret istam faciem.

*Æm.* Tun' solus hic regnum possides? ubi, si placet,  
cæteri?

*Gn.* St! *Gelasime.*

*Gel.* Maximè——Pallet Luna, & se victam confite-  
tur——

Statim voëis adero——nec sidera——hum! isthoc non  
placet.

Ceciderunt plane sidera; Ceciderunt; ha, ha, ut nescienti  
mihi

Effluxit istic jocus?

*Gn.* Hem, *Morion*, ubi es?

*Mo.* St! ego non adsum.

*Æm.* Ha, ha, ha, an se præsens præsentem negat?  
Nisi jurato tibi, *Morion*, non credemus.

*Mor.* Per Deos non adsum,  
Ut catè delusi homines! illi hic me esse nesciunt, ha, ha,  
ha!

*Gn.* An *Morion* atrâ bili percitu' st ? id est , an delirat ?  
Cesson' illum educere ex inîdiis , ut lepidè loquar ?

*Morion* , adesto.

[*Educit.*]

*Æm.* Ha , ha ! ut stat ! reclamante Philosophiâ  
Negarem hunc esse rationalem , nisi quîa risibilem video.

*Gn.* Humanum est errare : erras profectò hospes ,  
Nam omnis homo est rationalis , ut acutissime observat  
Simplicius.

*Pf.* Nolite , obsecro , deridere , per pol quam modestus  
est !

*Mer.* Melaudat.

*Gel.* Euge ! jam habeo.

*Mor.* Hercle audactèr alloquar.

Salve tu , O cujus genis rosæ invident , & pudore rubescunt  
solo.

*Gel.* O mastigiam ! quæ mea est Oratio , occupat prælo-  
qui.

Ut perdidit mihi fex jocos , & tres amatorias sententias !

*Gno.* Perge *Morion*.

*Mor.* Perge tu , si vis , ego dixi satis.

*Gno.* Adestum *Gelasime*. Hic est jocator ille , Cui me-  
liore luto finxit præcordia Titan.

*Pf.* Mecastor liberalis est : salve multum , te unum ex  
omnibus

Festivum fama magnificavit , itaque ad te huc venimus vi-  
sere.

Nam me etiam lepidam vocant , etsi hanc mihi Laudem  
non arrogem.

*Gel.* Syderi equidem cujus sub auspicio natu' sum , mi-  
norem gratiam habeo ,

Quam oculorum tuorum syderibus , quæ me perspexerunt  
modo.

Ha , ha ! optimè loquor semper de improvîso ,  
Quod signum est boni ingenii , proculdubio hæc mea' st ,  
Obsecro , quænam est hæc virgo ?

*Æm.* Factione summâ , & divitiis pollens.

*Bombardomachidis* filia' st strenuissimi ducis.

*Gel.* Nimiò nimi' novi ego istum *Bombardomachidem*.  
(Hic illum derideo) sed tamen tantò melius st.

*Æm.* Ecquis homo tantum stultitiæ in se possedit uspiam  
Quid



Quid si oblectem me cum istis? placet, heus! auditin'?

Quoniam vosmet magnificatis ità de istis artibus,  
Dabo equidem sponsonem, me vos unum singulos  
Redacturum modò jocis meis ad silentium.

Agite sultis, experiamur in hanc partem quis plus possiet.

*Pf.* Vide quid agas priùs. Ego ab hujus parte stabo.

*Gel.* A meà: nescio unde hoc sit, multò sum beator  
Quam vulgus hominum! quæcunque vocem audiunt,  
Continuò me amant perditè. O superi! gratias ago,  
Multum de me meruistis; Heus, audacule,  
Quoniam ita vis vitâ interfici, ascende hanc sellulam.  
Opponam ego primus; sed miseret me tui.

*Mor.* Benè herclè facis; ego obsecundabo tibi in loco;  
Abi, audacule, abi in Tullianum.

*Æm.* Esto tu Moderator

*Gno.* Agonotheta ero, ὡς τὸ ἀγῶν & τίθμι: nam sic  
docti vocant. Tu oppones *Morion*.

Secundo in loco.

*Mor.* Rectè, recedam paululum

Et confutationem Orationis ejus meditabor mecum.

*Gn.* Antequam illam nosti?

*Mor.* Nosti? nemo non potest

Confutare tum cum noverit, ero singularis ego.

*Pf.* Discrucior animi, quod mos non patitur,  
Disputare sæminas publicè: vellem hos Opponentes mihi.

*Gn.* Ascendat Jocator.

Proditum est memoriæ antiquos Philosophos post mul-  
tos labores sese recreare solitos fuisse. Agite igitur,  
hilarem hunc sumamus diem, nam arcus nimium in-  
tentus citò frangitur; habent sua Ludicra Musæ; &  
Apollo Musarum Parens, aliquando latet, aliquando  
patet. Tu vero Spartam quam nactus es, hanc orna,  
non minus, aut etiam plus modestia tua, quam inge-  
nium appareat. Cave à Majoribus, nam ingenium  
non ferent, & observa semper cum Poëtâ, Parcere  
personis, dicere de vitiis.

*Æm.* Orationem tuam —

*Gn.* Nolo pati istam impudentiam, conferas te ad pro-  
vinciam tuam.

*Æm.* Sapienter quidem facis, quod Orationem tuam  
non vis repeti.

*Gn.*

*Gn.* Authoritate mihi ab Apolline commissa, jubeo te acquiescere.

*Pf.* Ha, ha, hæ! utinam ista mihi autoritas committeretur ab Apolline.

*Æm.* Non datur ars jocandi — Incipiam à postremo Terminò Jocandi, qui est Terminus Hillarii. Artem omitto, quia mos est ita facere.

Datur est verbum; nam nunc dierum Res talis non est, quædam dicuntur dari propriè & simpliciter, sed hic sensus verbi jam antiquatus est: alii verò improprie & secundum quid, ut Gradus in Academiâ, & in Collegiis —

*Gn.* Omitte illud verbum; scimus quid velis.

*Æm.* Sed, ne erretis in hæc re, dicam vobis, quid dandum sit, quid non, primum omnium dabitis mihi — si placeo — Manus vestras — sin minus — Veniam. Dabitis Aulico nova jura-  
menta, nam fregit omnia vetera. Ad cælum enim ire ne cogitat quidem, quia audit paucos illic effusores & futores vestiarios, itaque nunquam oravit in totâ vitâ, tantum aliquandò dixit Deo, se ejus servum effeter humillimum. Et tamen odit Diabolum, quia Cornutus est, eoque similior illius Creditorum Civium. Secundò Dabitis Puritanis verba; jam enim illis silentium indicitur; siquandò autem privatim prædicent, dabitis aures vestras; nam suas amiserunt. Dabitis Academicis —

*Gn.* Nolo istud dici; ne quos ridere hic oportuit, Erubescant aliqui: satisfecisti officio tuo.

Respondere tibi vellem, sed neminem in loco meo Extrà unum novi, qui respondit nugis hujusce modi.

Ascendat Opponens primus; Disputationem in alium Differamus diem, nunc jam respondeas tantum breviter.

Age; Spartam, quam nactus es, hanc orna.

*Gel.* Faciam, sed numerà jocos meos, dum respondeam.

*Gn.* Pauperis est numerare pecus. Numerà hoc *Gelasime*, Obsecro, Auditores, ut in adversum partem ne rapiatis, Quod in hoc dignitatis gradu præter morem aliquandò jocos,

*Æm.*

*Æm.* Si in eam partem peccas, facilè te profectò condonabimus,

Sed mihi crede, Doctissime Moderator, adhuc ab hâc culpâ libera es.

*Gn.* Doctissimum me vocat; non interficiam illum hodiè!

*Gel.* Quoniam dandi regulas nobis dedisti. Ibi unus *Gnomice*,

Est magnus jocus.

*Æm.* Tam magnus herclè ut videri nequeat,

*Gel.* Pish! annon ludo in reduplicatione <sup>te</sup> Dare?

*Gn.* Est certè dimidia pars joci.

*Æm.* Oh! ille, fortasse credidit,

Dimidium plus toto esse.

*Gel.* Dii, Deæque, Superi, Inferi,  
Pessimis me exemplis perduint, nisi dicturus id eram.  
Numera *Gnomice* pro meo, Eripuit eum ex animo meo.

*Æm.* Rectam herclè instas viam, ingeniosus ut fias,  
Si furaris, ego quæ dico.

*Pf.* Summi est ingeni,  
Sic facere, nam tuo jam te jugulat gladio.  
Ibi ego etiam: pudet sanè ne mutam stare  
Inter tot jocantes.

*Gel.* Sed repetamur à diverticulo:  
Dicam ergò tibi, quid dedit mihi rex *Macedonicus*—

*Æm.* Quin pergis?

*Gel.* Quia jam te oportet dicere,  
Quid dedit tibi? pecuniam?

*Æm.* Quid si nolim dicere?

Tun' me coges?

*Gel.* Non, sed nisi detur Ansa, quis potest jocari?

*Æm.* Benè, si me oras, dicam, ne omnino coram  
hâc sœminâ nobili

Ignominiosè taceas.

*Gel.* Et ego sic respondeo:  
Pecuniam? non, non, non. Tergum vel pœnas dedit.  
Ibi duo joci *Gnomice*. Sed obiter hoc—  
Dixisti Artem jocandi non dari. Falsum! nam ars jocandi est

Res ingeniosa, sed res ingeniosa datur; nam  
Crede mihi res est ingeniosa Dare.

*Æm.*

*Æm.* Caru'ſt hic jocus, nam tribus abhinc petitur miliaribus.

Concionatorem nunquam audiſi, textum cum perdidit,

(Ut ſæpè ſit) per tot circulos illum quærere.

Walli in hunc planè modum ad ſuam ſcandunt originem.

Ap Ars jocandi, Ap datur, Ap Res, Ap ingenium, Ap Crede mihi res eſt ingenioſa dare.

*Gel.* Onerabas deinde maledictis Aulicos; ſed nimium ruſticè,

Iterùm *Gnomice*; ob ruſticitatem illum derideo, Eſt & elegans quædam antithēſis inter Aulicos & ruſticè. Quæ addidiſti de Puritanis, intacta prætereo.

Quoniam imitatus es illa quæ hodiè mane dixerim,

Cum illos in Novam Angliam ire juſſi, cætera

Ex memoriâ auſugerunt.

*Pſ.* Nequeo quin plaudam manibus.

Atque ita omnes vellem, cum audiant quod placet, facere.

*Gn.* Satisfeciſti officio tuo: aſcendat *Morion*.

*Mor.* Ità facio; quælo ut jocos meos numeres *Gnomice*.

*Æm.* Hei! cum iſtis veſtibus diſputaturus venis?

Carent Modo, & Figurâ. Nulla eſt Conſequentia Inter earum partes.

*Mor.* An veſtes meæ tibi nocent?

*Æm.* Ità ſanè me terrebant modò, cum hic aſcenderas.

*Mor.* Ha, ha, hæ! ut me vidit, hominem terrui; novit qui ſim.

Quid cum me audierit? Attendite, nunc incipio.

In principio orationis tuæ habuiſti aliquid de meis laudibus, ſed

Ego ingenuè fateor, me non meruiſſe tantum de meis laudibus.

*Æm.* Egon' de tuis laudibus?

Meritò pol me confutare poſſis, ſi habuiſſem tale quid.

*Mor.* Piſh! ego hoc ſuppono—itaque nunc pergo, numerâ *Gnomice*.

Dixiſti porrò aliquid de mari Philoſophico.

*Æm.* Quid? de mari Philoſophico?

At illud ego adhuc ne primoribus quidem labiis attigi.

Sed



Sed si animum induxisti deridere Mare Philosophicum,  
Indulgebo tibi hanc veniam.

*Mor.* Non? tum hæc tua culpa' est *Gelasime*,  
Annon dicebas, quod nunquam quisquam omittet Mare  
Philosophicum?

*Æm.* Ha, ha, hæ!

*Mor.* Ecquid me rident?

*Gn.* Perge *Morion*.

*Mor.* Pergat qui vult, si ridetis: ego satisfeci officio  
meo.

Cætera ex memoriâ dilapsa sunt: Et sic desino.

[*descendit.*]

*Gn.* Vos itaque cum meritis omnes dimitto laudi-  
bus,

Et Vitula tu dignus & hic. Arcades ambo Et canrare pa-  
res, & respondere parati.

*Pf.* Deus bone! quam pulchrè vos omnes processistis  
hodiè,

Ego vobiscum ipsa disputabo vice proximâ.

Doctissime Moderator vale, dii tibi dent quæ expetis.

*Gno.* Et longum formosa vale, vale inquit Iola.

*Pf.* Tu *Gelasime*, sequere me sis domum, nam de arte  
isthac est tibi

Quod sola soli dicam.

*Gel.* Beatus sum! libenter sequor.

Quantum diis magnis debeo, quod me tam lepidum fe-  
cerint!

*Pf.* *Æmylio*, i præ, pisth, omitte istas ceremonias.

*Mor.* Ego illos comitabor, satis sum jocatus hodiè.

*Gn.* At ego intus me recipiam, benè hodie fecimus.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ite domum saturæ, venit Hesperus, ite Capellæ.

[*Exit.*]

## ACTUS QUINTUS.

*Scena Prima.**Æmylio, Dinon.**Æm.* Pro certon' habes advenisse *Polyporam*?*Din.* Siquidem quod vidi certum 'st.

Nisi fallant oculi.

*Æm.* Mirum est ni fallant aliquandò, si sint tui,  
Nam tu totus, quantus quantus, nihil nisi astutia es.  
Sed, ut placet, ubi vidisti? ecquid idoneus visus't,  
Ex quo argentum cudimus? ha! numquid est tractabilis?  
Utinam accepisset literas.*Din.* Accepit jam in portu.

Et largus lacrymarum huc properat.

*Æm.* Quis istud nosti?*Din.* Ut vidi, suspenso gradu ibam, adstabam, com-  
primebam animam,Atque ubi cepi animum attendere, sermonem hoc captavi  
modo.Proin tu *Bombardomachidem* induas, ut accipiamus ho-  
minem,Hic esto; cum rogabit, ubi habet *Bombardomachides*?

Huc per posticum introducam illum tibi.

*Æm.* At militi claves reddidi.*Din.* Pish! sexcentæ sunt causæ quamobrem illas pos-  
sis repetere.Abi modo: sed enim captivis quid faciemus! absunt per-  
incommodè.*Æm.* Oh! dicam *Polyporo* tempus nunc non esse, ut  
illos videat:

Et jubebo cras redeat: Satin' polita sunt hæc consilia?

O fors fortuna quam secundis rebus hanc mihi onerasti  
diem!Abeamus mi charissime *Dinon*.*Din.* O, mi suavissime *Æmyli* abeamus. [Exeunt.]*Scena*

*Scena Secunda.*

*Gelasimus, Psecas, Morion.*

*Pf.* Viden' ergo quam posthabui omnes res ingenio tuo?

Nam me in uxorem multi expetiverunt Principes,  
Quos demisi, quia indocti erant, doloris compotes.

*Gel.* Dii me faciant quod volunt, nisi minu' gaudeam  
De pollentiâ tuâ (nam & ipse in meâ patriâ  
Sat dives & factiosus sum) quam quod hæ nuptiæ  
Magno futuræ sint totius orbis commodo.  
Namque ex te nostro quisquis suscipitur semine  
Suis se dictis immortalis afficiet gloria,  
Fietque Imperator jocosum optimus maximus.

*Pf.* Cupio equidem Poëtam parere,

*Gel.* Meâ fide paries.

Nam vagiebam ego metricè, & in lactis loco  
Heliconis aquam fluxi, tum autem in Parnasso bicipiti  
Sæpiculè somniavi, sed, ut verum fatear  
Nulla mihi carmina tam facili Minervâ fluunt,  
Quam Epigrammata, aut satyri, nam festivissimè  
(Ut nosti) deridere homines soleo.

*Pf.* O Musas omnes!

Quam undiquaque sententiis tuis intermiscēs facetias?

*Gel.* Ha, ha, hæ, animadvertistin'? at peperci ego  
dicere,

De illis, ut experirer, utrum tute per te eas intelligeres.

*Pf.* Ah! nunquam Patris in me inimicitias caperem  
Tui causâ, nisi intelligerem probè ingenium tuum.

*Mor.* Colloquuntur familiaritèr, metuo ne præripiat  
mihi

Illius animum, namque amo illam plus vino & saccharo.  
Et nisi me amet mutuo, abeat sanè in locum  
In carcere quod Tullianum appellatur.

*Gel.* Abeamus, mea Sappho.

Ut à sacerdote aliquo celebretur nobis matrimonium,

*Morion*

*Morion*, abi tu domum.

*Mor.* Ne me contemptim conteras;  
Tam ego disputabam hodiè, quam tu, publicitùs,  
Et confutavi hominem.

*Pf.* Exemplis pessimis  
Ludificator istum fruticem nisi hinc properè avolet.  
Oh superas! occidi, mortua sum! Pater hùc venit, nos  
quæritans,

Et stricto gladio necem hic minatur omnibus.

*Mr.* Oh, oh, non possum aspicere *Bombardomachidem*,  
Nimiò nimis ferox est, jocari mecum noluit modò.

*Gel.* Tam mortui herclè sumus, quam mare est mortuum.

Ibi iterùm, velim, nolim, non reprimo me, quin jocer.  
Nullumne hic latibulum est?

*Mor.* Oh! quæso ostendas aliquod,  
In ipso foramine Acus nunc jam jacere poteram,  
Ecquem hic habes caseum? nam muris instar optimè  
In illo delitescerem.

*Gel.* Non, non, falsus es *Morion*.  
Nam tunc exederes latebras tuas. Ut illum derideo  
Hoc tanto in periculo!

*Pf.* Hei mihi! est intus dolium—  
Ut contollit gradum! ut oculi virent iracundiâ! —  
Illic si vis temet occultare,

*Mor.* Dolium? cedo sis, bona sæmina:  
Nunquam me pudebit à Diogene exemplum sumere.  
Utinam esset plenum, evacuarem mihi quam citissimè.

*Pf.* Sequere me, tibi mox prospiciam *Gelasime*.

[*Exeunt Psecas, Morion.*]

*Mor.* Ità, cum ego in tuto sim; dolium? magnifica  
pol domus est.

*Gel.* Oh! oh! audire visu' sum strepitum militis,  
Tergum vel pænas illi dabo; ut mihi Rex Macedonicus.  
Oh! jam venit, scio; jacebo hic, quasi essem mortuus;  
Nolo saltem cernere fatum meum.

[*recumbit*] [*Psecas Intrat.*]

*Pf.* Ha, ha, he!

*Gel.* Oh! adest!

*Pf.* *Gelasime*, surge, ne metuas malum.

*Gel.*



*Gel.* Profectò , *Bombardomachides* , non duxi tuam  
filiam.

Neque unquam volui.

*Ps.* Quid ?

*Gel.* Non : quæso ne me jugules ,  
Memineris , obsecro , jocorum *Militarium* , quos feci  
tibi ,

Quin effeci insuper , Iambi ut incedant pede.

*Ps.* O *Venus* ! ludos lepidos. Adspice ad me *Gelasime*  
Pater non adest.

*Gel.* O mea *Sappho* ! ubi est pater tuus ? obsecro an  
venit ?

*Ps.* Neque venturus est , ex composito hoc feci adeo ,  
Ut nobis sine *Morione* arbitro fierent nuptiæ.

*Gel.* Ha ! scio hoc equidem , & ego etiam per industriam  
[*surgit.*]

Diffimulavi quasi essem timidus — sed , numnam in vado  
sumus ? —

Annon diffimulabam lepide ? — certè aliquid audio —  
Non venit spero.

*Ps.* Ne time ; sed festinato opu't ,  
Ne tandèm fortasse feriò nos pater opprimat.

*Gel.* Vera dicis ; properemus in ea *Musa* , mea *Urania* .  
Ut te amo mea *Polyhimne* , mea *Melpomene* ! [*Exeunt.*]

*Scena Tertia.*

*Æmylio* (ornatu militis) *Dinon* , *Polyperus*.

*Æm.* Intromittatur sino ; fac pateat janua.

*Poly.* Tun' ille es *Miles* , arte tam insignis duellicâ ?

*Æm.* Periphrasin veram nominis dicis mei.

*Pol.* Si is es , filium manu cepisti meum.

*Æm.* Si filium cepi uum , captivo Pater es meo .

*Pol.* Huc itaque eâ gratiâ huc veni tibi ,  
Illorum uti pro capitibus pecuniam duim ,  
Oro igitur me absolvas , quam primùm poteris ,  
Nec mora in te sit sita , quin pretium auferas ,  
Cupio videre ipsos ; & complecti miseros ,  
Tam pater capto sum , quam dudum fui libero .

*Æm.*

*Æm.* Nunc aliqui me expectant reges ; cras redeas licet.

*Pol.* Cras illud , Patri filium quærenti annus est.

*Bom.* Oculisne claves obviam fiunt tuis ? [Intus.]

*Cal. p.* Nisi jam reperiant , effringantur foribus cardines ,  
Ne mora Exorcistæ objecta sit , cum hûc advenerit.

*Bom.* Edico jam nunc foribus bellum meis ,  
Posthæc ut istum timeant , efficiam , pedem.

[Bombardom. s. *angit fores.*]

*Æm.* Occicissim sumus *Dinon*. Heus quis est ad fores ?

### Scena Quarta.

*Bombardomachides , Calliphanes , P. Æmylio , Dinon , Poly-  
porus , servi Bombard.*

*Bom.* Oh ! spectra cerno ? ludit an oculos meos  
Imago fallax ? non possum pergere Jambicè ,  
Ita validè timeo.

*Cal. P.* Ha ! quid est ? quid tremis adeò ?

*Bom.* Me frigus , haud formido , ut tremam facit.

*Æm.* *Dinon*, in te spes omnis vertitur , sis Dæmon iterum ,

Repræsentari salus nostra non aliter potest.

*Din.* Ne desponde animum , pulchrè homines vorfabimur.

*Cal. P.* Nihil adhuc video — hum — Leopardus , rediit ,  
ipsum est Leopardus quem conspexi prius.

*Din.* Oh , ho , o , ho , urite , fundite , tundite , cædite ,  
vertite , domum , ho , ho , fundite , tundite domum.

*Pol.* Quænam hæc deliramenta ! suntne atra bile perciti ?

*Din.* Πολλά δ' αἰνάντα, καίπαντα, πάραντά τε, δόχμιά τ' ἤλαθον.

*Æm.* Φρικτά δεικνόν πρόμουν ἐδαίξετο εἴλα μεγάντων.

*Pol.* Quicquid sit , aut hi homines infaniunt validè ,  
Aut aliquid monstri subest , quâ fugere insistam viâ ?

*Bom.* Oh ! quæso bone Dæmon ne accedas adeò , oh !

*Poly.* Men' times vero ? tam homo sum quam tu.

*Bombardomachidem* hic quæro.

*Bom.* Men' quæris ? obsecro ,

Recedas, tecum nihil negoti est mihi. Oh! quæso.

*Din.* Πολλὰ δ' αὖτα καὶ ταῦτα.

*Æm.* πάραυτα τε, δόχμιά τ' ἤλθον.

*Cal. P.* Oh! metuo malè ne me persequantur Dæmones,

Quia ad nuptias in justitiâ meâ coëgi filium.

*Bom.* Mallem in mediâ acie, quam hic me stare loci,  
Utinam — (quid faciam?) utinam essem jam nunc mortuus,

Sed mori non possum.

*Pol.* Proculdubiò istud somnium est.

Ità res hæc dubium dat, ut quis sim, aut ubi, nesciam.

*Bom.* Claudam herclè oculos, videre non sustineo.

*Din.* Occidam, jugulabo, interficiam, capiam, rapiam, fundam, tundam omnes illicò.

*Bom.* Immò non timeo, video profectò nihil.

*Cal. P.* Nihil? cæcus est *Bombardomachides*? accipe  
fis specularia. [ *Bombard. manus extendens fortè  
tiaram Æmylionis dejicit.* ]

*Æm.* Πολυφλόσβετο θαλάσσης.

*Bom.* Oh!

*Æm.* O *Dimon* acta res est: emergi hinc non potest!

*Bom.* Servusne noster? facinus indignum & grave!

Jupiter, omni parte violentum intona.

Jacularè flammas, lumen ereptum polo

Fulminibus exple jam possum iterum Iambicè.

*Cal. P.* Proh Deos! ficcin' te servus pro delectamento  
usu'st?

Arripiant aliqui sublimem, & extinguant illi animam.

Tun' (*scelus*) pro arbitrio nosterres fenes?

*Bom.* Terrere me non potuit, timui nihil.

*Cal. P.* Non sum compos animi, ita incendor iracundiâ.

Itane istud patere *Bombardomachides*? occide eos.

*Bom.* De fine penæ loqueris, ego pœnam volo.

Ardeo furore: tam diu cur innocens

Hos verfor inter? tota jam ante oculos meos

Imago cædis errat.

*Din.* O! dii te perdant *Æmylio*.

*Æm.* Quin, quod ferundum est teramus æquo animo;

K

Video

Video non licere quicquam jam pertendere.

*Pol.* Frustrationes ego istas mirari satis nequeo.

Heus; estne miles Hic. *Bombardomachides*?

*Bom.* Men' ergò nescis? Ipse *Bombardomachides* sum  
(in versu sequenti)

*Pol.* Paratus es meum mihi jam filium reddere?

*Bom.* Quem habeo filium reddam, sed nullum habeo.

*Pol.* Quæ te mala crux agitat autem? hem Litteras  
tuas

Quas in portu accepi modò.

*Bom.* Ha! Dux *Bombardomachides*?

*Æmylios* scripsit istud: O ingens scelus!

Incertus, atrox mente non sanâ feror.

Partes in omnes; unde me ulcisci queam? [*Verberat Dinonem & ejus barbam arripit.*]

*Din.* Oh! obsecro te.

*Pol.* O Dii boni! quid ego video? Dinonem servum?

Hem! *Dinon*! quid hic agis? ubi filius meu'st?

*Din.* *Æmylio*, quid faciam in his angustiis? confitebor  
omnia.

*Æm.* Suspende te, si vis: Diis iratis natu' sum.

*Cal. P.* Hi homines ingentem aliquam adornarunt fa-  
bricam.

Articulatim te concidit hic servus tuus

Quantum adhuc video: faxo confiteantur omnia,

Heus Lorarii! quis intus est? Lorarii inquam!

*Pol.* Immò depositâ veste se verberibus impleant invi-  
cem

Donec omnia exquisivimus, ut lubitum'st nobis.

*Bom.* Locutus es, non malè, fiet modò.

Adeste servi, Dominus hoc vester jubet.

[*Incred. Lorarii.*]

*Æm.* Strenuum me præbebo hominem; scapularum  
mihi Sat magna confidentia est. *Dinon*, bono animo  
es.

*Din.* Quin Stoicus, inquam sum, dolorem nunquam  
sentio.

Moriemur, sat scio; si præter spem quid evenit

In lucro deputabo esse.

*Bom.* Audin' serve?



Flagella fac sint nobis in promptu duo.

[Exit servus, & redit cum flagellis.]

Cal. P. Interea quod est temporis, tu deme illis diploides.

Ha! statuæ verberæ, nos vetulos habetis ludibrio?

[ponunt diploid.]

Æm. Aliud cura, Carnufex; non possum ego hic exuere!

[ad lorarium.]

Vapulare he: c'è nolo in generosis meis vestibus,

Scio ego, quid sit vapulare.

Din. O miram rem! scientia talis, dicenda est sola liberalis. Satin' Æmylio fortiter?

Bom. Ridetis? at mox flumen ex oculis cadet.

Cal. P. Hem! da flagella illis in manus ocyùs.

Nisi pænas de se strenuè sumant invicem,

Quasi incudem cædas illos; ac pugnis oneres,

Din. Video necesse esse, ut exerceamus nosmet.

Age, incipiamus mea Commoditas.

Æm. Mea opportunitas incipiamus.

Din. Tu nebulo major es, tibi herclè locum cedo.

Cal. P. Ludunt herclè; heus Lorarii, facite ut pugni in malis hæreant.

Ad mortem vos ambos darem, si essetis mei.

Æm. Quin abi in malam rem, nil opera opustuâ est,

[ad lorarium.]

Annon Dinon satis idoneus visu'st, qui me verberet?

Din. Hem tibi, mi Alter idem!

Æm. Meus bonus Genius.

[Se vicibus flagellant.]

Din. Meus Pilades!

Æm. Orestes meus!

Bom. Hæc verberandi mihi fat methodus placet.

Tam similis est bello.

Cal. P. Fecistis probè.

Cessate paululum, exquire nunc jam, quidvis.

Pol. Quid filio factum est meo, cum Tutore ejus & Gelasimo?

Din. Emunximus illos mucidos; & argentum effecimus.

Æm. Et vestes, viden' ornatum Morionis tui?

Me multò decent magis.

*Pol.* O frontes hominum !

*Din.* Dicam omnia ; animum advortite , nam fabula lepidissima'ft.

Primum omnium, appoti probè ut obdormirent, fecimus.

*Æm.* Dein vestes Morionis pannis commutavi meis.

*Din.* Dein , quasi captivos , in vinclis hìc habuimus.

*Æm.* Dein Scripsimus Epistolam , te ut vorfarem in super.

*Din.* Dein spectris fictis *Bombardomachidem* perterrefecimus.

*Bom.* Egone vana ut spectra timerem scelus !

Adesse vel jam Dæmonum turbam velim.

*Pol.* O impudentiam ! O mores ! quid ego de vobis tantum merui ?

*Æm.* Ha , ha ! homo suavis ! nos ut parceremus tibi ?

Cum bardum genuisti , sapientium id fecisti gratiâ.

Stultus est Commune Bonum.

*Cal. P.* Obstupesco ! ita hæc res mira'ft.

*Din.* Immò nihil jam celabo , nolo , *Æmylio* ,  
Ex ististechnis tibi melius sit , quam mihi.

*Eucomissa* —

*Æm.* *Dinon* ! ô scelestum caput ! [flagellat.]

*Bom.* Muttiren' audes ? pisce sis mutus magis.

*Din.* *Æmylioni* nupsit hodiè , & Dii vortant sæliciter.

*Bom.* Quid tangit aurem ? ferte me insanæ procul ,  
Illò procellæ ferte , quo fertur dies  
Hinc raptus , ô , quis filiam ostendet mihi ,  
Longinqua , clausa , abstrusa , diversa , invia  
Emetiemur , nullus obstabit locus. [Exit *Bombard.*]

*Æm.* Nunc demum perii solidè , hoc durum in corde est mihi.

Quod mei gratiâ , *Eucomissæ* pejus erit ,  
Præterquam , quod carendum est illâ , nil adhuc doleo.

*Cal. P.* Si esset mea , omnem de illâ animum  
Ejicerem Patris , & alienarem miseram à familiâ.  
Si filius meus ad hunc modum — sed non vult , aut si cupe-  
ret maximè ,

Captare consilii nil posset , quin olfacerem prius.

*Din.* Immò Ille proculdubiò his noxiis vacuus'ft.  
Nihil in se culpæ unquam commisit , Tantum ,

Præter

Præter imperium tuum , & præterquam iussisti sedulò ,  
*Æglen* hodiè duxit.

*Cal. P. Æglen?* non potest fieri.

Non , non , non audet : quicquid sit , videbo tamen.

Si verum est , statim cum uxore quatietur foràs. [*Exit.*]

*Æm.* Quicumque sis , peregrine , nolo precator mihi  
 Orare ut sis , nam adversus isthæc obfirmavi mala ,  
 Sed ut pacem *Eucomissæ* conciliares ab ejus Patre  
 Idoro , atque obsecro : age , etsi parum de te meruerim ,  
 Popularis tuus sum.

*Pol.* Meus ?

*Æm.* Siquidem es *Anglus* patriâ.

*Pol.* Quî istud factum est , hic servitutem servias ?

*Æm.* Fortunæ ædipol vitio , nam prognatus patre  
 Mercatore sum ditissimo , sed sic fors tulit

Cum sorore simul parvulâ hic ut me caperet parvulum.

*Pol.* Hei mihi !

*Æm.* Quid lacrymas obsecro ? istud me decet magis.

*Pol.* Quia misérias mihi meas hoc dicto in memoriam  
 redigis.

Nam filiolum ego etiam cum fratre unâ perdididi.

Ubi capti estis ?

*Æm.* In navi , cum in Hispaniam transmisit Pater  
 Mercaturæ operam dans , ac rei studens.

*Pol.* Quodnam erat navi signum ?

*Æm.* *Castor & Pollux.*

*Pol.* Dii boni , quo magis quæro , eò plus plusque con-  
 venit.

Si est , ut hæc mihi res indicium facit ,

Omnium , qui sunt in terrâ , sum beatissimus.

Quot annis abhinc ?

*Æm.* Mense proximo erunt octodecim.

*Pol.* Dii memet ex re perditâ servatum volunt.

Si isthæc vera sunt , non dubito quin sis meus.

Cæterum adest Miles , ille me certiolem faciet.

*Scena Quinta.*

*Bombardom. Cal. P. Cal. F. Eucomissa, Ægle.*

*Cal. P.* Quin exi, flagitium hominis, cum uxore triveneficâ,

Faxo, si vita mihi superet, istius obfaturabere.

*Æg.* Obsecro prolixè senex, uti quod te habet malè.  
In me totum evomas: cum illo modò in gratiam redeas.  
Mea omnis culpa est; Ille abs te innoxius,  
Per Deos mea est.

*Cal. F.* Non, non, cave illi credas Pater,  
Tuam in me iram derivari multò æquiu'st.  
Blanditiis istam meis conjeci invitam in nuptias.

*Pol.* Accommoda mihi miles paululum aures tuas,  
Nisi sit molestum.

*Bom.* Uruntur irâ fibræ, & exardet jecur,  
Uruntur inquam; loquere at quidvis tamen.

*Eu.* O *Æmylio*! hunc cè in modum celebrantur nuptiæ?  
Vereor ne eodem fiam vidua quo die nupta sum.

*Æm.* Habe modo bonum animum, mea Vita, tibi nil  
faciet mali.

Meamque ne doleas, vicem, nam Deos testor,  
Si unâ hâc nocte cubuissem in complexu tuo,  
Cras illud esset, cum me vellem interfici,  
Ne ulla unquam ægritudo contaminaret illud gaudium.  
Sed meliore in loco, diis gratias, spes sita est mea,

*Pol.* Immò omnem mihi rem explicatam dedisti  
pulchre.

Insperate File, salve,  
Cum hic te conspikor; quam superat mihi  
Atque al undat lætitiâ pectus! ubi soror tua est?

*Æm.* Ecce ipsam, mi pater charissime! amœnitates  
quantas

Hic mihi dies obtulit! *Pol.* Jam, virgo mea es,  
Ha, ha! filium & filiam? ha, ha! lacrymo gaudio.  
Et tam liberaliter educatos! quis me fœlicior?  
Age Miles, face te lubentem filiæ nuptiis.

*Bom.* Nil jam negabo, cuncta concedo senex,  
Quoniamque natam duxit, ut ducat volo.

*Æm.*



*Æm.* Audin' *Eucomissa*? iterum mihi natus videor.

*Eu.* Et ego iterum nupta ; ô mi *Æmylio*.

*Cal. p.* Quam suo mihi hic sermone arrexist aures!

Fili , quoniam istam virginem tam miserè deperis ,  
Difficultas à me non erit , quin pro uxore habeas.

*Cal. f.* Reverà mihi pater es, & diis ipsis proximus.

*Din.* Tot inter gaudia, ut video, vapulandum est mihi.

*Æmylio* , volo te de communi re appellare mea , & tuâ.  
Meministin' quo ornatu te primum invenerim ,  
Meâ profectò operâ hæc omnia evenerunt tibi.

*Æm.* Fæneratò hanc mihi operam locasti , *Dion* ,  
Nam mecum semper vives , suppeditabo ego tibi sumpti-  
bus.

*Din.* O mea Commoditas! meus bonus Genius !

*Æm.* Meruisti herculè ;

Nam vel modo , mea opportunitas , quam me verberasti  
strenue !

*Din.* Meruisti herculè. Ego vel iterum , mi *Æmylio* ,  
Voluptatis tuæ causâ , desessus verberando fierem.

*Æm.* Sed obsecro, mi Pater, an *Morion*, meus frater est.

*Pol.* Nihil minus ; nam cum vosmet infortunatus  
perdidi ;

Ne prorsus viderer ortus , recens natum servi mei puerum  
Pro meo sustuli ; is hic est , quem vidistis , *Morion*,

*Scena Sexta.*

*Gelasime, Psecas.*

Sed quem ego video ? *Gelasimum* , amicum *Morionis* mei ?

*Gelasime* salve.

*Gel.* O *Polypore* salve : nescis quam beatus ego sum !

Ubi est *Bombardomachides*?

*Pf.* Illic ; non vides ?

*Gel.* Hic non est ille *Bombardomachides* , ad quem me  
insinuavi callidè.

*Pf.* Pish , credin' me ignorare patrem meum, quis fiet ;

*Gel.* Non , non ; filius tuus *Gelasimus* , hic flexo poplite  
Ut sibi benedicas , , obsecrat , atque ut nuptiis suis.

*Bom.* Ex ore quid venit tuo ; Tun' filius meus ?

*Gel.* Fortassis hoc me credis per jocum dicere,  
 Quia joculari semper soleo; sed profectò loquor seriò,  
 Detrahe velum, mea Musa: hem! nostin' filiam tuam?

*Om.* Ha, ha, hæ.

*Pf.* Immò ne admiremini.

Ego nupsi isti Asino, sed præceptis meis,  
 Efficiam brevi, ut moratus sit sat benè.

*Eucomissa* salve, jam sum ejusdem tecum ordinis,  
 Colloquemur inter nosmet amicè, & capiemus consilium,  
 Quid maritis faciundum sit, servire si nolint nobis.

*Gel.* Tun' negas filiam tuam hanc esse!

*Om.* Ha, ha, hæ.

*Gel.* Quid (malum) ridetis? nullum hic dixi jocum.

*Æm.* *Gelasime*, da hoc etiam pugillaribus tuis.

Os mihi callidè sublitum est quarto Non. Feb.

*Gel.* Nolo sic me rideant; immò, quæ sit, satis novi.  
 Egon' ut filiam tuam in uxorem acciperem?

Vah! ista ingeniosa est, hoc sufficit mihi.

Facetissimè à me amovi istud dedecus,

*Mor.* Oh! non possum recipere animam: quæso bona  
 fæmina, [intus.]

*Æm.* Ha! quid hoc?

*Pf.* Inter tot nuptias

Nè desit vinum, donabo vos pleno dolio. [Exit.]

*Cal. p.* Frustrationes ego tantas, & tam miras res,  
 Nullà me vidisse unquam in Comœdiâ memini.

Ha! quid fit tandem?

### *Scena Septima.*

*Psecas, Morion in dolio.*

*Pf.* Hem vobis vinum meum!

*Mor.* Non, non, ego non sum vinum. [in dol.] Exit.  
 Ha! quosnam hic video? ego iterum intus me recipiam.  
 (ingred. iterum.)

*Gel.* Exi, exi inquam, *Diogenes*, ô *Morion*, ut ego te de-  
 video!

*Mor.* Videon' ego patrem meum? ô, pater, tun' hic  
 aderat?

Ego

Ego ingeniosus factus sum in his regionibus.  
 Jocari homines doceo. *Pol.* Posthàc ne me patrem vocites.  
 Nam servus meus es, quem adhuc pro filio sustuli,  
*Mor.* O! tu me non nosti fortassis in his vestibus.  
 Ego sum profectò *Morion*: roga *Gelasium*.  
 Nos hic Captivi sumus. *Pol.* Non, non jam estis liberi.  
 Sed meus, per Deos, non es, ted ad patrem tuum,  
 Adducam iterum, cum in Angliam transmisimus.

*Scena Octava.*

*Gnomicus.*

*Gel.* O Tutor! mira hic profecto evenerunt hodiè,  
 Omnia intus scies, tu vero Tutor, & *Morion*,  
 Mundum omnem jocularè colligite, nam in Angliam  
 mecum redibitis,

Atque illic Cantabrigiæ istam aperiemus Scholam.  
 Emptores jocorum ibi habitant quamplurimi,

*Mor.* Rectè; tum pater si nolis esse, ne sis amplius mihi  
 Tutor, ego non sum filius *Polypori* natu Maximus.

*Gn.* Enim verò, ut ait Comicus, Dii nos homines  
 quasi pilas habent.

*Cal. p.* Intereà ad me omnes introite ad prandium,  
 Frugalitèr vos accipiam.

*Gn.* Consilium placet.  
 Siqui nunc harum rerum Spectatores adsient  
 Cum Poëta illis dicerem. Valetè, & plaudite.  
 Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt,  
 Rumpatur, quisquis rumpitur invidiâ.

## EPILOGUS.

**H** Abst ; peracta est fabula ; nil restat denique ,  
Nisi ut vos valere jubeam ; quod ut fiat mutuo  
Valere & nos etiam jubeatis precor ,  
Naufragium sic non erit ; nam vobis , si placuimus ,  
Ut acutissime observat Gromaticus , Vir admirabilis ,  
Jam nunc in vado sumus cum Proverbio .

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FINIS,

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